

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

October
25c

WE'RE
MARRIED THE
MODERN WAY!
JOAN CRAWFORD

Constance Bennett
"BOUGHT"

Sensational Story of the Film



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UP YOUR STREET...

... a woman
unfaithful

... tongues wagging
neighbors pointing

... a girl ... she
knows her mother is
wronging her father
yet defends her... for
she understands

**This happens
on any day UP
YOUR STREET...
on any Street...
in any city ...**



**SAMUEL
GOLDWYN**
presents

"STREET SCENE"

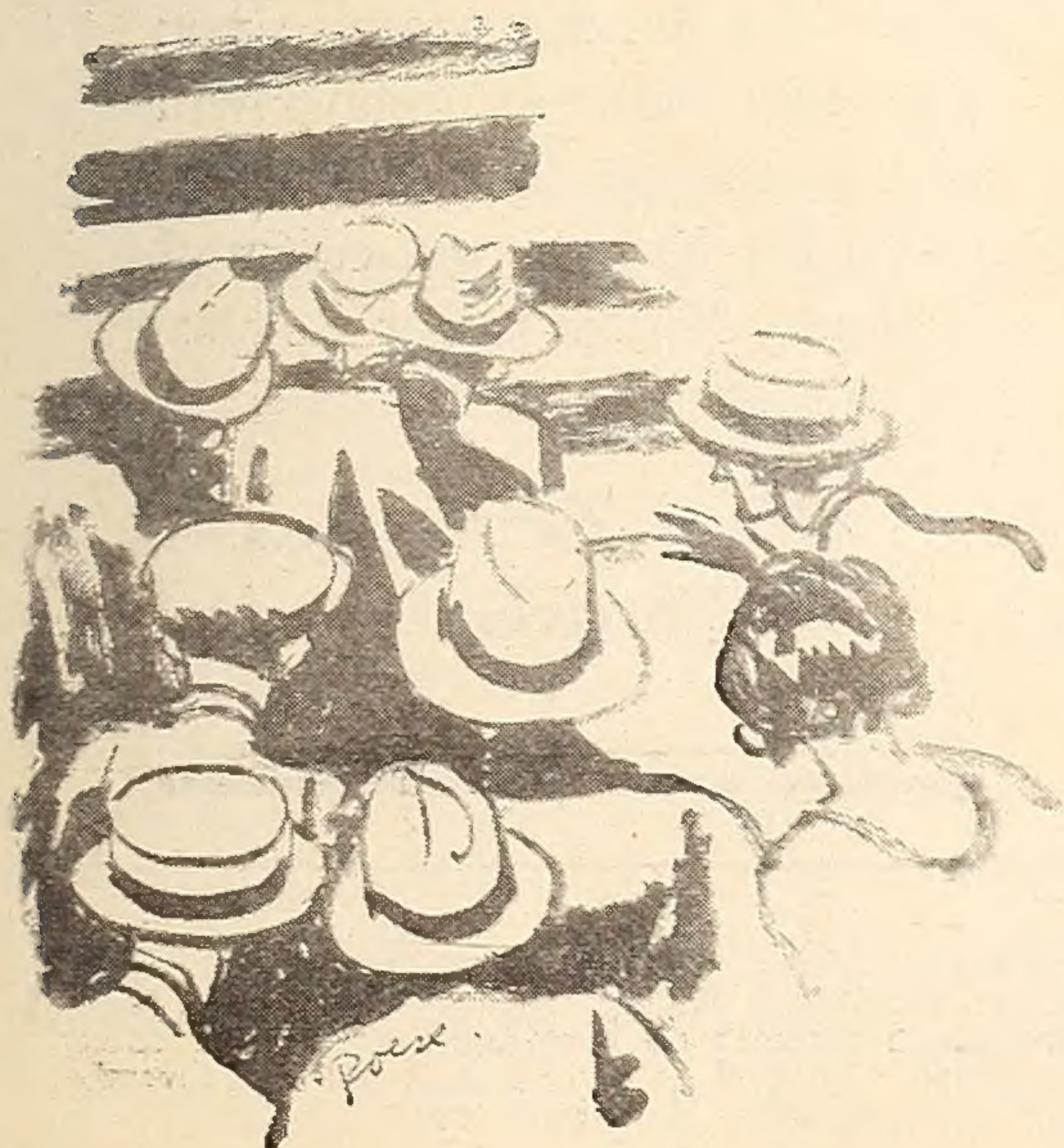
A United Artists Picture with

SYLVIA SIDNEY · ESTELLE TAYLOR · WILLIAM C. DILLON

Directed by King Vidor from Elmer Rice's play of the same name

**As a play "Street Scene" won the Pulitzer Prize for
ran for two solid years on Broadway
important city in America!**

**As Samuel Goldwyn's outstanding
to the screen it is even greater
combining as it does all the
his success "Stella Dallas",
of King Vidor's "Big Parade"**



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

Alma Whitaker, *Western Editor*

Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

October, 1931

THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

Vol. XXIII, No. 6

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The
MOST BEAUTIFUL
ISSUE OF ANY
SCREEN MAGAZINE
EVER
PUBLISHED!

If you want to see the last word in loveliness, builded around the beauty—and beauties of the screen, see next month's SCREENLAND!

Of course you know The Smart Screen Magazine is noted for its unusual and interesting portraits. You know that every layout is exciting—that, besides giving you Hollywood's latest news, interviews, and reviews, we present the living Beauty of the screen. But you have a treat awaiting you in the next, the November issue of SCREENLAND. We can't give the whole show away now—but we can promise you this: that the next number will be a revelation. Read SCREENLAND for its *different* editorial content. Enjoy it for its pictorial charm.

*Watch for the next —
the November Number!*

Executive and Editorial offices 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Alfred A. Cohen, Chairman of the Board; Secretary; Harold L. Dawson, Advertising Manager. Chicago office: 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Manuscripts return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Subscriptions: Cuba and Mexico; \$3.00 in Canada; foreign, \$3.50. Entered as second-class matter November 1, 1924, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1931. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

The MARX BROTHERS

Stars of
"THE COCOANUTS" and
"ANIMAL CRACKERS"



Directed by Norman McLeod

in "MONKEY BUSINESS"

**Celebrate Paramount's
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Paramount is celebrating 20 years of leadership with the greatest pictures in its history! Watch for "24 HOURS," "A FAREWELL TO ARMS," "NO ONE MAN," "LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER." And such stars as HAROLD LLOYD, GEORGE BANCROFT, MARLENE DIETRICH, RUTH CHATTERTON and others in the greatest pictures of their careers!

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LAUGHING days are here again! With that famous frenzied foursome, The Marx Brothers, in a new madhouse of merriment—"MONKEY BUSINESS." It's the first of the great pictures in Paramount Jubilee Month when leading theatres everywhere will feature Paramount Pictures for announcements. "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best!"

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No introductions are necessary to the funniest screen team. Anyway, this is Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel in a scene from "Our Wife," their latest laughie. Laurel and Hardy will make a feature length called "Pardon Us"—and it's by popular demand. Congratulations, boys!

REVUETTES

Pick the winners! Read these Revuettes for the best screen bets

Class A:

★ **ALEXANDER HAMILTON.** *Warner Brothers.* George Arliss scores again with his remarkable portrayal of Alexander Hamilton. The picture is well directed and Doris Kenyon and June Collyer are excellent.

★ **AMERICAN TRAGEDY.** *Paramount.* A startling film, superbly directed, from the Theodore Dreiser novel. Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sydney and Frances Dee give praiseworthy performances.*

★ **CHANCES.** *First National.* An interesting war picture. Two brothers in love with the same girl—more war. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. turns in a neat performance.

DADDY LONG LEGS. *Fox.* A pleasant relief from racketeer films is this Cinderella story. The whole family! Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter play their rôles with great sincerity.

RICH. *Paramount.* Take the kiddies good time with Mitzi Green, Edna Searl and Louise Fazenda. It's

O-Pathé. A sparkling, sophisticated philandering husband and a and Robert Ames handle the whole cast is good.

KO-Pathé. This film force of Constance makes a charm-

Metro-Goldwyn- and nobody e—so's Irene

Paramount. The Love Hopkins a uni-

Let SCREENLAND help you select the pictures to see or not to see. Give careful attention to our seal of approval films. See Page 96 for complete casts of current films

★ **SON OF INDIA.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* This is something! Ramon Novarro, as an East Indian who loves an American girl. Nice romance with Ramon at his best, and you'll be talking about Madge Evans.*

★ **THE SQUAW MAN.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* You've seen this one in silent form and you'll enjoy it with speech. Lupe Velez, Warner Baxter, Eleanor Boardman and Roland Young acquit themselves admirably.

★ **YOUNG AS YOU FEEL.** *Fox.* Another hilarious Will Rogers classic. Will is teamed with Fifi Dorsay again. Lucien Littlefield deserves honorable mention.

Class B:

A HOLY TERROR. *Fox.* A new type of Western with the hero a famous polo player. George O'Brien is good as the hard-riding hero and Sally Eilers is the girl.*

ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS. *Fox.* Good farce notably because of Jeanette MacDonald's performance. Victor McLaglen, Joyce Compton and Roland Young keep things pepped up, too.*

ARE YOU THERE? *Fox.* A ridiculous farce with music and with Beatrice Lillie, of the stage, as the star.

A SON OF THE PLAINS. *Syndicate.* A Western with a plot, express robbery, fighting, and riding. Bob Custer is the big he-man.

A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE. *RKO-Pathé.* The only thing new about this spy drama is the cast. Helen Twelvetrees is appealing as the heroine. William Bakewell, ZaSu Pitts and H. B. Warner contribute interesting performances.*

BROAD MINDED. *First National.* A made-to-order picture for Joe E. Brown. Not much of a story but plenty of gags and laughs. Ona Munson is the feminine appeal.

CALL OF THE ROCKIES. *Syndicate Exchange, Inc.* A silent film about the pioneer days, with a talking sequence as an introduction. Ben Lyon and Marie Prevost are the love angle.

CHILDREN OF DREAMS. *Warner Brothers.* This one is from the old theme-song days and not so good, either. Marion Shilling, Paul Gregory and Marion Byron are the principals.

ENEMIES OF THE LAW. *Regal.* A weak gangster film poorly directed. Lou Tellegen, Mary Nolan and Johnny Walker do their best.

FIRST AID. *SONO ART.* Good action picture but the plot is too involved. Marjorie Beebe and Gran Withers provide the romance.

FIVE AND TEN. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Marion Davies is surprisingly good in a dramatic rôle. A good cast including Leslie Howard, Mary Duncan, Kent Douglass, Irene Rich and Richard Bennett, and a good story.*

GOLDIE. *Fox.* Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer in a rough and rowdy sailor comedy. Jean Harlow is the S. A.*

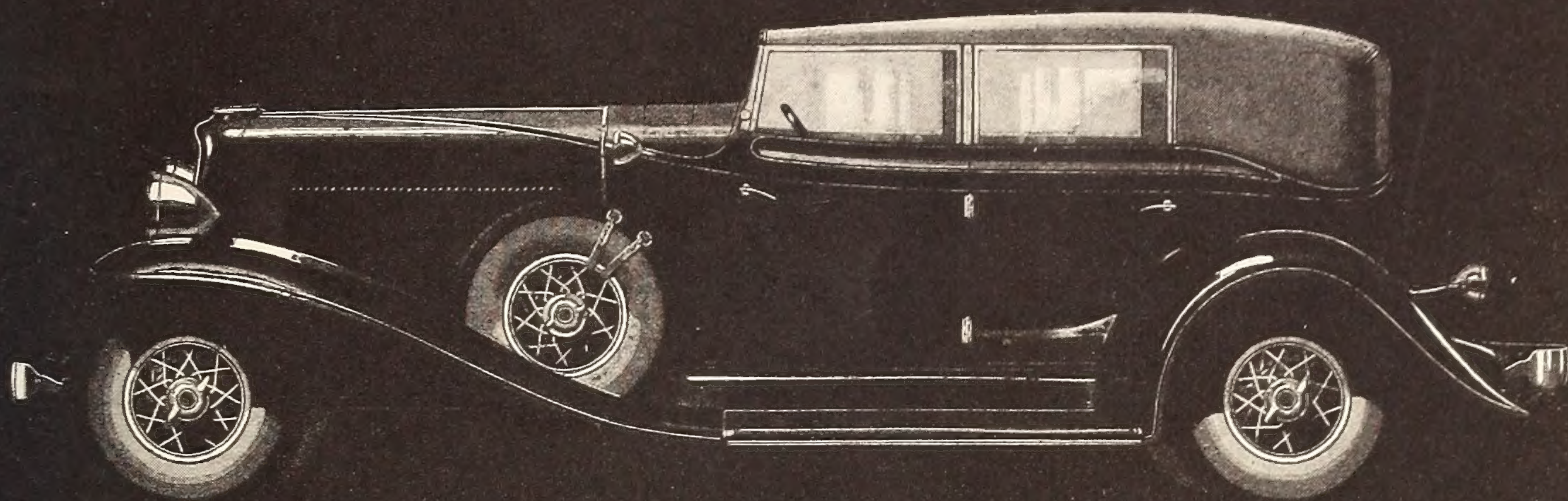
HUSH MONEY. *Fox.* A tame gangster yarn with Joan Bennett, Owen Moore, Myrna Loy and Hardie Albright doing capable work.*

* Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND's seal of approval.

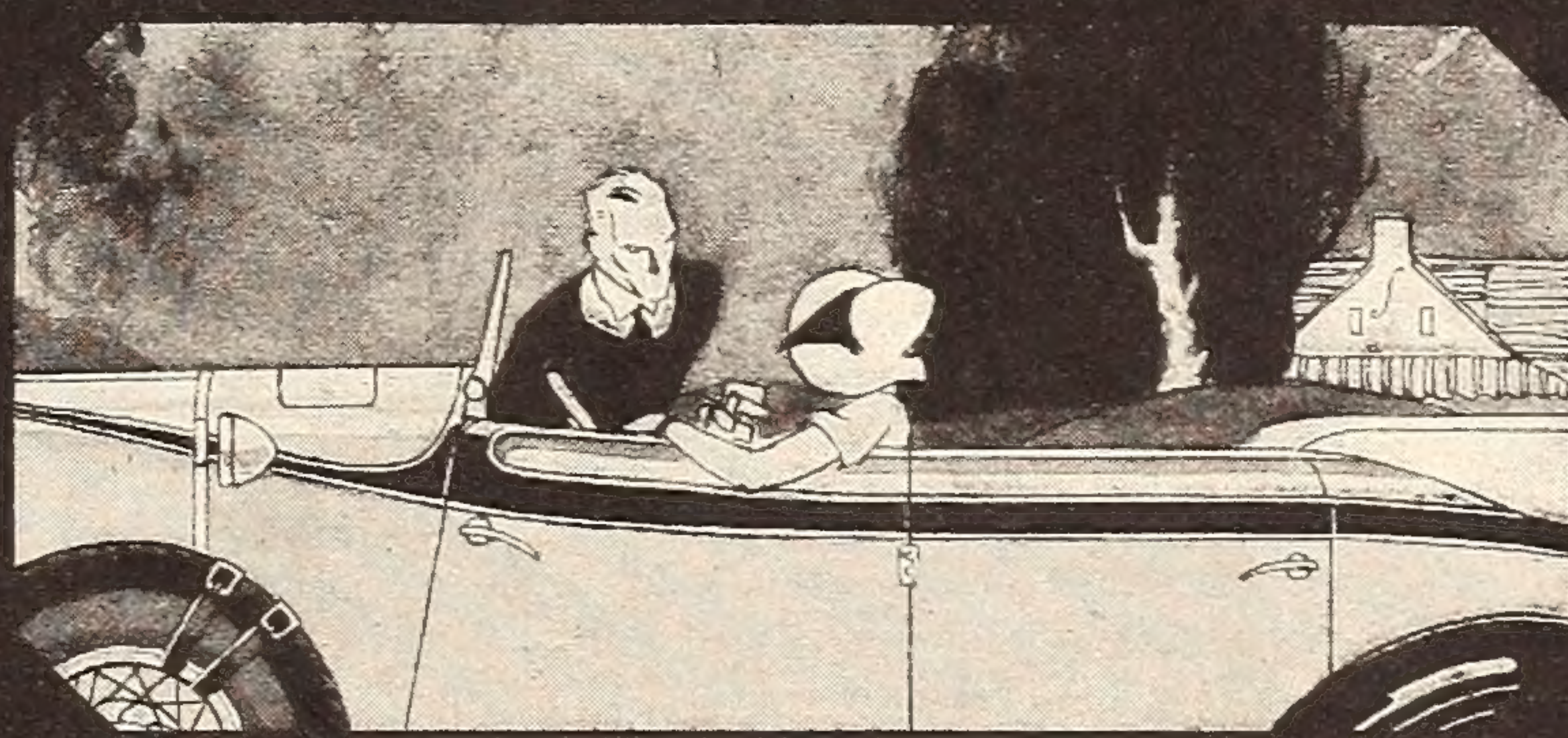
(Continued on page 118)

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CABRIOLET \$1245

The greater the height of public confidence a manufacturer attains, the higher the standards he must maintain. Every new evidence of public favor becomes a challenge to renewed creative effort. Again Auburn introduces a new originality in design; entirely closed—or entirely open—or top up and windows down! Improved L. G. S. Free Wheeling, with exclusive lock-out lever, enables you to drive either completely in Free Wheeling or completely in positive gear.



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"Give the kid a break!" is the burden of a large part of this month's mail. The fans are still strong for Clara Bow!

Hoots and Hoorays

Tell us what's right or wrong with the films! It's the fans' opinions that count!

Gilbert? Can you tell us? I'm sure your audience would welcome such an article.

That article has started the ball rolling; don't stop it by dropping the subject.

John J. Bates,
582 Public St.,
Providence, R. I.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER

Fellow Bow fans, let's start a world-wide Clara Bow club, to support and defend our great little idol in an organized and systematic way. Then by pressure of concerted action and numbers, we can influence the producers, the public, and otherwise help Clara to solve her problems. Let's give her an organized army, all her own, to fight her battles and do her worrying for her.

But without one cent or one single obligation on Clara's part. Let's be unselfish, as she is, and restore her faith in humanity, and stand by her till perdition pops. It will cost us only nominal dues for club expenses, including secretary (secretary NOT to be Daisy Devoe). Then, just let somebody try to snub our Clara.

Who will start it? Editor of SCREENLAND? Sydney Valentine? Clara is loyal to her fans. Let's be loyal to her, and heal her broken heart. All Aboard!

M. B. Butler,
Box 154,
Taft, Calif.

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

There is something new and very favorable to be said for talking pictures. A few nights ago I attended a showing of "Trader Horn." Next to me, having chosen her seat with evident thought, sat a blind girl—totally blind. She enjoyed the performance as much as I. She heard the lion's roar, men's voices, a woman's scream—knew the hush of the audience—knew, indeed, that a lion was attacking a woman in the picture, though her eyes saw nothing.

Certainly no one can deny that talking films have opened a broad and thoroughly enjoyable field to the countless "shut-off" blind people that live somehow in our large and uncaring cities.

Mrs. Chas. Brown,
342 West 88th St.,
New York City.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

I suggest that films for children be shown either at different hours or (in large centers) in a special children's theatre. I agree that adult films are not for youngsters. Yet adults need more realism, not less. We need to de-bunk criminals, gangsters, politicians and "ex-mistresses." We need to be shown the abuses hidden behind the grim walls of orphanages and prisons. Adults need films like "The Finger Points," "Illicit" and "Paid." Also, we need to look beyond our three-dimensional world in such splendid films as "Outward Bound."

I have long felt that the screen has neglected the whole field of mythology, fairy stories, folk lore, Indian, and animal stories, which I'd go to see—even if my hair is white!

A. Follett Brown,
58 Colburn Road,
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER

At last someone realizes the dire necessity of more men in Hollywood! But in spite of the fact that SCREENLAND was the first to comprehend and publish the situation, I'm only fifty per cent satisfied. The article, New Men Wanted in Hollywood, has made known the dearth of the male sex in film-land. But that's all it has done! Why hasn't it given a suggestion to remedy the situation? I'm compelled to believe there is none.

Hollywood is over-supplied with women, too many women! The task of enumerating even a portion of the great many female stars is too large a job for me to undertake. Can you explain the over-supply of women actors? The lack of male stars? How do so many girls crash the gate that leads to the screen? There are hundreds of ways that lead a girl before the camera, and the most popular medium is the beauty contest.

But can an unknown fellow get into Hollywood's limelight? How? Where's the future Doug Fairbanks coming from? The new Chaney? Barrymore? Menjou?

Come on, you fans—get your movie impressions off your chests! Let's hear your hoorays for the good and your hoots for the not so good! But write sincerely and constructively, whether praising or blaming. There's a \$20 prize for the best letter each month, and additional prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5. Letters should be not more than 150 words and should reach us by the 10th of each month. Address Hoots and Hoorays, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York City.

A NEW NORM FOR NORMA!

Chalk up another big hit for Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul." She was superb as she is in everything she does. But the trouble is, she usually does the same thing. She flutters gaily through her many successes (in the newest frocks), playing one free soul after another.

Now I am sure that Norma Shearer fans (and they are legion) agree that her rôles are becoming too standardized. "The Divorcee," "A Free Soul," "Strangers May Kiss," "Let Us Be Gay"—in fact all of them bear the same general theme throughout. Believe it or not, Norma is getting a little bit too gay for her own good.

We want to see her in other types of pictures for a change. Interesting stories built around the middle walks of life; pictures of a quiet country-side. Give us adorable Norma in new and different rôles.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Joe Miller,
423 N. Pine St.,
Charlotte, N. C.

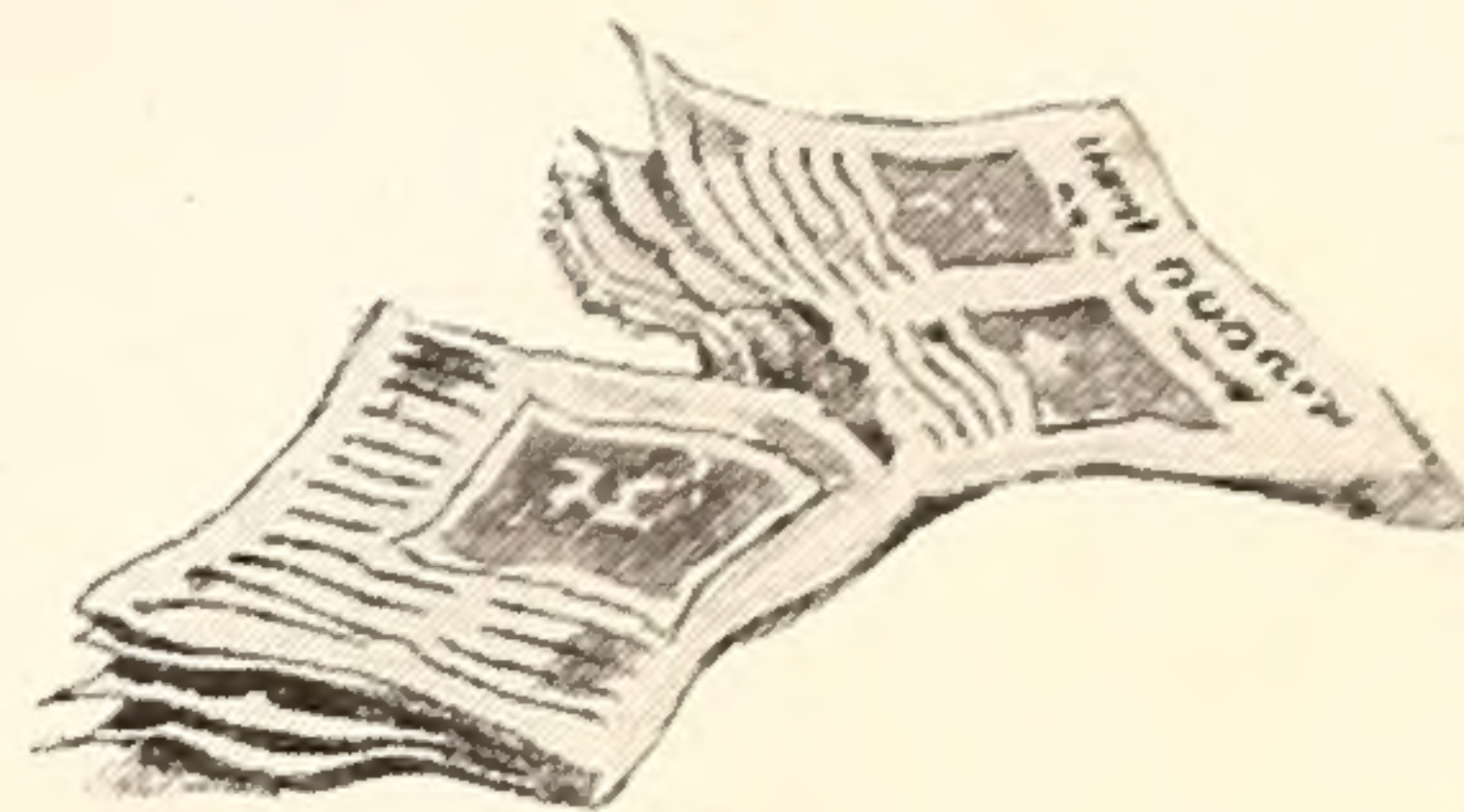
A BOW GESTE

Clara Gordon Bow—a beautiful, dynamic young woman who, despite the not-to-be-envied handicaps of a childhood filled with squalor and suggestive "mud slinging" via
(Continued on page 97)



★ H. B. WARNER
★ MARIAN MARSH
★ ANTHONY BUSHELL
★ GEORGE E. STONE
★ FRANCES STARR
Ona Munson ; Robert Elliott

Directed by
MERVYN LeROY



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Frank! Powerful! Realistic! A heart-stirring cross-section of modern life that fairly hammers on the emotions A sweeping drama of pathos and passion—betrothal and betrayal—honor and hypocrisy—with lives and loves sacrificed to the Juggernaut of newspaper circulation Greatest picture of the year—with the outstanding screen actor of the day, and a powerful supporting cast. « « « «

with the most versatile actor
on the screen today..

Edw. G. ROBINSON

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"Ah, oui!" says Chef Cody, "zat cornbif Americaine — c'est delieieuse!" Preparing the feast is a sacred rite at the Cody homestead.

SEVEN years ago, after his picturesque English home in Beverly Hills was completed, Lew Cody issued invitations for his first corned-beef-and-cabbage dinner party.

With the menu in mind, Cody had built in a special cellar dining room, so as not to spoil the effect of the roses in the drawing room.

Since then delivery boys have made a well worn path to the Cody service entrance—carrying Hollywood's plump-

est cabbages and choicest portions of corned beef.

Apparently no one ever turns down an invitation to one of the famous dinners. Before departing, each guest leaves his signature on the autographed door. There must be close to a thousand well known names on the door now and Cody is directing handwriting talent to a second door in the interesting cellar room.

Gloria Swanson's prescribed diet (which did not include the items of beef and cabbage) did not keep her away from a recent dinner given by Cody. She arrived with a workman's lunch kit and when the guests

Lew Cody's Corned-Beef-and-Cabbage Dinners

They're an old Hollywood custom, these culinary orgies in Lew's special subterranean dining room

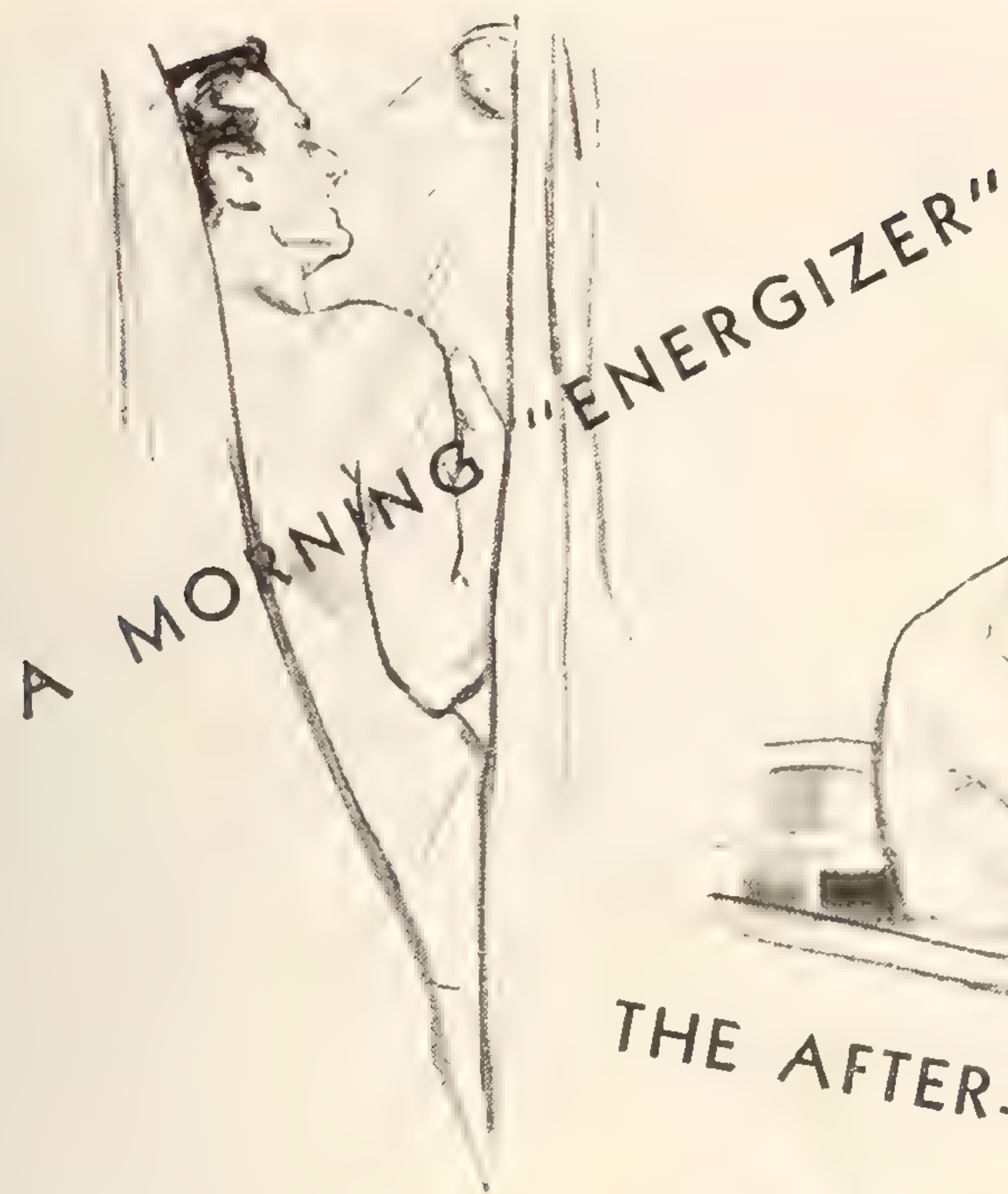
were all seated, opened the tin box and put on a gas mask, through which she slowly munched two sprigs of celery and a pared apple.

Red checkered tablecloths and napkins are used for these dinners. The china plates are half an inch thick and the mugs for coffee are large and heavy. Candles are used for lighting. Guests come in full formal attire, in sports clothes, or straight from the studio in make-up.

"We use small brown paper sacks for the menus, written in black crayon," said Cody, who is constantly thinking up new novelties to make his parties more interesting.

The first course is a garlic salad. A thick slice of onion is placed on a leaf of lettuce. Then a thick slice of orange tops the onion and the whole is garnished with garlic dressing.

Early in the morning on the day of one of these dinner parties, Cody's cook starts a huge pan simmering. Twelve heads of cabbage. Ten pounds of corned beef. The mixture is cooked slowly (*Continued on page 106*)



THE AFTER-WORK "FRESHENER"

BLOT OR RUB?



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THE COLD SPLASH

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. . . . 384,000 men and women have sent for this free book about baths

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turns dull, tired mornings into bright and cheerful ones. It starts warm and ends with a quick cold splash.

Another popular one is the *after-work freshener*. It soothes tired nerves, brings new energy; makes evenings more enjoyable.

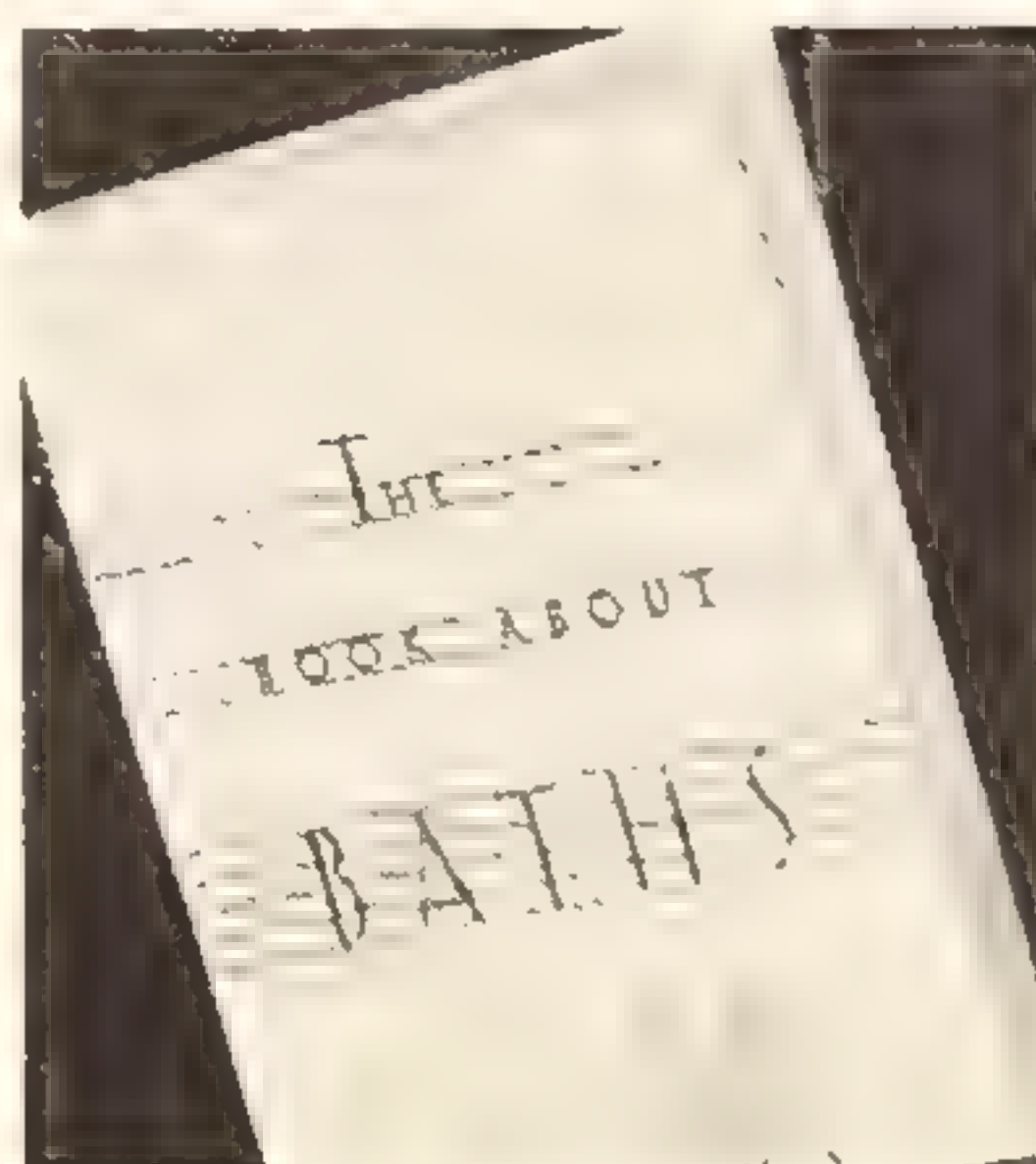
Then there's a bath to ward off colds, a bath to bring sound sleep, and one for after-exercise. For each one *The Book About Baths* gives many suggestions (temperature, toweling, soaping).

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by teaching the value of cleanliness*

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MEET THE NEW MR. NANCY CARROLL

The titian-haired Nancy's skies are all serene again, now that she's married to the prepossessing Mr. Bolton Mallory, magazine editor. Miss Carroll was recently divorced from Jack Kirkland, newspaper and publicity writer. Those writing fellows are so clever, says Nancy, it's nice to have one around the place.

Here's somebody who knows more about Bob Montgomery than Miss Vee Dee! This little wire-haired terrier is Montgomery's constant companion, trailing him to the studio every morning and home again at night. And, when he can spare the time from taking care of his master, the cute canine chaperones Bob's baby daughter.



ASK ME! By Miss Vee Dee

MONTGOMERY FOREVER. You're all wrong—Bob Montgomery and his wife are far from being separated. They are Hollywood's most genuinely devoted couple. Don't know how those rumors start, anyway! Their baby daughter has been dreadfully ill and Bob's every thought is of her. Hope by the time you read this the baby will be quite well again.

Anna W. John Mack Brown, known to all followers of football as *The Dothan Flash*, was born Sept. 1, 1904 in Dothan, Ala. He has black curly hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and is married and has a daughter Harriet. Johnny has a thick Southern accent and is a real Dixie gentleman, suh—I mean Miss! His next picture is "The Last Flight," with Richard Barthelmess, Elliot Nugent and Helen Chandler.

Virginia C. See, Virginia? John Darrow was *Verde* in "Avalanche" with Jack Holt. John appeared with Betty Compson in "The Lady Refuses." Nancy Carroll is 24, Joan Crawford is 23, Mary Brian is 22, Richard Dix is 37 and Charles Rogers is 26 years old.

Maryland Fan. Stuart Erwin, Stew for no particular reason to his intimate friends, was born on St. Valentine's Day in Squaw Valley, 50 miles from Fresno, Cal. His desire to be a comic Valentine meets with the approval of his thousands of admirers. He has light brown hair, grey eyes, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. When you see an announcement of a film with Stuart doing some of his "dumb" stuff, go to see the picture or you'll miss what we're all looking for—a good laugh. And Stew doesn't mind; he gets paid for being the fall guy.

Doris D. As a special, a very special request you'd like to see my picture in

SCREENLAND. Can't you see my smiling face between the lines of my department? I never see my readers but I have a wonderful mental picture of each one and I hope you all return the compliment, but I'm not counting on it. Richard Cromwell, the lad who made so many friends with his portrayal of "Tol'able David," was born about 20 years ago in Los Angeles, Cal. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light brown hair and blue-green eyes. I haven't his home address but you can reach him through the address we give you in the Stars' Address department. His next picture is "Fifty Fathoms Deep."

Sarah A. G. Going back to 1925 with Corinne Griffith in the silent version of "Classified," you saw Jack Mulhall, Charlie Murray, Carroll Nye and Ward Crane, with Edith Chapman playing the part of Corinne's mother. Ward Crane is the man you refer to but he died some time ago. There is a rumor afloat that Corinne may stage a come-back. Come on back, Corinne, we've missed you.

Mary M. A thin dime has bought more than one delectable lolly-pop and it might work out in enclosing that amount, (the dime, not the lolly-pop) and mailing your request to the screen players for photographs. No harm in trying but don't blame me if the bait doesn't work. Bob

Steele, whose real name is Robert Bradbury, the hero of many a Western picture, is considered one of the best riders, trick gunmen, and ropers on the screen and he should be, for he spent his life doing nothing else. Bob is 6 feet tall and has blue eyes and brown hair and was born Jan. 23, 1907. Ken Maynard was born July 21, 1895, at Mission, Texas. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 180 pounds and has steel grey eyes and black hair. Ken has been a star performer with the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus and with Ringling Bros., before going into pictures.

Hazel F. Your birthday, February 18, just missed clicking with several of the popular stars—Ramon Novarro, Ronald Colman, John Barrymore, Chester Morris, William Janney and Joan Bennett all have birthdays in February but not on your date. Sorry but can't be helped.

Jean W. As much as I'd love to help you with your heart problems, it is not in my line. I have other lines out working. Your heaviest heart-beats are for Nils Asther—but tish, tish! what will we do about his devoted wife and brand new baby daughter, Evelyn Rosetta? This interesting baby was born in Bavaria—the United States Embassy says the baby is German, while the Swedish government regards it as Swedish because Nils, the movie star father, is a Swedish subject, so neither government will allow the mother, Vivian Duncan Asther, to bring the baby home on her passport! But that baby will get home if she has to walk.

Sincerely Yours. You find one thing wrong with my department and that is, you're sorry it is not long enough. I'm glad you're sorry but you know, or don't you, that brevity is the soul of wit or something? Now that (Continued on page 94)

Miss Vee Dee will answer your questions about screen plays and players in this department of SCREENLAND. But you must be patient and await your turn. Turn to Page 96 for the cast of current films. See Page 98 for stars' addresses. Please consult these services before asking your questions.

GRAND NEW SCREEN LOVERS!



Not since the days of "The Sheik" has there been a screen romance with the flavor of "Son of India." Novarro is no tempestuous Valentino, but he is decidedly charming in his rôle of a turbaned merchant prince who falls in love with a pretty American girl. And Madge Evans, a child actress grown up into a most appealing girl, is his heroine. Their love scenes are tender, touching, poignant. You may call this picture old-fashioned hokum if you like—but you will enjoy Ramon and Madge in spite of yourself!

SCREENLAND'S HONOR PAGE

won by

Ramon Novarro *and* Madge Evans





Madge Evans' acting in this scene from "Son of India" will move you. She's a distinct find, this girl, and she proves it in the picture when Ramon, her Indian lover, is forced to wound her to save her life. It only goes to show what real actors can do with trite and hackneyed situations. You can't watch this scene without wincing!



Here's a New Girl Who May Be a Big Star Some Day! Madge Evans, a Child Actress in Silent Films, Comes Back to the Screen a Lovely, Poised Personality—a Potential Shearer. You'll Like Her!

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

An Open Letter to Norma Shearer



Norma as she looked when I first met her—when I wrote the first story about her that ever appeared in any magazine and called it: "She's the Prettiest Girl in Pictures—and You Can Tell Them I Said So!"

Dear Norma:

MAY I speak plainly?

You and I have been friends for a long time—as time goes in this business!

We're old friends—you said so yourself. And you were also rash enough to say that you value my personal opinion. Well, here it is!

I like you, Norma. I've been saying for some years that you are the cleverest girl in Hollywood. I still think so. I hand it to you. I think you are the outstanding feminine acting success of motion pictures. And when I say success I include all the things that actual Success means. Not fame alone. Not only money. Or position. But real, satisfying success—that you yourself may be proud of.

I remember a story I heard about you. It dates back to the days when you were an extra girl, struggling for a film foothold in the New York studios. You were called on location one day by a comedy company—you, and five or six other girls. You were all assigned to one room in a hotel to dress in. But you, the little, unknown extra, went to headquarters and asked—very nicely, mind you, and not at all snootily—for a place of your own in which to make up and to change. What's more, you got it! The director was impressed by your very evident sincerity, your obvious breeding. You got what no extra before or since has been able to get—consideration. And you went right on getting it. "The little Shearer girl" struggled ahead—very, very slowly, often painfully.

There were knocks and there were kicks and there were lean and hungry times. And there must always have been the tempting short-cut stretching swiftly before you. You took the long way up—but you also gained so much stamina on the ascent that you stuck up there once you reached the summit.

It hasn't all been easy, even after you signed your first Metro contract. I remember coming to see you one day while you were vacationing in Manhattan—that was in the "He who gets Slapped" period of your career. You had just been buying your first mink coat—and you were getting a very real, honest kick out of it. You admitted it. I noted you were still eager, still earnest, still glowing. You had met Dorothy Gish at a party and when Dorothy had impulsively told you how lovely she thought you, you were so overcome you couldn't answer—and you reproached yourself for that then. And then you told me something I'll always remember. You said:

"Have you seen Greta Garbo?"

I had. In her first American movie, "The Temptress." You wanted to know what I thought about her. Because it seemed that when Greta first stepped on the M-G-M lot, Louis B. Mayer had said: "Norma, here is your rival!"

(Naturally, Norma was watching Garbo! Norma was by way of being the white hope of the Metro lot. She was emerging from her ingénue prettiness into dramatic promise. And then—Garbo came along. We all know how Garbo swept all before her. Her vogue was as sudden, as sensational as Valentino's. The world went Garbo. And Norma Shearer?)

Once more you showed your amazing ability to *stick*. You were not by any means neglected in the Garbo rush. Your pictures made more and more money. You won new admirers with each new release. Quietly, surely, serenely you went on making good movies. And as your career developed, your romance with Irving Thalberg progressed. You became Mrs. Thalberg. And went to Europe on your honeymoon.

I saw you when you returned—you showed me your grand Paris clothes, crowded into big trunks. And you were still getting a kick out of things. I was glad of that. Because there had come the usual rumors—that Norma Shearer had gone high hat since she married the boy boss of the lot. That she was refusing to see reporters and representatives of the screen papers. I asked you point-blank about those reports.

The Editor's Page

You gave me one of your straight, candid looks. "No—I'm not seeing interviewers," you admitted. "I wanted to see you because we're old friends. Not for a story. The reason? I don't feel that right now I have anything to tell them. I haven't been doing anything unusual on the screen—I've been falling in love and getting married."

And right here I want to report something that up until now I have kept to myself. And I want to tell it because it may give the lie to some of those catty stories. You know—the stories that if Irving Thalberg had really been an office boy, as you thought he was when you first saw him in the studio, you would never have married him. That it might not have been all sheer coincidence that you married him just as the talkies came along, just as you needed every break to keep your career going. You said, when I asked you frankly "How about it?"—

"Delight—I don't care if I never make another picture!"

I think you mean it. I think you came darned near doing it. I think you were on the verge of settling down as Mrs. Irving Thalberg and leaving the screen. If I ever saw a bride in love with her husband, you were that bride.



Norma and her husband, Irving Thalberg, as they returned from their recent European vacation. Irving, Jr., their baby son, accompanied them—Norma insisted upon it.



The poised, sophisticated Shearer of today—one of the three or four greatest box-office stars of the screen.

You see, I do believe in you. In your charm and your talent, certainly—but also in your sincerity. There are many who won't agree with me. One actress said about you: "I like her sister Athole so much better than Norma. Norma is always on the defensive." Well, the girl who said that is not a success in pictures. You are.

And what a success! An unbroken string of marvelous box-office hits beginning with "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," in which you—an actress of the old silent technique—came through with a dazzling performance that would have done credit to Ruth Chatterton or Ina Claire, stage veterans. Ability again—grit—intelligence—and sincerity.

"The Divorcee"—another smash. Then the arrival of Irving Thalberg, Jr. Again a swell job! "Strangers May Kiss," which you made not long after Junior's advent, was another great hit. But how about "A Free Soul?"

It's a good, workmanlike picture. I suppose it's making money. But I'm hearing the first rumbles of discontent. Norma, you've been playing free souls long enough! I hope it's not been too long. You're too good an actress to stick to one story. "The Divorcee" was a sensation because it dared to show, for the first time on the screen, a "nice girl" who was also naughty. But she's no longer a novelty. Audiences can tire so easily. And why not? It's time for you to put on another act.

I hear your company is considering "Smilin' Through" for you. At first it seems a little silly—too lavender and old lace for audiences accustomed to camelias. But don't forget that "Daddy Long Legs" is the new smash. Super-sophistication is palling. People are crying for mush and milk. Besides, the girl in "Smilin' Through" is a great acting part. She will win back for you some of the spectators who like their screen ladies sweet.

I hope you'll do it, Norma. You've never made a mistake yet. You know, once you gave me a picture of yourself, and wrote on it: "Don't change your mind, please!"

I haven't! I hope I never will.

Sincerely,

Delight

Married *the* Modern Way

A MODERN WIFE'S
Declaration
of
*I*nterdependence!

I love Doug!
We study together—
We work together—
Pray together—
Play together—
Love together!

She's married—
she's modern—
she's happy! How
does she do it?
Joan tells you



Joan Crawford on the Love and Marriage Problems of the Modern Girl

By Sydney Valentine

JOAN CRAWFORD sat in her dressing room and talked. She was an amazing girl, sitting in an amazing room. Joan was in a talkative mood. She had things to say and she wanted to say them. She drifted from love to marriage to careers to the problems which the world presents to the modern girl today.

As she talked, now laughing, now deadly serious, her white teeth flashing startlingly against the bright scarlet of her mouth and the chocolate brown of her tanned face, she seemed all modern girls rolled into one slim body.

The dressing room itself was new and shining and very, very grand. It was as different from the old dull blue and glazed chintz room as the girl was different from the quiet, subdued Joan, who once spent all her leisure hours between scenes making hooked rugs or kitchen curtains.

Only Joan could have belonged to these three rooms. They were as vivid and as vital as she. The woodwork was a brilliant white, not a dull or creamy or ivory white, but a smooth snowiness which sparkled in the afternoon sunshine. The furniture was a medley of rare, satiny cherrywood, antique pieces, and low royal blue divans and chairs.

"Don't you love it?" Joan asked, waving one bare, brown arm in the general direction of the gay, flower-spattered walls, the odd lamps with their bright shades, the wall cabinets filled with rare china figurines, the ruffled white gauze curtains with their enameled tie-backs, the glittering whiteness of the tiny piano. "It's the same old place, dressed up. Bill Haines decorated it and planned the whole thing."

The friendship of Bill and Joan dates back to the days when a half-scared but determined girl, named Lucille LeSueur, arrived in Hollywood with a six months' contract and the inner knowledge that she would conquer the game.

Joan curled up against the cushions of a low divan and relaxed with the complete and perfect relaxation of the trained dancer. She was wearing some kind of a sports pajama outfit in her favorite color of vivid blue. Her slender ankles were stockingless and her feet were protected only by blue and white sandals. Her hair was a pale corn yellow, almost ash blonde against the deep brown



Here she is at the door of the dressing room-bungalow that young Doug gave her for her birthday. Joan's views on modern marriage are advanced. Read them!

"Having known the joys of freedom, the modern girl won't try to put chains around the man she loves!"

of her skin. The blue beret which had been pulled jauntily on the long, waved bob, was reposing beside a pair of dark sun glasses on the top of the piano.

"I don't care much for the color of my hair," Joan rambled on, running one tanned hand, with its long, oval, blood-red nails, carelessly through her hair. "It was sort of an experiment and is better photographically than brown hair. I thought that I'd try it for one or two pictures."

Which reminded me of the girl who had put her hair through every known shade from blonde to auburn to test its camera possibilities!

"But talking about changes and things," Joan went on, "do you realize all that has happened to me in the last three years? Sometimes I can't believe it, myself."

A great deal, certainly, had happened. Joan Crawford had become engaged to the man she loved, had been given stardom, had been married, had thrown herself heart and soul into making a success of that marriage and of domesticity, had watched her professional career survive the crisis of the talking pictures and grow stronger, had signed a new contract which gave her practically everything she wanted and had just celebrated her second wedding anniversary.

"I believe that the success or failure of marriage depends almost entirely upon the girl," Joan stated simply, looking back on the two years since she and Doug had returned from that hurried wedding journey to New York. "Girls of today have so much to give and so much to gain from marriage. If they make a mess of it, it's their own fault."

"In the first place, marriage is no longer the end and aim of a girl's life. She doesn't have to grab the first

man who comes along merely to get a meal ticket and security for herself. She can take care of herself comfortably and successfully until she is sure that the right man has come along.

"Heavens, we modern girls don't realize the possibilities of the age in which we're living!" Joan sat up in her intensity. "In our grandmother's and mother's day, it was a sort of disgrace to be able to do anything efficiently except catch a man and keep house. Now it's a disgrace to be unable to do almost anything efficiently.

"And that goes for the business of marriage, too. Since girls don't have to marry for economic reasons, it is plain common sense to realize that they marry because they want it more than anything else in the world. Then it's up to them to work as hard at the job of



"Women demand too much of marriage and men. The husband thinks he is marrying a girl who is a person and finds he is tied to someone who thinks she owns a mortgage on his every thought and action."

Joan watches her husband making love to Loretta Young. How many wives could watch a scene like this and not feel jealousy? But Joan helps Doug rehearse his love scenes!



"Girls of today have so much to give and to gain from marriage. If they make a mess of it, it's their own fault."

On the other hand, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is compelled to watch his wife in the arms of another man—on the screen. What primal emotions must he fight when he sees Monroe Owsley, Joan's leading man, in a scene like this?

marriage as they would at any other kind of business.

"That's where so many women fail. They think that the job's done when they've walked to the altar. You can't make any rules for success. No two people are alike. And you can't bend two human beings to fit marriage. You must bend marriage to fit them."

With that restless energy which is so much a part of her charm, Joan jumped up and went across the room to change the position of a framed photograph on her desk. Her pajamas were cut almost to the waist in the back, and the perfect Crawford back was as brown as her face.

"Marriage doesn't change people—inside, I mean," she went on, having returned to the divan. "It demands a lot of adjustments, but the real person remains the same. You can't make a man into a different human being just because you happen to carry his name on your calling cards.

"Women demand too much of marriage and men. The husband thinks he is marrying a girl who is capable of being a person and of standing on her own feet, and finds after a while that he is tied to someone who thinks she owns a mortgage on his every thought and action. No wonder men get tired of it!

"You know," Joan confessed, leaning forward so that the sunlight coming through the opened screen door made little dark brown patches of the freckles which spattered the clear tan of her nose and cheeks. "I was sort of that way, myself, at first! I didn't want Doug to think a thought or do a thing which I did not share. But I pulled myself out of that.

"All our world knows I love Doug. We study together, we work together; pray together, play together, and love together. We admire and respect each other's

ability and are proud of each other's success. Doug has developed such charm! He is so versatile in his talents. Oh, no—we shall never be divorced. We understand each other too well.

"One of the greatest secrets of happiness in marriage is to keep your own individuality. It's a lot more fun to find a few mysterious closed pages than to have such an open book that he who runs may read."

Joan wasn't relaxing now. She was tense, nervous, vital. She was throwing into her eagerness to explain her own thoughts the same energy which leaves her completely unstrung after a dramatic scene on the sound stage.

"It's the same principle which makes the girl today so much more interesting than her sister of three years ago. That other girl gloried in a blatant frankness. She wore dresses above her knees and carried her emotions on her sleeve. Now she has discovered the lure of mystery and restraint. She is just as free, just as frank, perhaps even freer and franker, but she doesn't shout the news to the world at large.

"That's why I have so much faith in the modern girl's ability to deal with modern marriage. She'll continue to make herself a charming individual, even after she has put on the wedding ring. Having known the joy of freedom, she won't try to put chains around the man she loves. And she'll realize that marriage hasn't made her into a new person, that she is the same old girl with a world full of interesting things around her. She will make marriage the beginning instead of the end of her career."

There it is, the something which has happened to Joan Crawford. She was right when she said that she hadn't changed. She has (*Continued on page 115*)

"At first I didn't want Doug to think a thought or do a thing which I did not share. But I pulled myself out of that. It's a lot more fun to find a few mysterious closed pages than to have an open book that he who runs may read!"

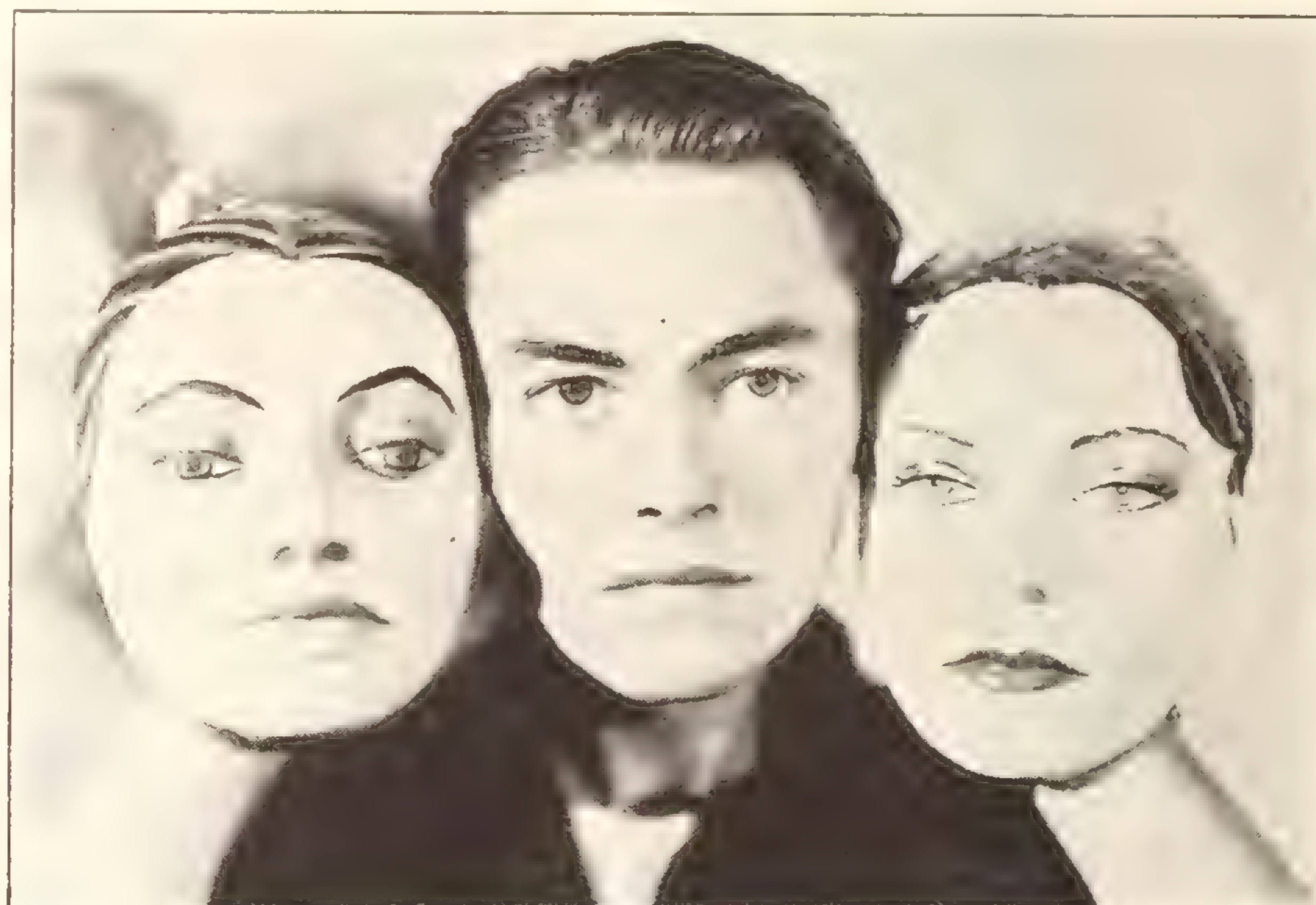
See the
Big Mask
and
Mural Man
at Work!



Our talkie "Tol'able David" has a sideline. Or maybe acting is his sideline; anyway, he keeps busy at the Columbia studio making "Fifty Fathoms Deep" and then he comes home and works at his masks and murals. Samples herewith!



Kid Cromwell was a struggling Los Angeles artist two years ago. Now he's a struggling screen star, but still devoted to Art. (Big "A", printer!)



Dick with two of his masks. Recognize the one on the right? You'd better—it's Greta Garbo. The other is of Katherine Cornell, noted stage actress.

Dumb like a Fox!

In other words, not dumb at all—that's why Sidney is Hollywood's new crush

By
*Hale
Horton*

"I WANT to fall in love!"

"What's that?" said I, pressing the receiver tight to my ear.

"I said I want to fall in love!" a liquid voice repeated. "And I can't say your surprise is the height of good form."

"Miss Sidney Fox," I exclaimed, "do you mean to sit there or stand there or whatever you're doing on the other

end of the line, and tell me you want to fall in love?"

"I do that," was the emphatic reply. And when I told her I thought she was kidding, she insisted that never before had she been so sincere. "I want most desperately to fall in love, to find a love all-enduring, a love that means more to me than anything else in the world—for only through love can I ever become a—"

"Stop!" I thundered.

"That's no subject to discuss over the 'phone! And besides that I get an inferiority complex when I hear your voice but don't see your face. I'll just—"

"All right, kid," was her breezy interruption. "Drop around for tea—sort of five-ish."

Which is just what I did, and she told what she wanted to become. But before I pass the news along to you let me gloss over a few facts of life, at least in so far as Universal's doll-like star is concerned.

Sidney (*La Petite Poupee*) Fox was born in New York City to wealthy and socially prominent parents. On December tenth she will be twenty-one. Her youthful education was that of a prospective society leader's—that is, up to the age of thirteen, at which time her family fell into financial difficulties, making it imperative for Sid to go out and dig her own potatoes. She followed stenography with dress designing and then wrote letters to the lovelorn for a newspaper syndicate. While occupied with this last pursuit she also studied law, working in a law office during her daylight hours. Said her friends one day: "Child, your beauty is not for the law—it's hard enough as it is to get any justice in court—what you had better do is go on the stage."

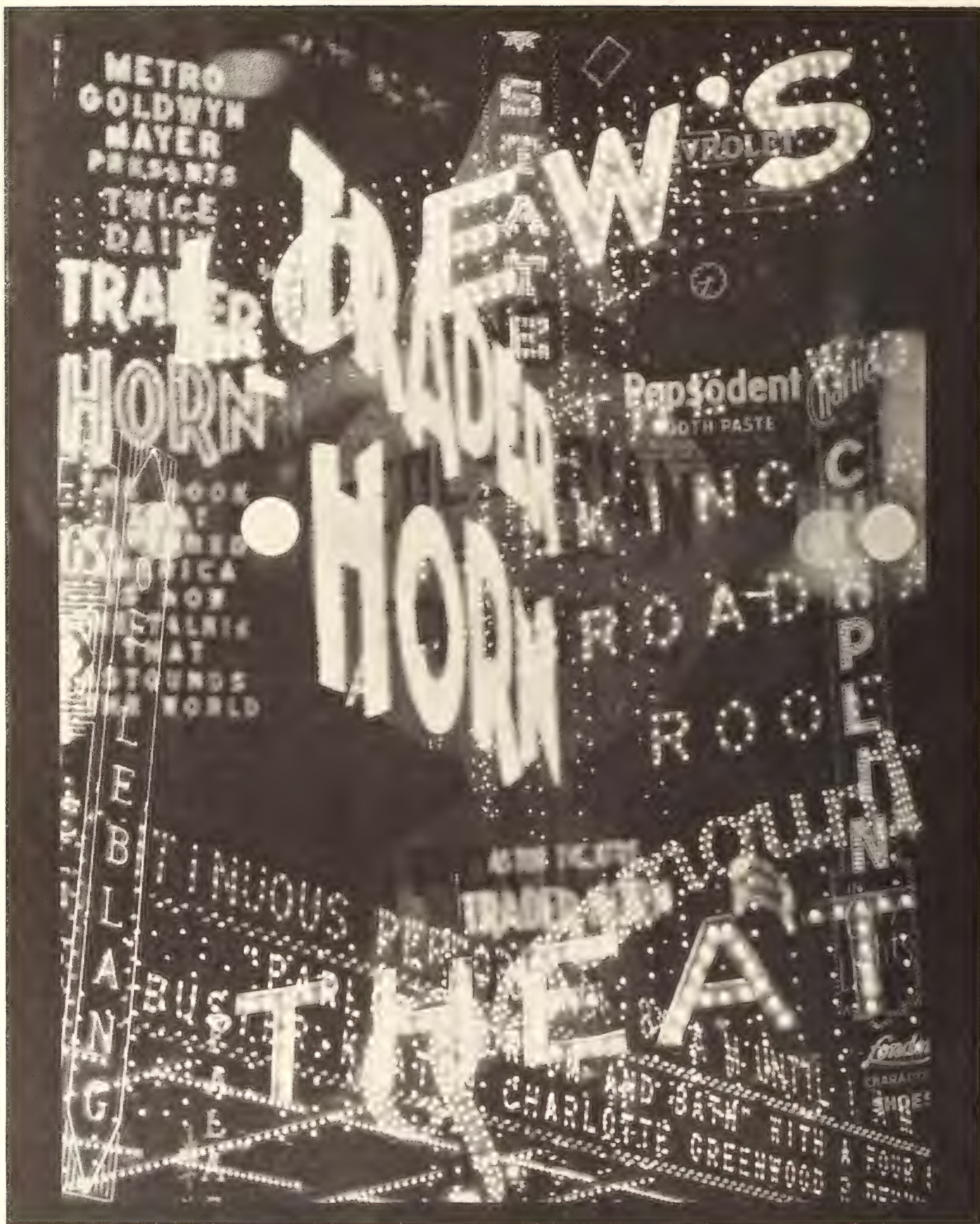
"All right," said Sid, and she went on the stage. It was, in fact, just like that. She makes up her mind to do a thing and she does it. No one ever is quite sure just how she manages, but she invariably succeeds. Perhaps the answer lies in the fact that she not only possesses beauty, talent, and the courage to work like the very deuce, but also, brains. While in New York playing the lead in "Lost Sheep," she caught and held Junior Laemmle's eye; and she was most firm (*Continued on page 110*)



A cute little drugstore cowgirl? When Sid isn't posing for motion pictures she doesn't pose at all.



"I want to be loved by"—whom? Sid doesn't know yet, but whoever he is, wherever he is, she wishes he'd hurry along! Miss Fox believes a Great Love would enrich her life and her art. Where have you heard that before?



THE BIG STREET!

Lights — lights — lights! Glare — glitter — glamor! Big—bigger—biggest! A new motion picture is making its bow, and every bulb on Broadway is winking a welcome. This marvellous photographic impression gives you some idea of the excitement of a big picture premiere. Great scene, isn't it?

MOVIE OPENING

Photographs by



NIGHT ON BROADWAY

Irving Browning, N. Y.

THE BIG CROWD!

Mobs of men and women milling in front of the theatre, waiting for the stars to show up. Shiny cars disgorge their costly freight. Out of one steps Chaplin, perhaps—or Chevalier; or Mary-and-Doug. The crowd presses forward—flashlights boom—women and children first—Opening Night!

Pola is Back—To Stay?

Will the quondam queen of emotional pictures repeat her silent triumphs?

By

Alma Whitaker



Regal poise, regal clothes—the dark lady seems born to the purple!

POLA NEGRI returns in triumph to Hollywood, with a brand new singing voice, a grander manner, a large and all-encompassing philosophy, and unusual daring clothes, exquisite diction, and, I vow it, more beautiful than ever!

Pola once told me she was born in 1898, which would make her 33 now. But the woman of thirty has come into her own in films, almost completely supplanting the baby-blue-eyed cuties.

I shall always remember that Pola of seven years ago, who arrived in Hollywood with long dresses at a time that the rest of us were wearing them knee-length, and who stretched yearning arms toward Charlie Chaplin, as, in the most provocative broken English, she said:

"Sharlie, Sharlie, I have coom across the world to see you!"

"Sharlie," you see, had met the lady in Paris previously. But as "Sharlie" was not working on the Paramount lot, and as Paramount had invested quite a bit in bringing Pola out here, they did not properly appreciate the publicity this particular incident occasioned.

But "Sharlie" was to provide Pola's first *grande passion* in Hollywood. And he stands forth as the one man who really managed to disconcert this potent Pola. Because, you see, "Sharlie" would make love sumptuously on, say, Saturday evening, and then fail to show up or communicate with the lady in any way for days, weeks, afterwards. So she became nervous and fussy on the set and this, together with the disapproving rivalry of such entrenched beauties as Gloria Swanson, and all those other glamorous dears of the good old silent days, won her that embarrassing reputation for the "artistic temperament."

It wasn't temperament; it was just plain love-sick misery that any of us might have suffered.

She suffered even more during those brief hectic days of the engagement. It would have been a calamity had they ever married. In fact, neither of them should ever be married. They should go right along having their *grande passions* in pleasant succession.

"Both my marriages," said Pola, with tragic eyes and dramatic appeal, "were indiscretions. Both Count Donski and Prince Serge Mdivani caught me on the rebound, after tragic love affairs. My first lover died when I was very young in Poland and Count Donski consoled me. Valentino died and Serge consoled me. Now my aviator lover has died, but I shall be strong. I hope I will never marry again."

But she (Continued on page 112)

The New Mr. and Mrs.~

"Oh, you wed, wed you?"
people asked. Well, they
certainly wed!

By

Gary Gray



Wide World Photos

Carole made Hollywood history by refusing to set her cap for Bill. When he recovered from his surprise he wooed and won her. And rare judgment, too!

HOLLYWOOD'S prize-package bachelor, the catch of this season and a lot of other seasons, the man whose name headed the guest lists of more cinema colony hostesses than any other—and who avoided social crowding with an earnestness of effort that amounted to a phobia—has gone the way of all masculine flesh.

Bill Powell is on a Hawaiian honeymoon, the culmination of one of the most rapid, torrid and unexpected romances in the memory of the studios.

The girl whose net brought in the haul is—was—Carole Lombard, née Jane Peters. She is the envy of every single girl in town. Her cap, of all the rest, was set at the most jaunty angle.

Let's see how she conducted her campaign.

Hollywood got its first intimation that the Powell-Lombard fires of love were burning when the former Sennett girl, blonde, blue-eyed and outspoken, returned to the Pacific coast after having appeared in an eastern-made picture—a concoction of the poor little rich girl falling in love with the family chauffeur who made her realize that the truest hearts beat, not under ermine coats, but under denim jackets.

Carole played in that picture and played her part well. So well that the production company saw her as a potential star and sent her to its studios in Hollywood. There, at the time, William Powell was under contract, pursuing his suave, indifferent, lifted eyebrow way through a series of silk-hatted *Philo Vance*-ish pictures of which, to use his own phrase, he was "getting d—good and tired!"

He yearned for a change. Note that fact particularly. William Powell wanted relief from the humdrum business of making several thousand dollars every week by playing a bored and polished gentleman.

He got his change. His next picture was to be "Ladies'

Man." That, certainly enough, offered no variety. But the casting office did. Powell drew Carole Lombard for his chief feminine interest, and that she immediately became.

"Ladies' Man" went into production shortly before Christmas week. On Christmas morning a Cadillac coupé was driven up in front of the Lombard home. From that time on Hollywood held out no hope for William Powell. He was altar-bound in spite of everything his friends could do.

Haste must be made here to correct a possible wrong impression. It would be unfair and much in error to intimate that calculation entered into their respective campaigns. The regard and love of each for the other was as spontaneous as love always is.

The spark that fired it, according to the purely personal opinion of this single observer, was that Carole Lombard had no greater interest in William Powell during their first few weeks of business contact than he in her. They met on the set for their day's work. That done, each went a separate way to matters concerned solely with the advancement of their professional careers.

Powell has confided to intimate friends that his first interest in Carole Lombard was aroused by her almost complete indifference to him; that and to the fact that not once did she take him seriously. And Powell was not the man accustomed to having his screen work taken any other way.

It must have been a shock to Powell when she first called him "Junior," her favorite pet name for him. It started as a gag. Now it has become a term of personal endearment. He loves it. He loved it even at the start. Imagine the jolt that must have given him—one of the biggest stars of the screen—to have a brand new leading woman suddenly call him "Junior"!

Nothing is more revealing of the temperament of the new Mrs. William Powell. She, to use the terminology of the studios, is a real trouper, a grand gal, a thorough-going sport, a great scout, a regular fellow. Her sense of humor is delightful. She's as natural at all times as a streak of sun.

It took a girl like that to win William Powell. He admits it. He leaves it unsaid, but it is true nevertheless, that in her he met the first girl in several years who didn't make a play for him from the outset. Most girls have a failing for wealthy, clever, unattached gentlemen, you know.

(Continued on page 116)



BOUGHT!

The Enthralling Story
That Brings to Constance
Bennett her Greatest
Dramatic Opportunity

Novelized by
Eve
Bernstein



STEPHANY DALE was not the sort of a girl who could stand poverty. Always she had loved the pretty things she could not have—and admired the people she could not meet. There was Natalie Ransome, for instance, whom the papers called “the most promising débutante of the season.” Stephany read about her avidly—how she spent the week-end—who her friends were. These people were brought strangely close to her at times. Mrs. Chauncey, a neighbor, who had been Natalie Ransome’s nurse, was able to tell Stephany those things she was so curious to know: what kind of underwear the deb wore—what kind of books she read—what brand of cigarettes she smoked.

Perhaps because Mrs. Dale had always been rather vague about the father whom Stephany had never seen, Stephany thought of him as an aristocrat in a family of aristocrats, mostly to satisfy herself that with the proper surroundings and opportunities she could be—well, another Natalie Ransome!

Before her mother’s death, however, Stephany succeeded in learning the truth. Mrs. Dale had never married Stephany’s father. She thought she was in love with him at first. But he was crude, and careless in his appearance. She grew to hate him—and finally ran away with little Stephany.

Stephany, suddenly confronted with the necessity of earning her own living, considered carefully the kind of work she was best suited for—and applied for the position of model in a large wholesale dress house. She saw in this type of work a chance to

wear beautiful things and meet the right kind of people. But after her first invitation to luncheon from Meyer, one of the buyers, she was not so sure that she was going to meet the right kind of people. She refused him perfunctorily. The next day he sent her a splendid selection of books. Nothing more appropriate could have been chosen for Stephany, who loved good books as well as she did clothes and society.

They lunched together and discussed the books he had sent her. She thought him a strange combination indeed—an intellectual who had neglected every other quality that bespoke the gentleman—clothes, speech, and even manners—all the things that were so important to her.

With the money she earned she was soon able to move into a better neighborhood. Nicky Amory was the first person she met in her new surroundings. For weeks they had passed each other on her street, until one rainy day he asked her to share his umbrella. She invited him in.

“I think this place reflects you,” he told her.

“Do you? What does that make me?”

“Well-groomed—inside and out,” he said definitely.

Stephany smiled and thanked him.

“You’re welcome—so far as it goes,” he added.

“Oh—it’s qualified, then!”

“I’m afraid I’m what you call a serenely serious young man.” He

“Bought!” is a Warner Bros. and Vitaphone picture, based on Harriet Henry’s novel, “Jackdaws Strut.” Adaptation and dialogue by Charles Kenyon and Raymond Griffith. Directed by Archie Mayo with the following cast:

Stephany Dale.....	Constance Bennett
Nicky Amory.....	Ben Lyon
Dave Meyer.....	Richard Bennett
Charles Carter, Jr.....	Raymond Milland
Natalie Ransome.....	Mae Madison

The Fiction Version of Connie's Newest and Most Sensational Film!

sank down comfortably into an easy chair as though he were quite accustomed to coming there.

"I see—" Stephany was amused. "Busy with fundamentals and things?"

"Yes. I come from Boston. You see, mother married again—an old stuffed shirt that thinks of nothing but his family tree."

"Not a bad thing to have—the family tree," she said half to herself.

"I couldn't stand the codger, so I cleared out. He's the kind that thinks lineage means more than learning. He knows all about caviar—nothing about character."

"So you don't think family trees and knowledge of caviar important?"

"Not very."

"I do."

"It depends upon what you're after," he said thoughtfully.

"It fits what I'm after. I want life well-groomed. I haven't had the things you turned down, the things money can buy, and I want them!" They talk-

ed for a long time. She learned that Nicky was a writer—so far unsuccessful. Somehow she couldn't pretend with him. She would have told him the usual story—

"You see, my father was a General in the Indian army. After he died—"

But she understood his ideals of life and his estimation of values, and knew it was best to say nothing.

She allowed Meyer to take her to dinner and the opera, even though she was a little ashamed of him. Besides he wasn't even young. She was miserable when Nicky showed up just before he came, and still more miserable when he stayed after Meyer was announced. She

had to introduce them. It seemed to Stephany that Meyer was trying to make an impression when he insisted that Amory come to see his collection of first editions.

In spite of Meyer, Stephany enjoyed the opera.

"I never dreamed an audience could be so brilliant," she said when the curtain fell.

"Don't you see enough clothes in the shop?"

"They're different on the right people."

"Who are the right people?" Meyer wanted to know.

"These—" she nodded toward the crowd.

"So they're the kind you want to meet?" he said quietly. "Perhaps I can help you. I know a specialist here who has all the smartest patients. Perhaps he needs a new secretary."

In Stephany's apartment, Meyer, sitting down at the desk to write the note of introduction to the specialist, noticed a picture of Stephany's mother.

"This is your mother," he said.

"How do you know?"

Meyer started and answered quickly:

"You look like her."

"It was when Mother first came to this country—you see Father was an army officer in India—"

A queer expression came over Meyer's face.

Constance Bennett as Stephany Dale—who loved the pretty things she could not have, and admired the people she could not meet. But—she finds a way to have those things, to meet those people; at what a price?



Connie's Greatest Rôle!



Stephany loved good books as well as she loved clothes and society.

"Remember him?"

"He died before I was born. Mother said he knew Kipling."

"That must have been in England. Kipling hasn't visited India in forty years."

"Mother was so vague about things—"

When he left, Stephany picked up the note carelessly. Attached to it was a check for \$100. She ran to the door, her face flushed with excitement and anger, and called his name frantically. But from the landing above she could see Meyer's cab driving away. Nicky appeared as she was about to go back to her rooms.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded.

"That insolent man!" She explained what had happened and showed him the check.

"I'll return it when I thank him for the job," she added. Nicky looked at her quizzically.

"I suppose you're thinking that I shouldn't even take the job," she said, reading his thoughts. "Do you think we'll ever meet on anything, Nicky?"

"I hope so." Nicky took her in his arms. "I love you, Stephany. But you're so wrong about things."

They sat down on the divan together and she snuggled willingly into his arms. He loved the feel of her soft hair against his face. He held her close to him and pressed his lips to hers. After a while he said:

"If you could only realize that happiness is all that counts."

"Poverty wears down happiness," she answered.

A STROKE of luck had given Stephany the entrée into society for which she had longed. It is true that her new position caused her to meet the right kind of people, but it was sheer good fortune that gave her the real opportunity to become one of them. She had been asked to deliver some pills to the home of Mrs. Archibald Barry. At tea—for Mrs. Barry insisted that she stay—her hostess' brother, Charles Carter, decided

she was one of the most delightful young women he had ever met. He took his sister aside and insisted that she invite her to the party she was giving that night.

Stephany hurried home to tell Nicky the good news.

"But we were going to the theatre," he reminded her. "Your birthday, you know."

"Oh, Nicky! I was so excited that I forgot. What shall I do now?"

"Go, of course. I wanted you to wear this tonight."

She opened a box with a single orchid. Attached to it was a stunning pin of chipped diamonds.

"Nicky!" She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Come back at eleven and we'll talk."

But how could she remember Nicky when she was so drunk with the excitement of her new friendships? Charles Carter hardly looked at anybody else—or danced with anybody else all

Confronted with the necessity of earning her own living, the girl applied for the position of model in a wholesale dress house. She could wear beautiful things—meet the right kind of people. Then came—Meyer!

evening. As soon as they were in the car together on the way home, he drew her to him.

"One kiss," he begged.

She let him kiss her once—then again and again.

"You're delicious," he whispered.

From Stephany's window upstairs Nicky looked down disconsolately as Carter helped her out. It was fortunate he could not see them in the hall below.

"I just can't let you go, Stephany," Carter said, passionately. He held her so tightly that she could scarcely breathe.

"That will be all tonight," she said, drawing away.

"One more, dearest."

At last she was able to tear herself away from his arms. She had forgotten about Nicky until she was in her rooms.

"Nicky!" she exclaimed—"How ever—of course! I gave you the key so we could chat after I got home."

"You flatter me by remembering. How was the party?"

"I had a glimpse of heaven."

Nicky sat down on the sofa beside her.

"What's heaven like, Stephany?"

"Luxury—perfect servants—smart clothes—amusing people—clever talk—"

"What was said that was clever?" Nicky asked drily.

"Many things. Not all fashionable people are dull, you know."

"What about—him?" Nicky lit a cigarette calmly.

"Is he your ideal?"

"He's—wonderful!"

"It's no use, Steph. You're tuned to one string—I to another," said Nicky.

"Are you going?"

"Yes—back to my writing. Good night."

Stephany did not even move.

WHAT Stephany called heaven continued for another month. Charles took her to dinners, theatres, and dances. One night they came back to her apartment. It was hours before he was ready to leave. Once more he took her in his arms and tried to kiss her.

"Please, darling!" she begged.

"But why not?" he said reproachfully.

"I don't feel like it. The champagne has worn off," she added. "Besides, it's ridiculous."

"Ridiculous?" He kissed her

He drew her back to the couch. "I want you in my arms, darling. You're the most fascinating thing I've ever known. I'm wild when I kiss you!"

"I just can't let you go, Stephany," Carter breathed. "That will be all tonight," she answered. At last she was able to tear herself away.

hand affectionately. "It means that you're the most fascinating little thing I've ever known. I'm wild when I kiss you."

Stephany walked toward the window and looked out. She felt there was something empty about the whole thing—she could hardly explain it even to herself.

"Kissing is for moon and star time," she said languidly.

"What's this?" Carter demanded.

"Lamplight."

He drew her back to the couch and placed her head against his shoulder.

"I want you in my arms, darling."

Stephany struggled away from him and said curtly: "Charles—you've got to go. It was three last night—four the night before. I've got to work tomorrow."

"Then kiss me."

"I've kissed you enough."

"Not enough for me, Stephany. I love you."

"When you say love, you mean like," Stephany assured him.

"I mean love as you mean love."

Stephany laughed lightly.

"Real love, Stephany. I want you to marry me!"

This seemed to be the realization of all her hopes—her life's ambition. Yet Stephany hesitated.

There was Nicky. But no, Nicky would always be poor, waiting for something to happen.

"You're sure you want me?" she said at last.

"I'm crazy about you, Steph. Will you marry me?"

"Yes," softly.

He drew her to



him again, but Stephany pushed him gently away.

"There's plenty of time for that, Charles. Go now, dear."

"It's heaven, darling. I'll see you tomorrow."

STEPHANY gave up her job because Charles insisted. She was so busy going everywhere with Charles that she never saw Nicky any more. As for Meyer—he came again just once and displayed so much curiosity about Stephany's sweetheart, that she had to be brutally frank.

"I would thank you to leave me and my friends alone," she told him.

She was sorry afterwards when she looked at his face and saw how hurt he was. She made a weak attempt to smooth everything over, but Meyer understood too well—and left.

One evening when she was staying at home to rest, Nicky came in. She was genuinely glad to talk to him again.

"It's months since I've seen you, Nicky. Sit down and tell me everything."

"Steph, there's something I want to tell you. I've had a raise. And my book is going beautifully. I'm almost sure to sell it."

"Wonderful—"

"Will you take a chance and marry me, Steph?"

Stephany turned her left hand—enough so that he should see the diamond.

"That chap—Carter?" he asked, certain that it was.

"Yes."

"And now you have everything you want. Money and position. You're happy?"

"Yes," quietly.

"I think I'll go now, Steph. I feel as if the bottom had tumbled out of everything."

"Kiss me, Nicky," Stephany said quickly. "A sort of good-bye kiss. After this we're only casual play-fellows."

Nicky put his hands lightly on her shoulders and placed his lips on her forehead. Suddenly she threw her head back and sank into his arms. His lips touched hers and clung to them for long sweet seconds.

"Good-bye, Steph."

She tried to answer him, but her voice caught and she could only hold

up her hand in farewell. Nicky hurried away.

A DELIGHTFUL week at Mrs. Barry's. It was almost over now, but soon her whole life would be just like that.

Stephany and Charles were sitting under the oak a short distance from the house.

"Away from the crowd at last—" Charles breathed. "I want to be with you alone—and hold this sweet hand of yours."

"It is nice here. It makes you feel that everybody in the world is thousands of miles away. And down there the water. Isn't it lovely, Charles?"

"You are lovelier." His lips brushed the back of her neck. "Where for our honeymoon, darling?"

"Florida?"

"Bermuda! That's it." Charles seemed suddenly inspired. "Think how wonderful it will be there!"

"Delicious."

"It's something like Bermuda here tonight, dearest. I can almost imagine we're there now."

Stephany was still looking out at the water when she answered.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if we were?"

He took her quickly in his arms and said low:

"Suppose we pretend we're in Bermuda. Kiss me!" His lips sought hers hungrily.

"There's your ring, Charles," said Stephany. "You'd be crazy to ditch me!" he answered. "Think of all I can do for you!"



Stephany stood at the window of her room looking out into the blackness of the night.

"Sweet!" he whispered. "I do love you," she said.

"I can imagine we're there now in the garden of a little hotel I know overlooking the sea. In a little while you'll leave me alone, and I'll wait here and drink a night cap and smoke a cigarette. Then I'll follow you. Shall I?" Stephany moved away, a rather frightened look in her face. She felt strangely hurt—baffled.

"No, Charles."

"Why not? You will a month from now."

"It will be different then. Please, dear."

"Because a man no better than you or I mumbles some stereotyped words over two people in a church?" Charles insisted.

"Those words would be a public acclaiming of our private love."

"Our love doesn't need that. Darling!" He kissed her again—first tenderly, then passionately.

He released her when he saw his sister coming down the lawn toward them, and then gave Stephany a sly squeeze of the hand as the two girls went towards the house together.

STEPHANY
stood at the
window
of her

"You said you didn't love him. Love would at least have been an excuse. You sold yourself!" Nicky was very bitter.

"Meyer is terribly fond of you, Stephany," said Nicky. "Can't you suspect why? He told me not to tell—"

room looking into the blackness below. Suddenly she heard her door open—and close—ever so softly. She wheeled around quickly.

"Charles! You shouldn't have come."

He switched off the light, came toward her.

"I told you we were going to pretend to be in Bermuda. You love me—then why not?"

They kissed.

"Please go." She dared not raise her voice. She could not say much because she was soon in his arms again, feeling his kisses on her mouth.

The next morning Stephany made an effort to throw off the depressing mood she had fallen into. Charles made matters worse by offering her a drink.

"Peacock feathers," said Stephany. "I thought I could wear them. I can't!"

"I'm through with that stuff. Come for a walk, Charles. Look at those divine clouds over the hills. We could almost climb them. Will you, dear?"

"No. Who wants to live in the clouds?"

"I do," Stephany answered softly.

"It wouldn't be very exciting. Hullo!" Charles had looked out and seen a car drive up to the house. "Why, it's Natalie Ransome. I'll just run out for a minute."

So that was the girl! For the first time Stephany was able to see her ideal in person. Natalie Ransome, whom she had envied since she was (Continued on page 108)

Temperament?

Bunk!

Says
Leila Hyams

By
Ralph
Wheeler

*Add sage sayings: "I have a temper of my own but I don't waste it around the studio."
—Leila Hyams.*

SOMEONE has described Leila Hyams as a glacial blonde. A regal beauty. Proud, haughty. Elegantly poised, charmingly sophisticated. A magnificent blossom of serenity.

With this in mind, it was something of a shock to behold her, elbow-deep in a briny pile of fish, industriously scraping scales and performing other vital post-mortem rites over the denizens of the sea.

"Shake later," she suggested, laughing and bronzed with seaburn. "Had a swell day. Got sixty pounds of barracuda, bonita and halibut. Gosh, what sport!"

Now it takes real beauty, genuine elegance, supreme poise to pass inspection washing fish. Leila's taffy hair, wind-blown and fragrant with the tang of salt air, was damped at the temples by honest toil. Not the slightest suggestion of make-up on her face. Her eyes seemed strikingly violet against the copper hue of her tan, and white teeth flashed all the whiter. Oh yes, she wore blue overalls with a red bathing suit peeking over the edges. On her feet were wet canvas shoes.

"You may guess we're going to have fish for dinner," she laughed. "But you don't have to eat any if you don't want to. We can always open a can of salmon. Or do you prefer sardines?"

This fishing business, we learned, is one of Leila's pet diversions. At least once a week she gathers up some kindred soul at Malibu, hires a broad-bellied launch and sets out for the kelp beds where they bite fast and furious.

Leila is not the hot-house type of beauty. Hers is a world of the Great Outdoors.

"How about the diet question?"

Leila pondered.

"Well, I suppose they are good things for some people. But I'm not one of those people. I love to eat. I must confess a weakness for pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut.

It's only bad temper, anyway, scoffs the good little sport of the M-G-M studios

And I'm not German. Out here at Malibu we swim and play on the beach a great deal. What it does to your appetite it compensates in exercise that keeps the weight down. I love to drive, golf, and do almost anything else that keeps me out in the sunshine and air. That's one reason why I don't harbor any great ambition to go back upon the stage.

"Of course I was a flop on the stage, to be perfectly frank about it. My greatest success in the theatre was my debut at the age of three or four weeks. My parents took me on soon after I was born and introduced me to the audience at the old Hammerstein Theatre in New York. I was reared in the theatre and it holds pleasant memories for me. But it terrified me after I was grown and cut loose from my father and mother to try my own wings.

"Every actress, in or out of pictures, dreams of triumphs on the stage. I would like that, of course. But all the glamor of it wouldn't be worth the surrendering of the happiness I have found out here. For some years I struggled in Broadway's shadows for a living. My pride was cut too deeply for me to want to go back and try it again. Perhaps it would be different, now that I have some little screen name to go on. But it couldn't be the same as success then would have been.

"Most important of all, however, is my complete satisfaction with my life today. I can't find anything to be discontented with, with the possible exception of an occasional rôle I don't like. But it doesn't always follow that parts I don't want to play turn out to be bad for me. Nor is it at all true that every characterization I enjoy playing proves to be entirely acceptable on the screen.

"I am lazy by nature, I suppose, but I do (Continued on page 117)



Tanqueray

Maurice Chevalier's celebrated "Ver-ee Hap-pee" expression.

A Gallery of Grins -

NOW that the world's skies are brighter, just take a look at these warm, spontaneous, informal grins! They're genuine—they're real! And why shouldn't better days be reflected in the smiling *façades* of our best movie people? Study the faces in this section—and smile yourself!





Dyar

FRANCES DEE is already fulfilling the high predictions that have been made for her. You'll see her soon in "Rich Man's Folly."

ALL'S right with Eleanor Boardman's world, judging by the looks of things. Eleanor was seen recently in "Women Love Once."

Ricbee



Fryer

WALTER HUSTON is apt to get hard-boiled on the screen, but his laughing countenance off the lot is more like his real self.



Lippman

MARIAN MARSH makes a demure
Nineteenth Century lass in her old-
fashioned riding habit. And don't you
love those ringlets?



Bull

MADGE EVANS is one girl who has lots to smile about. After an early career as a child actress, she staged a successful comeback in talkies. Watch for her in "Sporting Blood."



Bull

CLARK GABLE, enthusiastic lover of horses and veteran equestrian, is all agog at the prospect of making "Horse-flesh," a racing picture. Even the prancing steed looks pleased!



Bacbrach

YOU'VE s-s-seen and l-l-laughed at Roscoe Ates' stuttering in various pictures—or if you haven't, it's been your loss. Is it a view of one of his films that's causing that wide grin?



Ricbee

AFTER taking Europe by storm, Anna May Wong makes a triumphant return to American pictures in "Daughter of the Dragon." You can't go Wong on Anna May!



Dyar

EVEN the horrors of a murder mystery can't rob Regis Toomey of his genial smile. Regis has an important rôle in "Murder by the Clock."



Dyar

CLAIRE DODD has her troubles in "The Secret Call"—but she, too, keeps right on smiling. And who wouldn't, with those dimples?

There are Smiles~



Mr. and Mrs. Zelma O'Neal. He's Anthony Bushell, prominently cast in "Expensive Women."



Mary Astor ought to feel at home in "Smart Women," her current starring picture.



John Breeden is one of the newcomers. Looks like a nice lad—keep your eye on him!



June Clyde is prominent in "The Mad Parade," the much-discussed all-feminine talkie.



The smiling captain. Warren Williams plays with Bebe Daniels in "Honor of the Family."



"Devil may care," Norma Shearer's smile seems to say. But suppose he doesn't?



And here (below) is the owner of one of the world's most famous noses. Right you are—it's Jimmy Durante.



Rather Gaynor-esque is little Roberta Gale, whom you'll meet before long in "Are These Our Children?"



He's just joined Our Gang, and his name is "Spud"—except in school, where it's Sherwood Bailey, Jr.



This is how Helen Hayes must have looked on being awarded the feminine lead in "Arrowsmith."



Lenita Lane, (right), adorns that timely picture—"Murder by the Clock."



Dyar

JUDITH WOOD is on "The Road to Reno"—in the picture of course, you zany! Wonder if they'll use one of those wide screens for that hat?



Hurrell

HO! HO! Must have been an awfully funny one that somebody told Neil Hamilton. Or is he just trying to laugh off an earache?



Fryer

DORIS KENYON has her own individual type of blonde beauty. She's another girl who came back in the talkies, via "Co-respondent," with William Powell.

He was "Ruggles of Red-Eye"



But now, "Stew good to be true," says Charlie, scoring in sober rôles

By
Hazel
Hairston

DOES the screen public want its favorites to be versatile?

Charlie Ruggles is going to find out. For the past two years he has played nothing but "drunk" rôles. Now, in his first starring picture, "Girl Habit," he doesn't take a single drink.

He played so many souses that he had a perpetual hangover!

"Playing such parts is no easy matter, either," he said to me the other day. "It's hard enough to distinguish one character part from another without having them all scrambled together as 'just drunks.' Getting the various rôles lubricated with hooch in various ways is no simple parlor trick."

If you inquire how he manages to enact the parts so realistically, he'll tell you, "playing 'drunks' is just like anything else in acting—it's 70 per cent intelligence and 30 per cent imagination."

From his first talking picture, "Gentlemen of the Press," Ruggles took to drink. Then came "The Lady Lies," "Young Man of Manhattan," "Queen High," "Roadhouse Nights," and "Her Wedding Night."

In each picture he was highly praised by fans and critics alike for the veracity which he put into his impressions.

And strange to say, not one of his admirers has written and asked that he "sober up!" They like him drunk. Maybe it's because he never gets sloppy and falls down, or lies in the gutter. He is always the amiable "drunk" whether he is society Beau Brummel or newspaper reporter. And his (Continued on page 113)



Driven to drink! Ever since "Gentlemen of the Press," Charlie Ruggles' screen job has been to see the world through the bottom of a glass. But now he can be himself again—and his favorite drink is milk!



Buddy *is a* Big Boy Now

Most girls like Buddy. But we didn't want a sob-sister's lament—we wanted the real low-down on him. So we sent a he-man on this interview, and the result is a swell, honest story you'll want to read!

By

Herbert Cruikshank

IT WAS one of those gorgeous, glittering, garish movie premieres. The reserves had been turned out to keep the frantic film fans in line—and within bounds. A great mob of movie-mad hero-worshippers milled 'round and 'round for a block on either side of the theatre entrance.

One by one, some of the most brilliant stars of the screen made their appearance, including the celebrities featured in the "super-special" that had just been shown for the first time. Each of them received a share of homage, and passed into the luxurious equipage tooled to the door by a liveried chauffeur.

But suddenly, police lines were broken. The crowd closed in on a tall, modest youngster, whose curly black hair clung to his brow in a perspiration of embarrassment. It wasn't his premiere—it wasn't his party—and he wanted the stars of the picture to get all the breaks.

No use. The cops were all King Canutes futilely commanding the waves of admirers to cease. There was a frantic struggle to see this idol. To touch him. To seize a button for a souvenir. To get an autograph. And long, loud cheers grew in volume until the whole street echoed with the cries.

"Buddy! Buddy!! Buddy!!!"

For the boy was "Buddy" Rogers, whom film-fans won't call "Charles," and he'd returned to his people like a king from exile. A very popular king, of course, and not one of those who recently has been abdicating by request of his "loyal" subjects.

The best part of it was that right behind "America's Boy Friend," taking in the full significance of the enormous demonstration, was Jesse L. Lasky, himself. Mr. Lasky, you know, is Mr. Paramount—and Buddy's big boss. The executive grinned contentedly. Right then and there our Mr. Rogers was a star again.

Again?

I hear you asking. Yes, again. For, believe it or not, the Bud was once demoted from the high eminence of stardom to the somewhat common ground of mere featured player. And that as much as anything is responsible for the fact that the boy has grown up. Of course, a year or two or three has winged away since the lad from Olathe, Kansas, won his spurs as the Lone Eagle of Paramount's school of acting. But the passage of time is not sufficient to account for the change. Buddy's still a boy at heart. But his head is a man's, stuck squarely on the level shoulders of a man.

I asked him about it. For Buddy and I are friends. Despite the fact he thought I made him appear "sappy" in a story written two years ago. Maybe I did. Maybe he was. But, be that as it may, I'm for the kid in a big way. We're friends. And I'm tickled that he's regained consciousness.

"It was pretty much of a kick in the trousers," he told me. "But it was just what the doctor ordered. All

that stuff and nonsense about 'the darling of the debs' had me pretty nearly stopped. Here's what happened.

"I left Hollywood for New York thinking I was aces. In the big town I continued to think so. Why not? There was certainly every evidence of popularity. I was besieged for interviews. I received every consideration. The fans seemed to like me. In fact, they liked me so much that when I went to luncheon at Sardi's, Mr. Sardi had to call the police to handle the crowds.

"All right. I went to Europe with my mother for what I thought was a well-earned vacation. When I returned, what happened? Phew! what a chill I got! Believe me, for months I never read a decent word printed about me. At the studio no one noticed me. Not even a 'good morning,' where before I'd been 'Mr. Rogers'ed' all over the lot.

"Well, sir," that's one of Buddy's favorite expressions, "well, sir, I just couldn't understand it. I'd worked hard. I was never temperamental or anything. I have always been ambitious to get ahead. And I thought I had succeeded moderately well. I'll tell you the truth, I was ready to quit it all and get a job in a clothing store or something, like my kid brother has done."

I didn't know, so Buddy digressed for an instant to tell me about the kid brother—"Bh," as he is called by the folks.

"They signed him to a movie contract," the Man of the Family continued, "and kept him sitting around without a single break for months. His screen test was a darn sight better than mine. But he didn't get a tumble. And when option day arrived, he was let out. The kid was broken-hearted, and right now he's working in a Los Angeles store. I was going to do the same thing.

"But first I sat back and took stock of the situation. I saw where I had been wrong. By trying to be a decent guy I'd somehow earned an undeserved reputation of being some sort of freak—a regular 'sissy.' I didn't

FANS ADVISE BUDDY

Here's a kick for Mary Getty, 1205 Clover Lane, Chester, Pa.,—and incidentally for all who write Buddy Rogers—for he reads every letter personally.

Mary wrote: "I doubt very much if you will see this letter." (And that's where she was wrong.) Here was what she said. And Buddy profited.

"After your success in 'Wings' the producers put you in a series of pictures with dull plots, expecting your personality to carry them. You did your best, but the public demands good stories, and the public must be served.

"I'm glad you aren't to be starred in your next picture; it will give you a chance to prove that you can really act. So make the most of any rôle you are given. Stick to it, Buddy! You can't keep a good actor down!"
You're right, Mary, they can't!

cigarettes and liquor in the world were done away with it wouldn't affect me any. After all, fellows like Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney don't do those things to excess, and are praised for it. But I—well I got a razzing. It doesn't seem fair. But I guess it was my fault. I haven't changed in regard to those things, though—I simply try to keep 'em out of print. Apparently they are detrimental rather than helpful.

"Well, sir, that was one thing I discovered. Another was that I'd been playing a lot of sappy parts in musical pictures and getting out there trying to sing a song and dancing around. Anything to oblige. But it darn near killed my career. And, of course, there was no one to share the blame. There never is for a flop. But oh boy, it's a little different with a hit!

"No, sir, I didn't ask whether my rôle in 'The Lawyer's Secret' was a starring part or not. I don't care. All I wanted was a bit. Anything at all in the nature of a dramatic rôle such as I played in 'Wings.' You tell me I steal the picture. I don't think so. It's just because I have a chance to be something on the screen besides a song-and-dance man. The difference in the parts gives me a break.

"But, anyway, after the picture—I was too scared and sick to even see the rushes—folks began speaking to me again. The atmosphere around the studio thawed at least a little above freezing point. Then I was surprised again. But, anyway, I'm glad I didn't take that clothing store job. 'Cause maybe there's hope for me yet in the movies. I mean it. I don't know
(Continued on page 108)

smoke. I didn't drink. I didn't make much whoopee. I objected to smacking girls around in my pictures. So I must be something out of a sideshow.

"Now, the fact is, I don't care much about cigarettes or booze or late hours. Remember the time I asked you not to print that I had taken a cigarette and a cocktail at a party, because I didn't want my father to know I smoked even one cigarette? Well, sir, I haven't smoked in his presence yet. And I don't think he'd believe it if anyone told him I had.

"Once in a while I smoke. But if all the

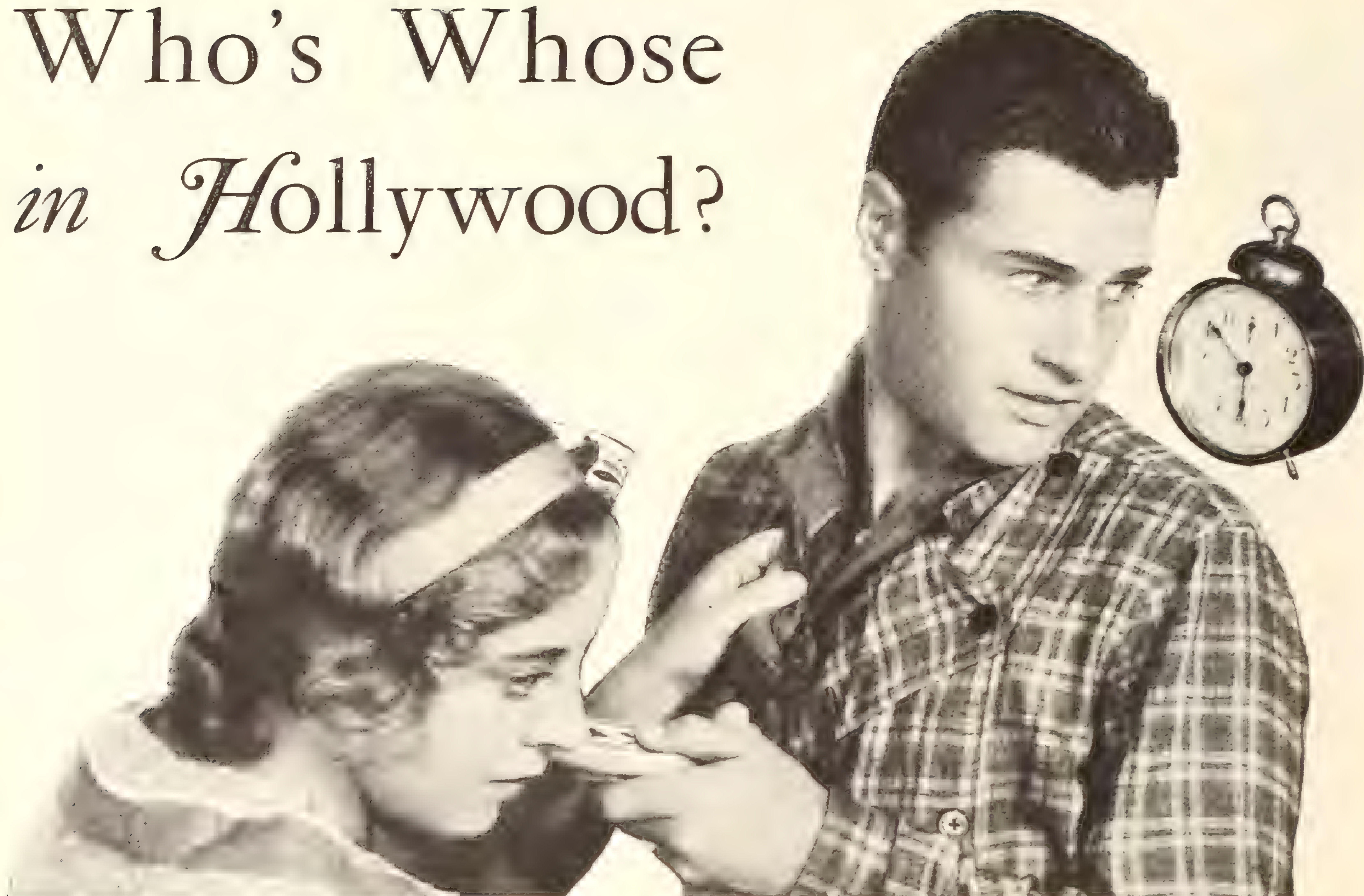


"I didn't ask whether my part in 'The Lawyer's Secret' was a star part or not. I didn't care. All I wanted was a bit—a chance to be something besides a song-and-dance man.

"After the picture, folks began speaking to me again. So maybe there's hope for me yet in the movies. If not—I can always lead an orchestra!"



Who's Whose in Hollywood?



Difficult decisions! Dick Arlen is having a tough time, trying to decide between an early studio call and the grand breakfast that Jobyna Ralston (Mrs. Arlen) has prepared for him.

IT'S a poor week that does not find at least one ardent, tempestuous, passionately romantic picture celebrity in the throes of love, to keep the public in a pleasant state of shocked palpitation. In fact, we can hardly recover from our sentimental tremors over their marriages, before we are thrown into tortuous sympathy over their divorces!

Of course, there is such a thing as permanent marriages in Hollywood, as the Will Hays organization hopefully points out, but all the same, burying one *grande passion* while actually in the birth pangs of a new one does not stand out as anything remarkably unusual.

Perhaps we should first review those which best emulate the idea of eternal love so often portrayed in film stories. Mr. Hays will approve of that. He likes writers to concentrate on Darby-and-Joans like the George Arlisses, the Will Rogerses, the Joseph Cawthorns, the James Gleasons, the Fred Niblos, the Joe E. Browns, the

Harry Careys, the Jack Gardiners (Louise Dresser), the Harry Bannisters (Ann Harding), the Conrad Nagels, the Harold Lloyds, the Jack Mulhalls, the Victor McLaglen, the Fredric Marches (Florence Eldridge), the Richard Arlens (Jobyna Ralston), the Ernest Torrences, the Warner Baxters, the Irving Thalbergs (Norma Shearer), the H. B. Warners, about whom there has been no divorce evidence to date—which forms the best talking point.

Even those formerly divorced but now seemingly content with their current life partners, help the situation. The John Barrymores, we are reminded, have been married only a trifle over two years, but there's the baby. Even if John was twice unsuccessful, first with Katherine Harris, second with Michael Strange, ere Dolores proved the one girl in the world for him! King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman come in this category. The Boardman-Vidors have two children. While the first Mrs. Vidor—Florence—is now happily wed to Jascha Heifetz, noted violinist, and the mother of his little daughter.

The same may be said of Dolores Del Rio and her Cedric Gibbons, Jaime Del Rio having passed away after the divorce proceedings had been instituted. Then, too, the Douglas Fairbanks, Srs. (Mary Pickford) in spite of Beth Sully and



Marlene Dietrich and Maria were recently joined by Maria's pa, Rudolph Sieber, who arrived from Germany.



Behold the bridegroom—and his bride! Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli, principals in a celebrated romance.



"Happy as a King!" says Mr. Vidor; and Eleanor Boardman, who is Mrs. King Vidor II, agrees. The Vidors, with their two children, are one of Hollywood's model families.

The marriage circle has even the natives dizzy—so we don't blame you for wanting the latest lowdown on the screen marriages and divorces. Here it is!

B₃ Alma Whitaker

ways manage to fool the scandalmongers. Clive Brook and his English stage wife, Mildred Evelyn, remain happy though tied. So do Nick Stuart and Sue Carol. Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton have had their small spats, but no divorces mar their former experience nor pop their ugly heads between them. Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster seem deliciously happy.

Owen Moore as former respective partners, have managed to weather all reported rifts within the lute of their marital happiness. Corinne Griffith, reported coming back to films, was formerly Mrs. Webster Campbell, but seems happy as Mrs. Walter Morosco. Adolphe Menjou exchanged a Katherine Tinsley for a Kathryn Carver three years ago, and appears content. Natalie Moorhead, in spite of her "ex," Raymond H. Phillips, a year back, appears to be making a go of it with Alan Crossland, the director.

And Mae Murray certainly gives an impression of beatific satisfaction with Prince David Mdivani, in spite of two previous matrimonial disasters with Jay O'Brien and Robert Leonard, respectively. The Antonio Morenos remain married after nigh ten years, although Daisy was originally Mrs. Danziger. Ruth Roland and Ben Bard keep up the good news, after Ruth had previously tried and found wanting Lionel Kent. Irene Rich gives every evidence of happiness with David Blankenhorn, although Irene had formerly been Mrs. Elvo Deffenbaugh and Mrs. Major Charles Rich.

Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, both frivolous dears, have remained married lo, these many years now, and neither has been divorced before. This couple, about whom the gossips wag occasionally, al-

Our star young couple for romantic happiness are Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Joan Crawford. These two seem to enjoy a perfect love and understanding. Bebe Daniels, too, after two years with her Ben Lyon, radiates content, and is soon to present Ben with an heir.

Now that Marlene Dietrich's spouse, Herr Rudolph Sieber, has come over from Germany to join Marlene and their little daughter, Maria, the reunited Dietrich-Sieber family presents one of the most idyllic pictures of wedded happiness in Hollywood.

Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan (no previous divorces) have been favored with a lambkin, and all seems to be well there. Lionel Barrymore, now back acting, seems to remain very faithful to his Irene Fenwick (his first wife was Doris Rankin). Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers have given us no heartaches (Continued on page 99)



Nary a rift has come into the lifelong romance of Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss.



Adolphe Menjou, movie man-about-town, is a model husband to Kathryn Carver (Mrs. Menjou).

Tallulah, *Herself!*

By Ida Zeitlin



The Exciting Life Story of the Alabama Blonde Who Captivated Staid Old London and Wise Manhattan—and Now is Bringing a New Brand of Glamor to the Screen



Tallulah's Velvet Fascinations!

"Miss Bankhead and her grave-and-gay drama 'Tarnished Lady,' come as a fresh, hot whiff of Life as it is lived by the butterflies of New York. Miss Bankhead flits neurotically from luxurious penthouse to squalid dive. Now she is drunk and wanton in the arms of an ugly racketeer; then she is the patrician wife of a stiff-shirt financier; and again a shopgirl and the mother of the homeliest infant in Hollywood. Miss Bankhead achieves these abrupt transferences magically and with incantations that defy analysis. I revel in Miss Bankhead's smooth veneers and varnishes and agree with her managers in their pronouncement that she is as mysterious and as potent an influence on motion picture civilization as Will Hays or any of the Warner Bros."

PERCY HAMMOND, famous critic, in *The New York Herald-Tribune*.

Tallulah at ten! The neighbors never dreamed that this chubby little girl would grow up to be a slim, glamorous figure, the toast of London, the rage of New York, and the star of a motion picture called "My Sin." (That—honestly—is the title of Tallulah's new movie.)

Miss Bankhead was no stranger in the studios when she made "Tarnished Lady." She worked in pictures in the silent days. Here, at the right, is a scene from a film in which Tallulah appeared with Tom Moore and Alec B. Francis. It was made while the actress was also playing on the New York stage.

Below, "San Souci," at the foot of Paris Mountain, near Greenville, South Carolina, the antebellum home of Governor B. F. Perry of that State, later owned by his son, Congressman William Payne Perry, who married Tallulah's "Aunt Louise." It was here that the future star spent part of her childhood days.



PART II

ONLY for a moment did Tallulah stand, staring wild-eyed at her photograph in the magazine. The next moment a small cyclone might have been observed, tearing madly down the Washington streets and over the crossings, heedless of gaping bystanders, heedless of angry motor-horns, heedless of the fact that she hadn't paid for the magazine clutched fiercely against her breast. Into the Bankhead home she burst, shrieking: "Daddy! Where are you? Daddy! Grandmother! Where are you?"

Pallid with terror, they rushed toward her, prepared for disaster.

"I've won! I've won! I've won!" she gasped. "Glory hallelujah, I've won!" and collapsed, a shaking huddle in her father's arms.

After she had been restored to some measure of sanity, she explained what had happened. She had sent her picture in without her name, and she had also written a letter to say that she was sending the picture. But the picture and the letter—naturally, among the thousands received—had never found each other.

A family conclave was held on the spot.

"You can't get out of it now," cried Tallulah, half pleading, half commanding, wholly triumphant. "You've got to let me be an actress now!"

"Better let the child go," advised her grandmother. "It'll always rankle in her heart if you don't, and you'll have her turning sour on your hands."

"No," Tallulah contradicted, "it won't rankle, and I shan't turn sour. Because if you don't let me go, I'm going anyway."

And since he could find no answer to that argument, her father wrote for her a letter to the fan magazine,



Tallulah at sweet sixteen!

telling them that the fair unknown was his daughter. And received a courteous reply, suggesting that since they had already heard the same story from five hundred other claimants, they would be pleased to have Congressman Bankhead send them a duplicate of his daughter's photograph. Which, a little amused and a little annoyed, Congressman Bankhead did.

The immediate result of all this excitement was that Tallulah, chaperoned by her aunt, went to New York and was given a small part in a film. Her first week's salary was \$25, and when they gave her the check, she tore it up in a fury. Not because she thought it was too little. Far from it. But because, reared in the grand tradition, she felt herself humiliated by the notion of accepting cash in return for the sacred privilege of practising her art.

"Silly as it may sound," she says, "the money end of it had never occurred to me. I was so grateful for the chance to act that the idea of taking money for it came as a horrible shock. It was like being tipped. I might add," she continues dryly, "that the shock wore off. I might also add that that particular check was cashed. My wily aunt Louise picked it up from the floor, and pasted it together again."

As such things have a way of doing, Tallulah's skyrocket start fizzled and died. She found herself in a blind alley. The films had nothing to offer her, and the stage not much more. She would get an occasional part that led nowhere. She lived in mortal terror of being called back home. Her family was indulgent, but there was a limit. Aunt Louise couldn't stay with her forever, and they didn't relish the notion of their little white lamb wandering afield unprotected. An independent lamb was of course another story. A lamb with a job who could support herself was in a far better strategic position than one who had to write ignominiously home for funds at the end of each week.

"I thought," she said, "I should die of the agony of suspense each time I was called to read a part. I used to go to St. Patrick's and burn candles to the saints and pray desperately to God to let me have the part. I wasn't a Catholic but, as you see, my (Continued on page 104)



You might call it an impression of the honeymoon voyage of the "Mariner" to the Galapagos. Barrymore drew the birds and fish on this marine map; and note the figures of John and Dolores in the lower right corner.

Barrymore's Real Ambition

By John O'Hara



"Carnival"—a sketch in colors that Barrymore made in 1929 while in Ecuador. This old fellow, selling children's toys, was persuaded to stand for his portrait. Obviously John has lost his fear of drawing feet!

IF ARTHUR BRISBANE had not been an art critic, John Barrymore might not have become an actor.

A second point: Barrymore was more impressed by Brisbane's devastating and effective criticism of his art than he was by the more friendly attitude of the late Andrew Carnegie.

And a third point: Ella Wheeler Wilcox was, after a fashion, Barrymore's first art patron.

It all came about because of the young Barrymore's innate rebelliousness. He early determined that the family tradition of acting was not the course he preferred to follow. He wanted to be an artist. In fact, his family was unwittingly responsible for John's artistic leanings.

As a punishment for childhood peccadillos he was ordered to learn passages from the Bible and lengthy verses of Milton. In the books given him were grotesque drawings by Gustave Doré, and their eerie hideousness attracted the boy. He would pass his time covertly copying the drawings. He decided he had talent, and

to bring it out he went to Paris to study—well, mostly art.

When he grew to young manhood he got a newspaper job. It was his duty each day to illustrate the verse of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. One day she sent word to the managing editor that she would like to see the illustrator of her poems. In fact, she demanded to see him. Suspecting unpleasantness, the young artist prepared. He knew full well that the interview was bound to get around to the subject of feet.

It seems that Barrymore was fairly skilful in his sketches of face and figure, but when it came to feet he was not so good. As a matter of fact, when he came to feet he halted. He hid feet in the grass, water, or snow. Barrymore couldn't draw a foot to save his neck!

So he was ready for the interview. He rushed into Mrs. Wilcox's office and before she was able to say a word, Barrymore burst out: "I know it's about feet, Mrs. Wilcox, but I'm sorry. I can't seem to put them on paper. Please don't have me discharged."

The poetess was bowled over by young Barrymore's personality. The result of the interview which the lad

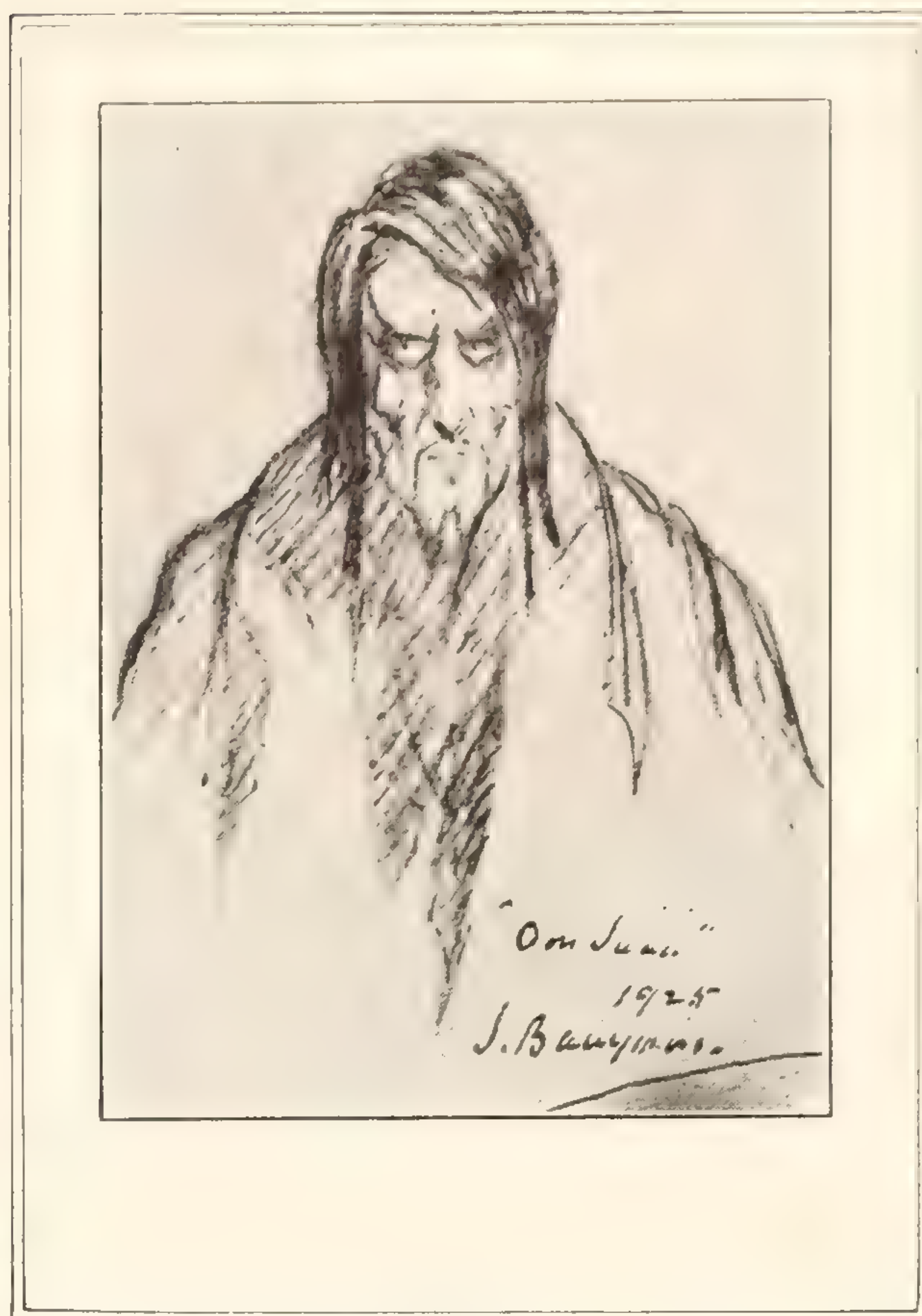
Drawings on these pages reproduced by courtesy
of Mr. John Barrymore.

had feared and trembled about was that she decided that so long as she worked for the paper, Barrymore was to illustrate her poems.

Not unlike others of the newspaper craft—(you meet so many interesting people)—Barrymore soon wanted a change of scene. He switched jobs. For all of twenty minutes he worked on *The Morning Telegraph* in New York. Then he got another job, which lasted until the managing editor took more than casual interest in the Barrymore drawings. Somewhat like *Zuleika Dobson* of Max Beerbohm's novel, the editorial chief did not profess to know much about Art, but he knew what he didn't like, and at that moment he did not like what Barrymore was drawing. It is not a matter of record just what he said, but his decision certainly is stage and screen history, for he gave back a Barrymore to the stage. He didn't put it quite so kindly, to be sure. He *fired* that Barrymore kid. And that was one of Arthur Brisbane's few ventures into art criticism. He sold Barrymore short.

Thus John found himself without a job, bounced out of journalistic art, and unwilling to go on the stage. He had forgotten for the time being that he had turned a picture over for exhibition, but he was pleasantly reminded of it when his agent informed him that the picture had been purchased by none other than Andrew Carnegie. For the munificent sum of ten dollars! The title of this Barrymore original was "the Hangman."

Of course ten dollars meant a lot more in those days than it does today. But it wasn't quite enough to convince John the Artist that



John Barrymore's own drawing of the character of Don Juan, made before he played that character on the screen.



A lettuce picker loaded with spoils was a subject that Barrymore found interesting on his visit to Ecuador.

charcoal and paint and brush were his forte. Even with the approval of the great steel man, Barrymore was not so sure that he was on the road to success in that field. He had a few weeks of beating the pavement on his uppers, and two or three unsuccessful jousts with his landlady. But the flesh was weak. Maybe the young man was an art critic himself.

In any case, he capitulated. He was taken back to the ample bosom of his family and he became a real Barrymore. That is to say, he became an actor.

Now it is not the province of this journalist to divulge fancy facts about the Barrymore career as a thespian. We are more concerned with the artist Barrymore.

Thus we find him at his early struggles on the stage, learning how to read lines, taking abuse from directors and stage managers, re-

ceiving helpful hints from his uncle, John Drew, and his brother and sister, a Miss Ethel and a Mr. Lionel Barrymore, who are not unknown to lovers of good acting. He learned how to show the famous profile to advantage, how to walk on the stage and how to walk off; he acquired the little tricks of memory and a stage presence, and the all-important ability to "ad lib" when another player forgot his lines.

It was more rigorous and a harder life than the life of a newspaper artist, and young Barrymore had only two outlets for his suppressed temper: he would swear great and large oaths, and he would draw. Naturally enough he could not swear his great and large oaths in front of the director who had chided him, nor could he take to pen and pencil during a rehearsal, so both means of expression of the inner rebellion had to take place in the privacy of the young actor's room.

Nights after the theatre he would pass long hours drawing outrageous caricatures of people who annoyed him, and he would sit at his drawing board and enliven his sketching with hearty trooper talk. In that way he kept up with his drawing and with his swearing, in both of which he is today highly proficient.

Both talents come in handy, the latter on almost any occasion, and the former when Barrymore wants to tell the ward- (Continued on page 116)



The Barrymores in their trophy studio, where John likes to read and sketch.

Reviews of the

Six Best Pictures of the Month:

REBOUND AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
SON OF INDIA THE COMMON LAW
THE MAN IN POSSESSION NEWLY RICH

Turn to page 96 for casts of current films



You must see "Newly Rich," which was directed by the man who made "Skippy"—and it's almost as good. It has a great cast.



Ramon Novarro and Madge Evans in "Son of India," Novarro's most romantic success in years.



Joel McCrea is Constance Bennett's leading man again in "The Common Law," by Robert W. Chambers. Connie scores again.

By
Delight Evans



Newly Rich

Paramount

IN your town this picture may be billed as "Forbidden Adventure." See it anyway! It's too good to miss no matter what they call it. Directed by Taurog of "Skippy," it's great family entertainment. Concerns two kid screen stars whose Hollywood mamas yank them off to Europe, where they meet a boy king who, like them, is fed up with his job—and the three run away together. Their adventures are just as much fun for you. The acting of the three youngsters is irresistible. You may have been feeling that you had been seeing just a teeny, weeny bit too much of Mitzi Green. Well, she wins you again here. Jackie Searl is obnoxious and appealing at one and the same time. Bruce Line, new, is an endearing lad. Edna Mae Oliver and Louise Fazenda are the mamas. Don't skip it.



Son of India

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE screen, which was getting so swanky and sophisticated there for a while, is now allowing a little sentiment to creep in. I am in favor of it. Pictures like "Son of India" bring back some of that dear dead hokum and tinsel and glamor that used to thrill us when we first went to theatres. Novarro's new one is frankly romantic but it is also mysteriously charming. Ramon was never so grand, girls, as in this part of a gallant son of the east who falls in love with nice li'l American gel. Moon-drenched nights and marble halls and diamond vaults and jungle thrills and renunciation—all that business; but Ramon, and the exquisite Madge Evans, his new leading lady, have you going for it in a big, big way. See our Honor Page for further details about these new screen lovers.



The Common Law

RKO-Pathé

THE latest chapter in the screen serial, "The Confessions of Connie Bennett." Miss Bennett's film love life becomes more and more hectic. The lovely, romantic Constance is seen this time as the long-suffering and sinning heroine of Robert W. Chambers' good old reliable sex drama, and if you find it listed as one of our Six Best—and you will, I just put it there—blame Miss Bennett. This girl has so much charm that it's almost impossible to shove any picture of hers into second rating. Here she appears, always alluringly, as the girl friend of—first, the bibulous Lew Cody; second, the handsome Joel McCrea—Joel in the rôle of an artist. Eventually the plot makes Connie an honest woman. If you like Bennett as we like Bennett, you'll like this. Robert Williams is swell.

Best Pictures



SCREENLAND'S
Critic Selects the
Most Important
Screenplays of
the Month

The Man in Possession

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ROBERT MONTGOMERY not only has full possession of the picture, but of the audience, too. Bob is the "black sheep" of a very proper English family, and papa—or hadn't we better say "the pater?"—wants to send him to Australia so that his sappy brother may wed Irene Purcell whom he believes to have money, because if she heard of Bob's escapades—well! But Bob refuses to go, and what's more, he marries his brother's fiancée. Irene Purcell, as a slightly shady lady, makes an interesting heroine. Charlotte Greenwood hands out the laughs and Montgomery is—gr—and! I defy you not to like him! Mr. Hays must have lost his scissors because some spicy dialogue and situations have crept in, much to everyone's enjoyment. You'll want to see this "Man in Possession."



Robert Montgomery is splendid as "The Man in Possession," with Irene Purcell and Reginald Owen.

An American Tragedy

Paramount

THIS picture has caused more talk than any in years. It will cause still more. You will like it or hate it—no half-way measures. It's powerful, heavy stuff. Whether it is Mr. Dreiser's "American Tragedy" or not is a little problem I'm glad to leave to Mr. Dreiser, Mr. von Sternberg, Mr. Lasky, Mr. Zukor, Mr. Hays, and Mickey Mouse. It doesn't really matter, matter, matter. You and I are concerned with one question—is it worth seeing? It is. Strong, stiff drama—not pleasant or pretty; some terrific scenes, not for weak stomachs. It's problematical what his rôle of Clyde Griffiths will do for Phil Holmes' future with the fans. He gives a great performance, though. Sylvia Sidney is splendid, too. And all the rest of the cast. A directorial triumph. See it.

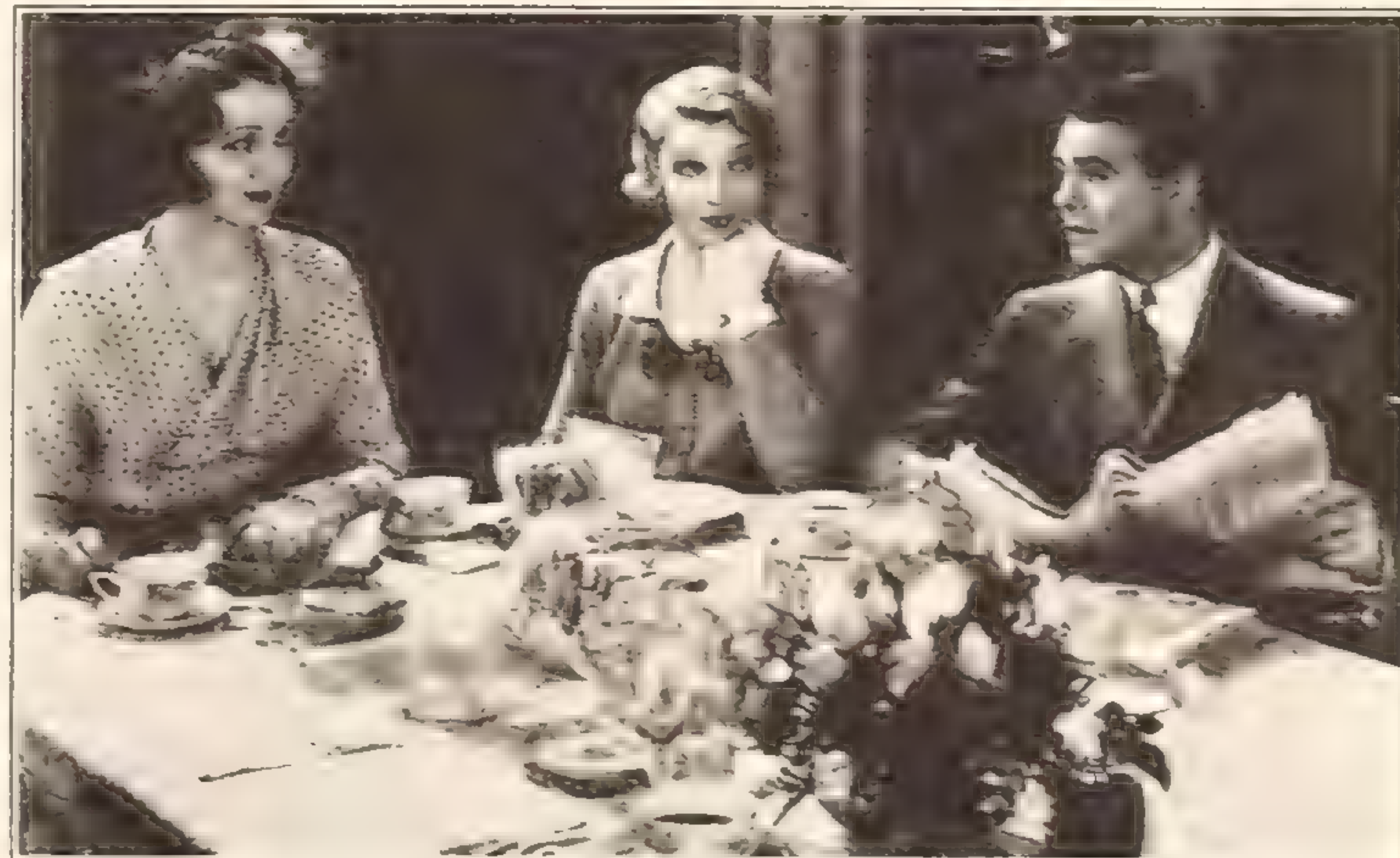


"An American Tragedy" is a stark dramatic smash with Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney.

Rebound

RKO-Pathé

SEE this and start a family battle. All the way home wives and husbands will argue, "Should Ina Claire have taken back Bob Ames after the way he behaved with Myrna Loy?" Vamp versus wife, 1931 version, is "Rebound," with the newest, smartest cast and décor. Donald Ogden Stewart's play, with its gay dialogue, has made a splendid picture, thanks to director E. H. Griffith and his players. Ina Claire really comes into her own as the wife—she's spirited, stunning. You'll like Ames, too—and Robert Williams. Of course Myrna Loy is decorative—and as one who has been screaming and stomping for her for three years, I'm glad to see I was right. Hedda Hopper is charming. Altogether, a conquest for Claire—satisfaction for the author—contented audiences!



Ina Claire scores as the wife in "Rebound," and Robert Ames as the husband, with Hedda Hopper. A smart, sophisticated show.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Ina Claire in "Rebound"
Jackie Searl in "Newly Rich"
Bruce Line in "Newly Rich"
Mitzi Green in "Newly Rich"
Madge Evans in "Son of India"
Ramon Novarro in "Son of India"
Sylvia Sidney in "An American Tragedy"
Constance Bennett in "The Common Law"
Phillips Holmes in "An American Tragedy"
Robert Montgomery in "The Man in Possession"



"Wh-who's th-th-there?" Is it that horrible drummer-boy ghost, terrorizing poor Marguerite Churchill? Oh, well—better than a sax player, anyway!

Their Favorite Ghost Stories

Spookey tales of
Hollywood—read
'em and creep

*By
Ruth Tildesley*

TELLING hair-raising tales around the Hallowe'en hearth is a grand way to amuse the party.

And Hollywood, being, as you have often heard, "just like a small town," has its own thrillers with which to lift hirsute equipment to unwonted angles.

If, for instance, you invited Pola Negri to your Hallowe'en party, she'd tell this tale of the weirdest thing that ever happened to her:

"While I was in Paris, I was entertained at the home of a friend much interested in spiritism. During the evening, a discussion began between our host and a young woman who didn't believe in materialization. Our host suggested a seance to prove his point.

"Whom would you like to see?" he asked, when conditions were right and we were all sitting in a circle in the dim room.

"Oh—anybody dead!" she laughed.

"Presently a faint light appeared above our host, in which a face was vaguely outlined. It meant nothing to

me, but the young woman screamed and fell from her chair unconscious. The lights were turned on.

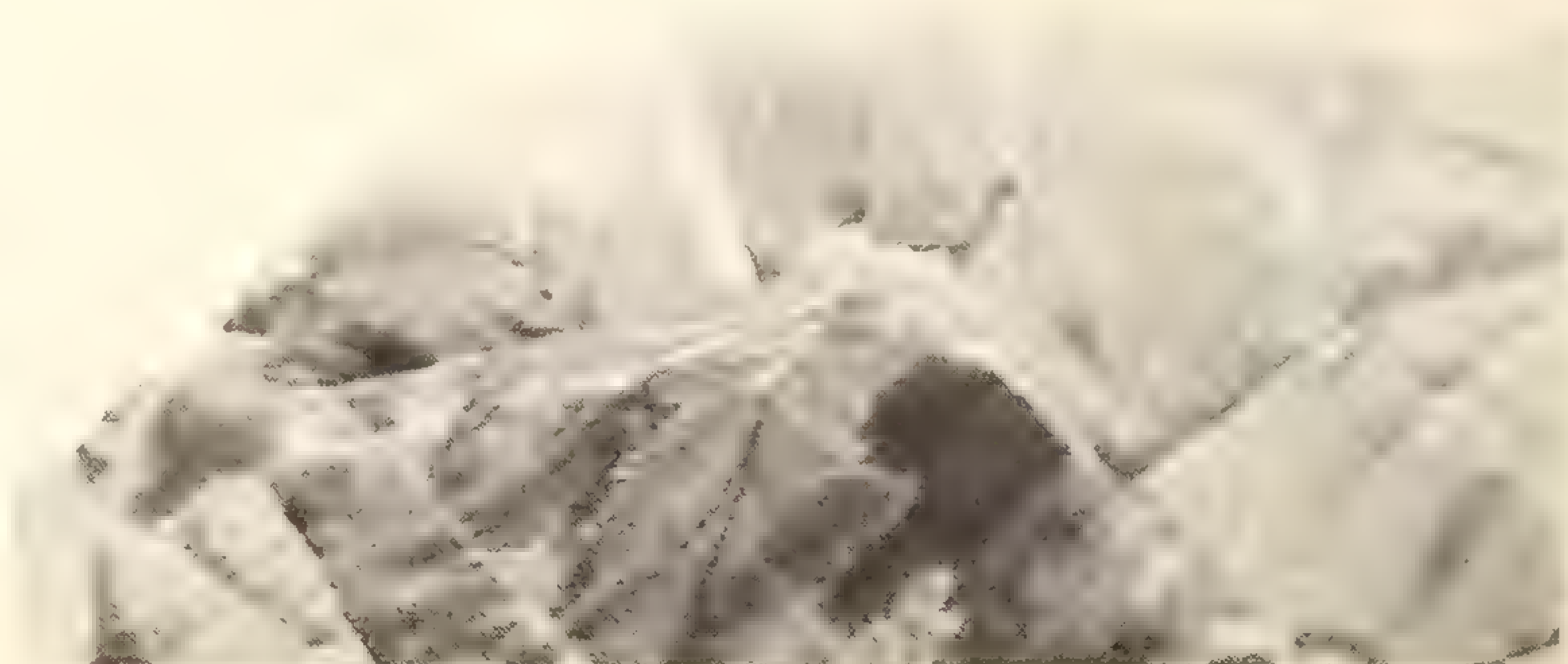
"When they had brought the woman to, she explained that the face in the light had been that of her father and that he was not dead but safe at home. Just then the telephone bell rang. Our host took a message for the woman. Her father, it seems, had died nearly an hour before!"

Elissa Landi declares that no spooky thing ever happened to her, but her

favorite ghost story concerns a girl who swears it actually occurred.

"And I believe it," she adds, with a wicked little grin.

"Gwen was a chorus girl who had managed to get herself engaged to a young Englishman of an excellent family. Naturally, they were not overpleased at the match, and when the young man suddenly died the only explanation they gave Gwen was that he had succumbed



to a severe attack of influenza.

"One day, shortly after his death, Gwen was introduced to a famous psychic.

" 'Why don't you stand up straight?' he demanded, and with his words Gwen realized that she had been stooping for several days.

" 'There's a man from the other world leaning on you,' continued the psychic.

" 'It's Ronny!' thought Gwen, trying not to be alarmed.

" 'He has two bullet holes in his head,' the man elaborated.

" 'Oh, then it can't be Ronny!' thought Gwen, relieved.

" 'You are thinking you don't know him, but you do. You think he didn't kill himself, but he did and he's sorry. He realizes now that he cared too much for you to let you go, so he is trying to get you to come to him.'

"Gwen got away as swiftly as possible, convinced that the man was mad, but a few days later it developed that her fiancé had really shot himself and his family had tried to cover up the fact.

"Next morning, Gwen, who lived in a small flat with a girl friend, was wakened by a ring at the bell. Half asleep she rose to go to the door. To reach it, she had to walk down a long very dark hall that had a high ceiling.

" 'Pull on the light!' called a voice that Gwen took for that of her friend. The chandelier had an inverted dome and in order to reach the chain the girls had tied a long piece of ribbon to it. Without pausing in her progress along the hall, Gwen seized the ribbon and pulled it. At once came a noise like an earthquake, down tumbled the dome, in the crash Gwen heard a man's voice and cried out: 'Don't, Ronny!' . . . And the next thing she remembered was standing just clear of the heavy glass, with her roommate waking up to wonder what (Cont. on page 100)



Louise Fazenda doted on pictures of Lola Montez—until the Spanish dancer's apparition began to spoil things by making personal appearances—and not in the flesh!



Horrors! Miss Landi hears footsteps in the dead of night! Better duck under the covers, Elissa!

HERE'S BEAUTY FOR YOU!

By

Margery Wilson



Hal Phylfe

Meet Margery Wilson! Perhaps you already know her. She won fame as a screen star, then turned to writing. Her book called "Charm" is already something of a classic, having attained the dignity of being used as a textbook on the most fascinating subject in the world—feminine loveliness.

We are glad to present Miss Wilson as our brand new Beauty Editor.

WE don't have to wait until the end of the world for Judgment Day. Every day is Judgment Day! And especially these autumn days when we must face the debris of summer. Time to get busy! Sh! But not too busy.

Let's be intelligent about it—and human! Let's not get in a strain about acquiring our fall and winter complexions and weights after a summer of carelessness and indulgence. What good is a lovely skin if the eyes have that worried and grasping look that is death to charm?

It's usually just a little mistake that keeps us from being effective, beautiful and charming. These small mistakes of omission and commission constitute the difference between success and failure in the impression we make on others. And it's my job to help you find yours and correct it. And I'm never happier than when I'm doing it!

Sometimes we over-emphasize our faces or bodies—again we under-emphasize them—but one sin is as great as another if it spoils the whole.

A great impresario was going over a list of singers for an important engagement, where beauty and personality would be as necessary as a fine voice. He hesitated over a well-known name, then shook his head. "No, no, no, no! That woman is like a glass of good wine with a drop of kerosene in it." "Why?" his assistant demanded—wearied with the search. "She has beauty—a great voice—social position—she's perfect for the part."

"Yes," the great man answered, "that's just it—she's too perfect—and the audience resents it."

This comes as something of a shock to those of us who struggle daily for a uniform perfection impossible to attain. Beauty that brings popularity, both private and public, often includes a fault that marks its owner as individual. We often hear that a certain actress has succeeded "in spite of" her imperfections. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say she got there "because of" a fault that set her apart from the crowd. If you are one of those fortunate people who have a distinguishing fault you are blessed of the gods!

For beauty is something more than a good skin of fashionable color, bright eyes and cupid's-bow lips. I should enjoy murdering the man or woman who first said, "Beauty is only skin-deep."

Don't misunderstand me, please! Fine cosmetics and their proper and regular use have eliminated the ugly woman from the landscape. Entirely. And we pay any amount for this gratefully, eagerly. By the way, right now is the wisest time to use plenty of nourishing cream and ice or cooling astringents to waken pores that are lax from over-heating, and to feed a starved skin, parched by sun and wind.

Presenting a new and novel department dedicated to Charm—edited by a real beauty. Don't miss it!

But now—listen—when you get your face all made up in the accepted manner, just like Mary Brown and Sally Jones, is it a face that continues to please the eye after the first approving glance? Will it hold attention? Or is it just one of the many little perfect peas in the popular pod that you can't tell from the one next to it?

We treat our faces as if they were portraits we were painting and fix them up to suit ourselves. Fine! So far! But if we are going to do that, let's make a good job of it and paint them with desirable qualities from within as well as without. If you don't—well, the goblins'll git you if you don't watch out—you'll have just an empty little mask for a face. Unfortunately, that's what most of us have.

Literally millions of words have been written this year, telling us how carefully we must apply our make-up—and they are all words of wisdom. Don't *look* made-up! And to make-up without looking made-up requires a professional skill. So we try and try and try. We take lessons and devote much thought to the proper shade over the eyes, the best position for the tiny bit of cheek rouge allowed. No wonder that by the time we have mastered this art (and that is what it is) we are too exhausted to think much more about our appearance. And just when we're wanting a little appreciation if not actual sympathy, the fashion dictators give us another demand.

Attention! To be truly smart, your face must have "character." The busiest debutantes are after it. There must be a light of zeal in your eye, a purpose in the set of your chin, and—don't miss this!—you must have a *cause*! It is smart to take an interest in your fellow man.

So, if your swain seems less interested than he used to be, try this. Rush out in your garden and pick a large bouquet of zinnias, or whatever you have left, and take them to—say, the Children's Hospital. Then, that evening before you start off with your cool young man just drop a casual remark about your "cause." Something like this:

"Just as I left the Children's Hospital this afternoon, I ran into John Smith driving his new roadster. He seemed surprised to see me there and drove me home."

Perhaps it's the novelty that is proving so attractive to young men of today—but whatever it is, the fact remains that all the smart young things have a "cause."

Read up on your

"subject" and appear to know about it—but not too much. Let the men tell you helpful things about it. Having gotten a cause for yourself, don't be too serious and morbid about it. Treat it as a stimulating thing and talk about it very little—just enough.

It is not only ultra-smart to be interested in unfortunate humanity this year, but it puts a light in your eyes and a warmth in your heart that will glow in your face as softly and becomingly as candle-light.

Womanly figures are all the rage these days—so, too, are womanly faces. And the girls are going to any length to get them—even pretending they're interested in somebody besides themselves! Well, go on and pretend. It's a start, anyway—and it'll get you in the end. Men love sympathetic women. (If they don't get sappy about it.) So do other women and I may add—so do children and dogs!

You see, we have been so concentrated on improving ourselves that our thoughts have automatically formed the habit of selfishness and that shows in some of our faces—makes them hard. We don't mean to be selfish. We've just gotten that way without realizing it. But, do you know, selfish thoughts actually cause the muscles of the face to droop!

Take for example the woe-be-gone expression of the woman who enjoys poor health. "Poor me!" her sagging cheeks seem to say. Consider our very language on the subject. "His face *fell* when he learned of his loss." "The baby was so disappointed she pulled the *longest* face."

But when a real interest outside ourselves comes along and sweeps our thoughts out into the big stream of life—

up goes the chin, up go the eyes, up goes the body, and up goes the beauty thermometer!

One is the ME expression which is unlovely. The other is the YOU expression which is the first step toward beauty and charm.

There are hundreds of tiny muscles in the face and they are so sensitive that they respond instantly to every condition imposed upon them from within and without. And so long as I am conducting this department for SCREENLAND we will study them both with equal emphasis. They are inseparable in the final effect. Next month I want to talk about *Facing the Future*, for we want to build a dependable beauty for the future as well as to make-up skilfully at the present.

Yours for Beauty and Charm!

SOMETHING NEW!

A beauty department edited by a girl who is herself a beauty! You may rely upon Margery Wilson's beauty advice and suggestions, for she follows them herself, and she is one of the loveliest women in America. A popular screen star who was "discovered" by D. W. Griffith and then became the producer of her own pictures, Miss Wilson knows all the secrets by which screen actresses enhance their beauty. She will tell you all about them—every month, from now on, in SCREENLAND.

If you wish personal answers to specific beauty questions, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and address Miss Margery Wilson, Beauty Editor, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.



The Successful Mr. Menjou

Poise will be poise—and
it's been a great asset
in Adolphe's career

By
Hale Horton

*Menjou's imperturbable
poker-face. Is he plot-
ting some fair one's
downfall, or merely won-
dering what to order for
dinner?*

AFTER several adequate portrayals, Adolphe Menjou finally rode to fame on "A Woman of Paris," directed by the genius who took three years to make "City Lights."

Up to this time his career had been somewhat speckled. And his initial entrance into pictures was the result of an idea put into his head by Major Carlisle Mason, *bon vivant* and star customer of a high class French restaurant owned by Albert, father of Adolphe, which at the time, 1912, was located in New York at 93rd and Broadway. Here it was that Adolphe, himself, worked as a waiter; and I gather he was the suavest waiter that ever juggled a soup tureen.

"Menjou's mannerisms," the Major recalls, his face glowing with good health and things, "are precisely the same on the screen as they were in the days he waited table; suave and impeccably polite—" Which leads one to suspect that the Major missed "The Front Page."

However and nevertheless, Menjou's career started off on a gallop on that certain evening when the Major dropped around for a *gourmet's* banquet. "The *escargots* might be nice tonight, Adolphe," he confided, "and some of that delicious onion soup, and *flet mignon* with—by the way, there's a fortune in pictures for a good-looking young man like you. In fact, I've spoken to my little friend, Dorothy Phillips, whom I sup-

—and I say, Adolphe, upon further considering the matter I think you'd better turn my *flet mignon* into a *tête deveau* with *vinaigrette* sauce."

One imagines that when Menjou scampered back to the kitchen he was giving considerably more attention to Dorothy Phillips and the picture business than to the Major's succulent *escargots*. He reflected no doubt that up to that moment his career seemed to have misfired. Of course his father had sent him to Culver Military Academy—and you may take it from me that's no school

for a sissy—and Cornell. During his vacations he had worked in his father's Cleveland restaurant. (Cleveland having been the home of the Menjous for many years before they finally moved to New York.) And while living in the same city he had spent a couple of years in stock. Perhaps this last experience had so whetted his histrionic appetite that the mere allusion to theatricals thrilled him to the toes. At any rate, after turning the Major's proposal over in his mind and viewing it from all of its various angles, he found that it rather appealed to him, especially the fortune part of it.

So on the next day he located Dorothy Phillips, met the director, and caught a part. Two weeks later he taxied back to his father's restaurant and sought out the Major who as usual was dining well, wisely, and with much (Continued on page 102)



*"The Great Lover" is a rôle
after Adolphe's own heart.
Here he is doing his stuff with
Baclanova in the picture of
that name.*



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

GRETA GARBO in "SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE"

Photographed by Milton Brown, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



\$ 2,500.00

First Prize \$1000.00

Second Prize 500.00

Third Prize 200.00

Fourth Prize 100.00

Fifth Prize 75.00

and

Ten Prizes of \$50.00 each

Five Prizes of 25.00 each

Here they are—the fourth and final set of shadows and stars in SCREENLAND'S Star Shadow Contest. Match them up—and then send them in together with your solutions of the three other sets.

Hitch the shadows to the stars! But be sure that you have the complete set of sixteen Star Shadows—four each from our July, August, September and October issues. Entries will be eligible to be judged for prizes only if the complete set of sixteen Star Shadows is received at once. In case you missed any of the earlier ones, back copies of the July, August and September issues are available.

This fascinating game really isn't difficult—and the generous prizes make it well worthwhile! Just take a good look at the shadows of famous screen stars which you see reproduced on these pages. Then turn slowly through this issue of SCREENLAND, and if you are careful and observant you will find, somewhere in its pages, photographs of these stars that fit the shadows exactly, both in size and in shape. Take them up one at a time, and when you have spotted one, then go on to the next. Then, after you have located them all, fit them to their corresponding shadows; then write the name of each star in the space below.

Remember—neatness and taste will count just as much as accuracy in the judging of entries. You may fill in the names of the stars either on the typewriter or in ink—you may use your own judgment as to the best way in which to mount and arrange them—but make your completed entries look just as neat and attractive as you know how.

It isn't only an investment of leisure time with possibilities of handsome returns—it's a delightful game as well! What more pleasant way to spend an evening than by testing your skill and accuracy in a pastime involving your favorite screen stars? Make it a family event—get pa and ma and the rest of the folks to sit in and help you. And don't get discouraged if you fail to match up the Star Shadows at the first attempt—because you just know they're right there in the



magazine, and if you try hard enough, and are mentally on your toes, you can't help but find them!

Here's a tip—in comparing Stars and Shadows, notice such details as the shape of an ear, the arrangement of the hair, the position of the head and shoulders, and so on. It's things like those that tell you whether the picture you've decided on is the right one, or one that's just a little bit different. It will help you, too, to decide first whether each shadow is that of a man or of a woman—then the problem of matching it up will be that much simpler for you.

And don't forget that, in matching the pictures with their shadows, it is necessary to match the amount of bust to go with the head as well. The picture must be pasted over the shadow so that none of the black will show. Get the idea?

IN PRIZES!

SCREENLAND'S STAR SHADOW CONTEST



When hunting the stars to fit the shadows, don't confine yourself to pictures that stand out on the pages by themselves, without backgrounds. The picture you are looking for may have a background—it may even be part of a group. But one thing is certain: It is in here somewhere, and it matches the shadow perfectly, both in size and in shape.

Read the rules carefully before you begin—they'll help you. Take your time, both in finding the stars and in preparing your entries after you've found them. Patience, thought and care may reward you richly. And even if your efforts do not bring you a prize, there's a lot of fun in it, and a personal satisfaction to be found in few puzzle games.

All set now? Go to it—hitch the shadows to the stars!

The Rules of the SCREENLAND Star Shadow Contest:

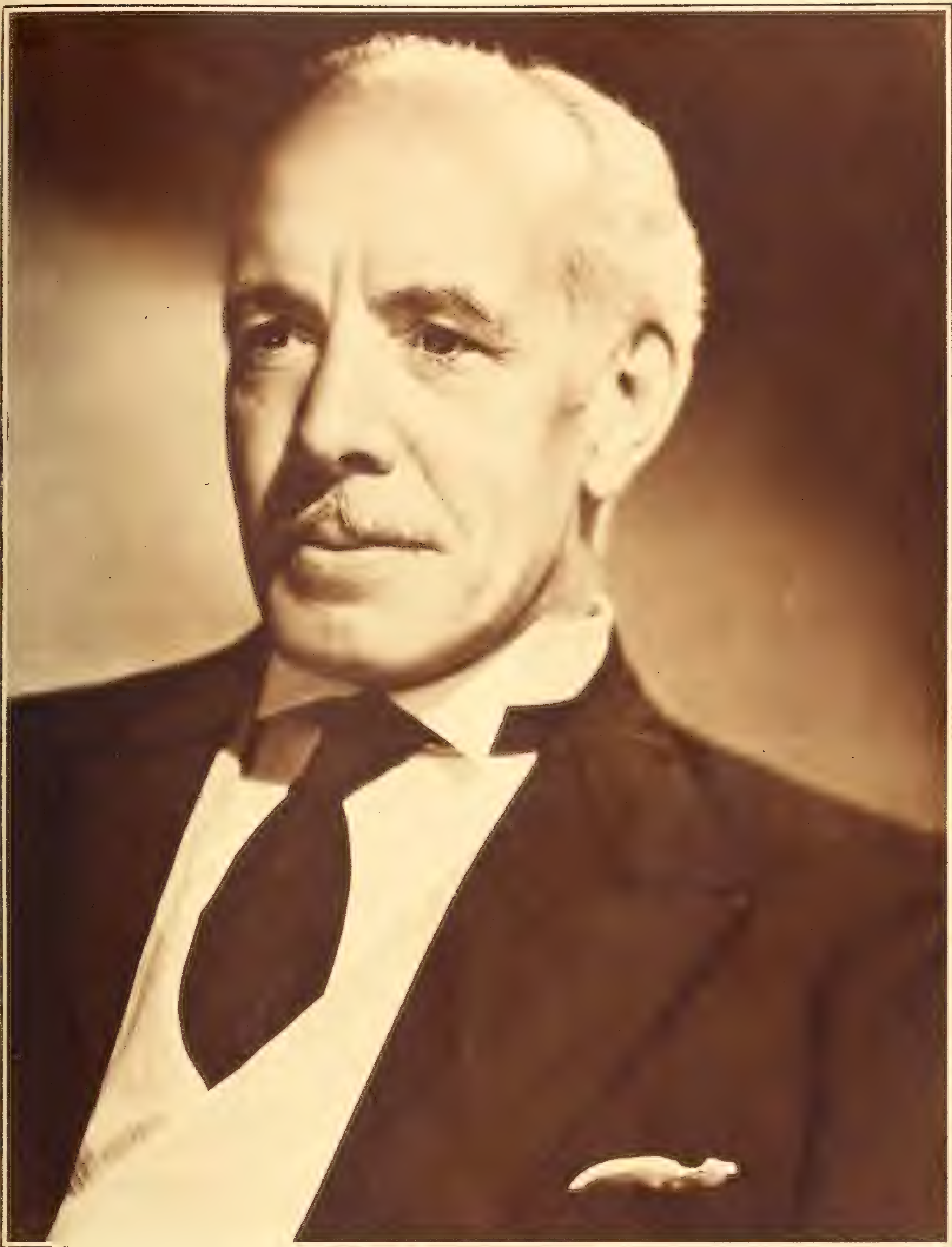
1. Twenty cash prizes will be paid by SCREENLAND Magazine as follows:

First Prize.....	\$1,000.00
Second Prize.....	500.00
Third Prize.....	200.00
Fourth Prize.....	100.00
Fifth Prize.....	75.00
Ten prizes of \$50.00 each.....	500.00
Five prizes of \$25.00 each.....	125.00

2. In four issues—July, August, September and October numbers—SCREENLAND is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Four complete cut puzzle pictures will appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of a silhouette, or shadow. In the same issue of the magazine with this shadow will be a photograph of some actor or actress which will exactly fit the silhouette or shadow. When the photographs are properly located, and pasted upon the shadows, and the names added, there will be sixteen separate portraits. \$2,500.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged sets of sixteen portraits.
3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures have appeared in the October issue. Assembled pictures on the shadows must be submitted in sets of sixteen only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each complete portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all solutions should be sent to The Star Shadow Contest Editors, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Be sure your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.
4. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of SCREENLAND Magazine to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in SCREENLAND Magazine, and assemble the copied portrait with the copy of the shadow. Copies of SCREENLAND Magazine may be examined at the New York offices of the Magazine or at public libraries, free of charge.
5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying the cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The sixteen cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.
6. The judges will be a committee of members of SCREENLAND Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.
7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.
8. The contest will close at midnight on October 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on October 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with SCREENLAND Magazine. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the October issue, which will be on sale on the newsstands on or about September 1st. The prize winners will be announced in the February, 1932 issue of SCREENLAND.
9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them.



ANOTHER good girl gone naughty on the screen? Joan, the baby of the Bennetts, and once so naive, so innocent, will soon reveal how "She Wanted a Millionaire"



Bull

WHETHER—as hard-boiled gentleman crook or sentimental bachelor, crisp and handsome Lewis Stone keeps unchanged his position as one of the most convincing players on the screen.

Footlight Interlude

Young Doug makes a stage debut, and the stars come out to twinkle at him.



Doug Fairbanks, Jr., faced the audience in "The Man in Possession" at a Los Angeles theatre.

Left, below—Doug, Sr. and Mary applauded vigorously from front-row seats.



The leading man scored the biggest hit of all with Joan Crawford, his wife. Joan didn't lack an escort that night—Bill Haines was the lucky man.



Bob Montgomery (above) and Dita Parlo (left) made dazzlingly correct first-nighters.



The Lowes were there, too—Lilyan Tashman and Edmund (sometimes known as Sweet and Lowe).





Harry and Ann Harding Bannister broadcast their greetings—Harry via the mike, Ann with her all-embracing smile.

Sally Blane in her first-night regalia wasn't a bad supplement to the main show.



Sid Grauman liked it, but Ramon Novarro just loved it, if we're to judge by this study in degrees of delight.



"It's a big night!" Jack Whiting is confiding to the va-a-ast radio audience.



The dashing Damita paused for a moment to smile a chummy "Hello."



Richard Bennett wasn't nearly so stern after he'd witnessed the ingratiating performances given by Doug and Nora Gregor.





Richee

PHILLIPS HOLMES made his commanding position among the younger stars secure with his gripping performance in "An American Tragedy." The pup was good, too



Sballitt

IT ISN'T merely as the daughter of a noted stage actor, Ernest Lawford, that Betty is known, for she's made her own success in many screen hits.

It's Fall Fashion Time!

Ruth Chatterton's frock is of black satin. Ruth's onyx costume jewelry—bracelet, earrings, and shoulder straps—is smart and not too heavy.



Adrienne Ames harkens to a new fashion note that requires the application of big, bold flowers on dainty net.



Wait a minute, Alice Joyce—we want to know what the well-dressed lady is wearing. Black suit—note the long skirt—white blouse—and black and white tricorn hat.



Karen Morley's smart fall-model black hat resembles a sleek head-dress with a coronet braid outlining the crown. A ribbon bow of velvet trims one side.

Tailored pajamas of luscious peach satin are worn by Madge Evans. The knee-length coat is of brown satin and has a wide collar and turn-back cuffs of the peach color, with initials on the lapel of the coat.

Constance Bennett's gown is of gold Chantilly lace encrusted with sequins, in extreme silhouette mode with a flounce of sable. And that isn't a handkerchief in Connie's hand—it's a jacket. A gold link bracelet is the only jewelry she wears with this.



The Hawaiian influence! A "Lei" scarf of silver fox accents the jade green velvet wrap worn by Adrienne Ames. Her gown is of crêpe in shades of char-treuse. (Above.)

More black and white! Marian Marsh, left, is smart in a black flat crêpe fall frock with a fitted jacket of white lapin. Marian's hat sports snappy black and white feathers. Skirts are longer than ever for fall. Girls who would be smart, please note!



Hurrell

NILS ASTHER believes in fortifying himself against the brisk autumn breezes. Just now his baby daughter holds the center of the stage in the Asther family.



Monroe

"GLAMOROUS GLORIA" Swanson, once the pet of the silent films, has gained a new and impressive eminence in the Age of Sound. "Tonight or Never" will be her next



Glimpses of many Landis— Elissa in some casual moments

Out for a canter. Miss Landi is one of the few really expert equestriennes in Hollywood.



And now trouble's brewing! The expression of startled terror brings out the remarkable poignancy of the English girl's features.

Up on the sun-deck. Elissa seldom fails to get her daily quota of health rays—genuine, no imitation!

(Above) That's just too bad! If this is the way Elissa studies a part, it looks like all play and no work for her.





You can tell that Miss Landi, thoroughly at home in this study of domestic tranquillity, is happily married.



Getting on friendly terms with the out-of-doors—and letting those nice clean, white pajamas take care of themselves.



Pensive. Millions of pennies for her thoughts—she's an accomplished authoress as well as an actress.

"Artist" is a sadly mis-used word—but where more fittingly applied than to the owner of this sensitive, living face?





Hurrell

WE DON'T know what's going to happen but Marie Dressler is cooking up something. Marie is a great little cook, too, as you found if you read her life story in SCREENLAND not long ago.

Remember Her?



Anna May Wong had to go abroad and make good before she was acclaimed by Hollywood

Europe dubbed Anna May Wong as exquisite, and we raise their bid. Miss Wong is making "The Daughter of the Dragon" with Sessue Hayakawa.

ANNA MAY WONG, surely the most talented and lovely daughter a Chinese laundryman ever produced, returned to Hollywood to do "The Daughter of the Dragon," with Sessue Hayakawa, at Paramount. This, of course, after Europe had dubbed her exquisite, starred her on both stage and screen in Chinese, Malay, Eurasian and other characters, and generally placed its superior o.k. upon her.

After her starring vehicle, "The Circle in Chalk," in London, a famous English producer wanted to star Anna in Shakespearean rôles, beginning with *Ophelia* in "Hamlet." They predicted she would be the sensation of the screen in this guise. But the Paramount people were negotiating at the same time, so Shakespeare heroines must be postponed until next year.

Anna has returned with a mastery of foreign languages, very Oxford English, German, French, and some Spanish, in addition to American and Chinese! Anna also made a great hit in a Viennese operetta in Austria, besides starring in several silent pictures in Germany. But she does wish they wouldn't always want her to be a villainess!

In the meantime, Anna is buying a house, where her mother, four brothers and two sisters will live with her. Dad is proud of her, but declines to live on her, thank you. One little sister is very pretty and has already played some small bits in films. Another sister is proving a first class secretary. The boys have a big room at the top of the house for their very own. Dad raised them all with a laundry in Los Angeles.

She's New!



Viennese, vivacious and bristling with charm—that's Nora Gregor. Her hair is golden brown, and she knows how to wear clothes.

VIENNESE, vivacious, and bristling with charm and piquancy, is Nora Gregor, who burst upon Los Angeles as an intriguing stage actress with young Mr. Fairbanks in "The Man in Possession." It was a fascinating début.

You see, Nora has already proved a joyous success in German versions of "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and "Olympia" last year, when she was brought out from Vienna, after her huge triumphs with Max Reinhardt in both Berlin and Vienna on the stage, and also in films.

"But I did not know English then, only a few little words, so it seemed my ambition to play in American pictures could not be realized. But when they sent for me again this year, I determined to learn English, and hid away in Michigan for six weeks. When I arrived here, it was all so exciting. Mr. Fairbanks wanted me for the play."

We may add that Nora's English is completely charming. She comes of an aristocratic Austrian family, whose estates were confiscated by the Italians after the war. For a while Nora's stage talents filled the family larder. Like Dietrich, she is married.

Nora is not really beautiful, but she is so sparkling, so very charming, that she seems entirely beautiful. Like Garbo and Dietrich, too, she is slightly above the regulation height for petite Hollywood charmers. Her hair is a light golden brown and she knows how to wear clothes. So, after this stage success, you will now see a new beauty in American film plays. They are hunting stories for her now.

Critical Comment



LAUGHING SINNERS

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Joan Crawford gets a chance to display her acting ability and she revels in it. Joan starts out as a night-club entertainer but finishes as a Salvation Army worker. The reason for her joining the Army is Neil Hamilton, who jilted her, and the reason for staying is Clark Gable; and they're good reasons for seeing the picture.



ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS

Fox

Here's a thoroughly enjoyable farce—as light, flighty, and frivolous as its lovely heroine, who marries a man with a beard and leaves him eleven hours later! It's a personal triumph for pretty Jeanette MacDonald, who proves herself a comedienne second to none. Victor McLaglen plays the husband—a new rôle for Vic. With Roland Young.



FIVE AND TEN

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

After heading our list as a grand comedienne, Marion Davies goes dramatic on us—but with great success. (All's forgiven, Marion.) She plays a poor, little rich girl who fights to get "her man" from a society girl. Leslie Howard is the man and he's splendid. Richard Bennett and Irene Rich are good—so's the picture.



MURDER BY THE CLOCK

Paramount

Here's your mystery of the month. Guaranteed to give you some spooky moments, even if it never really takes you in. Although the characters are too obvious to be altogether convincing, the sinister atmosphere and sound effects keep you chilly. Lilyan Tashman plays the evil lady of the plot. William Boyd is a good detective.



THE BLACK CAMEL

Fox

Charlie Chan is still carrying on! You'll be glad to meet him again in this highly satisfactory mystery drama, involving the murder of a movie star and the mysterious killing of a great director. Warner Oland is again the agreeable Chinese sleuth, uttering epigrams as he tracks down the killer. Sally Eilers is the very pretty ingenue.



THE GIRL HABIT

Paramount

Charlie Ruggles bears the weight of a very, very light comedy—and if you don't think that's hard work, you're all wrong. "The Girl Habit" would have made a corking short feature, but as it is the situations are too long drawn out. However, Charlie is really funny. Sue Conroy and Tamara Geva are beautiful support.

on Current Films



A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE
RKO-Pathé

Or a woman of "sexperience." Nothing new about this spy drama except the cast. Helen Twelvetrees is beautiful and appealing but this film won't add to her laurels. Lew Cody, ZaSu Pitts, William Bakewell and H. B. Warner make up a capable cast. This hackneyed plot should receive the same treatment spies do—shot at sunrise.



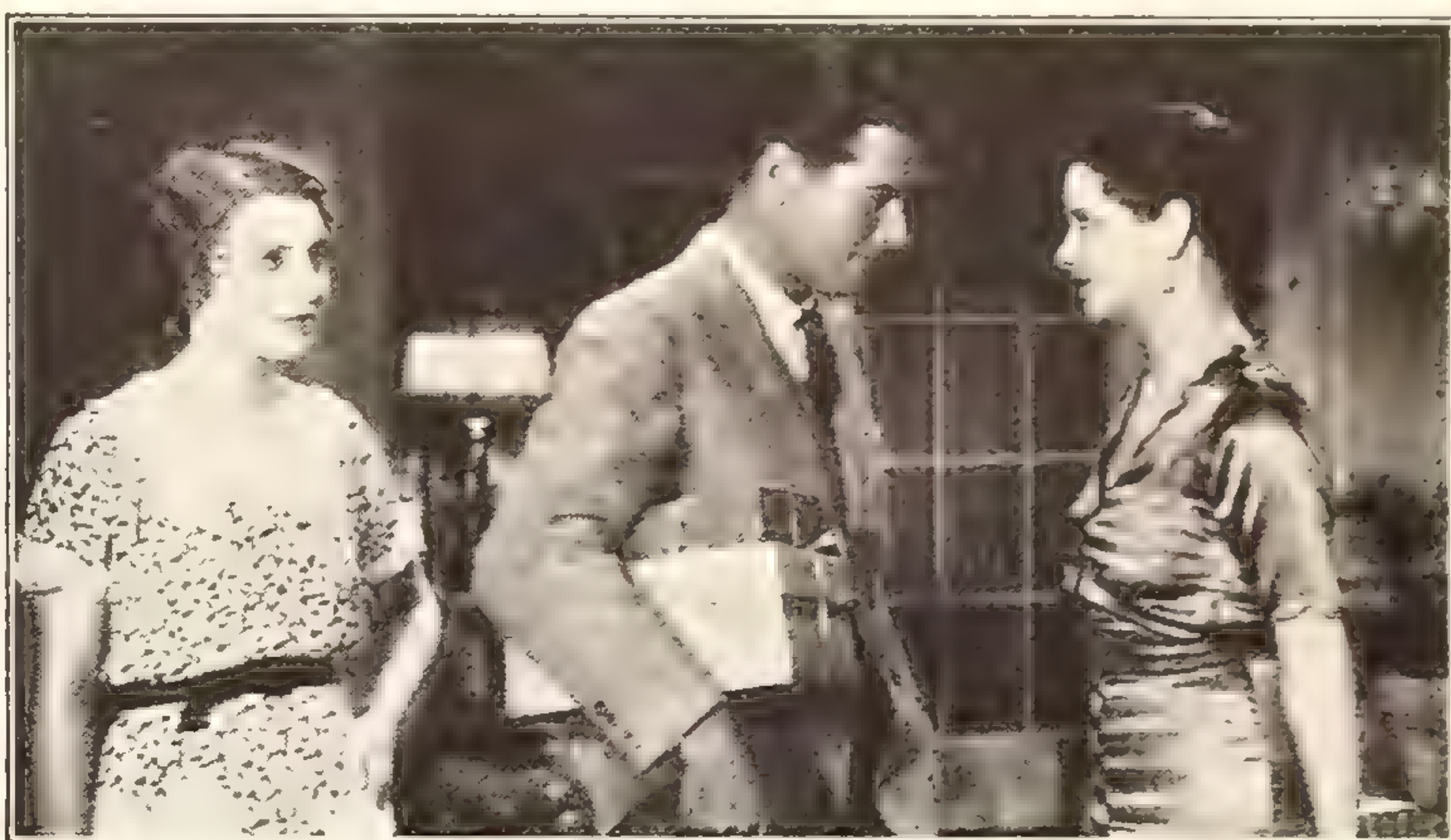
A HOLY TERROR
Fox

The best Western since the talkies came in. Action, action, action—against backgrounds of remarkable beauty. Thank Director Irving Cummings for some splendid shots, and hero George O'Brien for his thrilling riding. Wholesome, clean plot, involving an air smash and other excitements. The kids will love it.



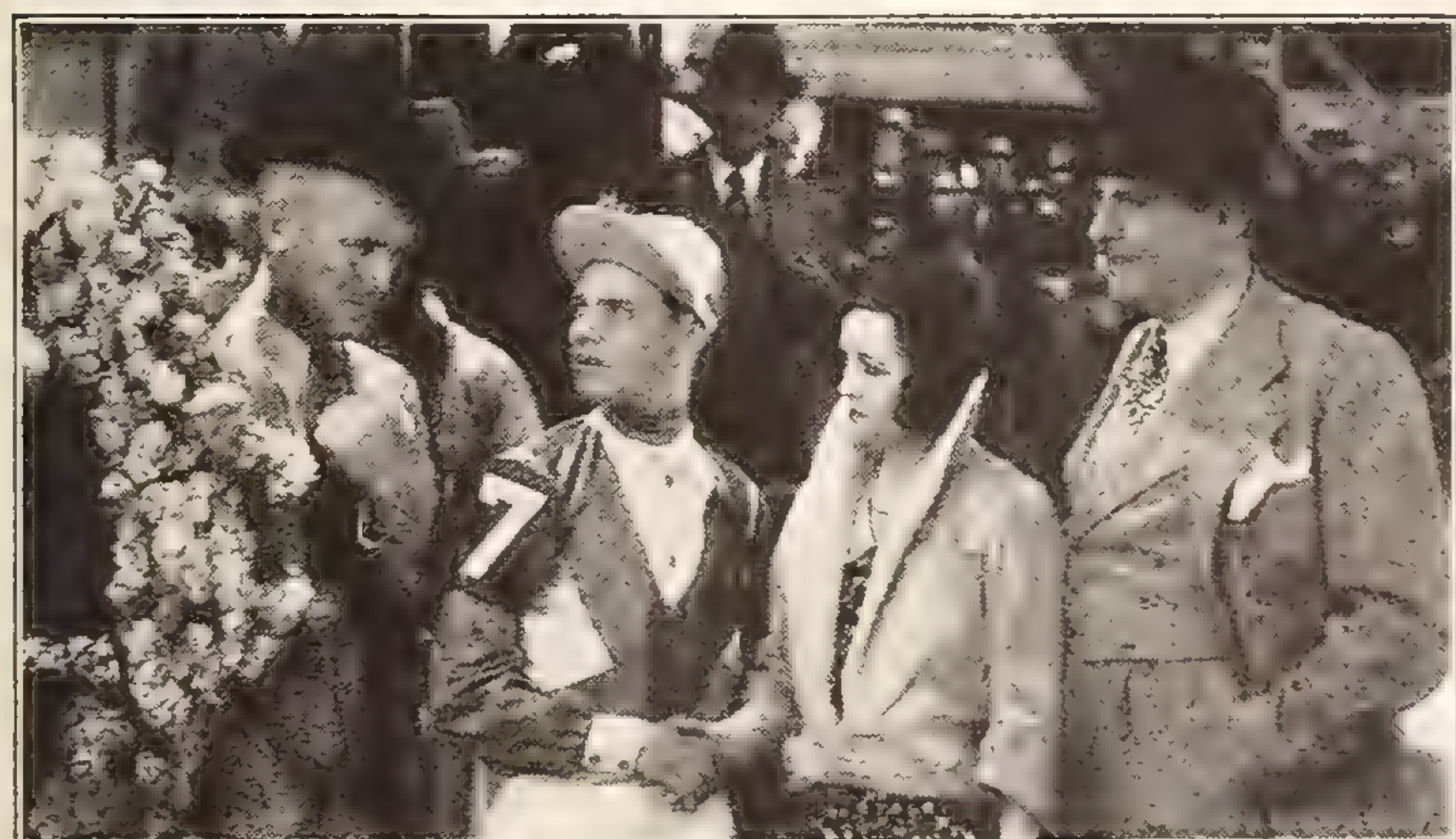
HUSH MONEY
Fox

A tame gangster film about a girl, Joan Bennett, who took the wrong road. A kindly detective shows her the "error of her ways." She marries Hardie Albright and is happy until her ex-crook partner, Owen Moore, tries to blackmail her. Nice performances by the entire cast but a special tribute to Douglas Cosgrove, the detective.



THE SECRET CALL
Paramount

Politics is the theme of this film which centers around a telephone girl, played by Peggy Shannon. You'll like Peggy. She looks like a good picture bet even if she does go coy occasionally—blame it on the dialogue. Miss Shannon, Richard Arlen, William Davidson and Ned Sparks lift this picture to entertaining heights.



SWEEPSTAKES
RKO-Pathé

This is Jim Gleason's picture. When he is on, as a wise-cracking race track trainer, "Sweepstakes" is swell entertainment. Eddie Quillan is the boy jockey—the "whoop de do kid" whose first false step leads him from the big tracks to a Tia Juana saloon. But he comes back. Exciting horse race. Marian Nixon is the girl.



GOLDIE
Fox

Just gobs of fun—if you go for rowdy sailor stuff. Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer quarrel and wink and drink their way from port to port with femme complications. Jean Harlow is a carnival high-diver, blonder and shapelier, if possible, than ever. Lina Basquette, Maria Alba, and Eleanor Hunt are also decorative.

The STAGE in REVIEW

Hail the "Great Glorifier" once again!—Clearing decks for the new season with revelant remarks on the old

By
*Benjamin
De Casseres*

Curtain!

ANOTHER season approaches—with all the paraphernalia of one of the oldest amusements in the world: I mean the theatre.

The stage is older than books, ping-pong, divorce, drinking, gang warfare, elections, Henry E. Dixey, De Wolf Hopper, jazz, Aeschylus, or almost anything else you can think of.

For the theatre is play, make-believe, a representation imaginatively of something that did or didn't happen. It is implicit in life itself. It was born with the first liar.

Anyhow, Broadway's looking up.

I have been a dramatic critic off and on since my nineteenth year. And I cannot remember when I did not hear that old wheeze, "The theatre is decaying." In my memory it was neck-and-neck with three other famous calamity wheezes: "France is decaying," "England's on her last legs" and "This is Tammany's last battle." *Der Apfelmus!*

Why, there was old Willie Winter thirty years ago, who frothed at the mouth over Ibsen, Strindberg, D'Annunzio. Police! Police! The stage was sinking into an irredeemable state of salacity even then. Willie pronounced "The Old Homestead" the greatest play of the age! Now, of course, we have Mr. Channing Pollock and a whole raft of lesser Jeremiahs yowling about "the condition of the stage." *Der Apfelmus!*

But facts are facts. The plays that made the hits in the season just closing were, in the main, sound pieces of work and, in most instances, were what are known as "decent" plays. Some of them were even mushy-molly like "Mrs. Moonlight."

Pick out these corks: "Once in a Lifetime," "Grand Hotel," "On the Spot," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "As Husbands Go," "Give Me Yesterday," "The Silent Witness," "As You Desire Me," "Overture," "Brass Ankle" (these last two were too fine for the

*Ruth Etting,
one of the
many reasons
for the great
appeal of
"Ziegfeld Fol-
lies of 1931."*



public), "Mr. Gilhooley," "A Farewell to Arms," "Five-Star Final." These have varying degrees of merit—but all of them were worth while, and as far superior to most of the things that Winter approved of as gaiety is superior to smugmug morality. Many of them will be seen on the screen ere long.

It is yet too early to give you a line on the coming season, however. Neither the Lord, John Golden nor Morris Gest knows at this writing. But the high spot this winter will be O'Neill (Gene). Keep that name in your hat.

"Follies of 1931"

Florenzo the Magnificent put on his twenty-third edition of the Follies. He dragnetted almost everybody into the production, the Trumpet of Fame blowing loudest

the names of Bobby Connolly, Gene Buck, Mark Helinger, Dave Stamper, Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld, Albertina Rasch, Joseph Urban, John Daly Murphy, Helen Morgan, Hal Le Roy, Harry Richman, the Colette Sisters, Albert Carroll, Ruth Etting and Oscar Bradley.

Sounds like a Professional Evening at Reuben's Pickle Parlor, doesn't it?

Mr. Ziegfeld still keeps glorifying Our Girls. And he has some believe-me-boys! this year all right.

The show is long, and everybody gets in something good. There's that sensational kid dancer, the Jackie Coogan of the feet—I mean Hal Le Roy. I told you about him in "The Gang's All Here." Well, he's made. And how!

Helen Morgan goes dreamy and funny by turns. Sings a song that Noel Coward made for her, "Half-Caste Woman," and then, with some others, takes a smickity-smack at the talkies. Helen is so beautiful that in her presence my critical faculties go electric refrig.

Full of plums and peaches, the 1931 vintage of the Great Glorifier is worth the jack.

"The Pirates" and "Iolanthe"

The gaiety, the joy abounding and the wild, thumping applause continued through the summer at the Erlanger Theatre, where the Civic Light Opera Company added "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Iolanthe" to its Gilbert & Sullivan revivals. And they were both well done.

In "The Pirates" Herbert Waterous roared his "For I Am a Pirate Chief," Frank Moulan made the very model of a modern Major-General Stanley, and Vivian Hart was a cute and delicious Mabel. She is a singing doll.

"Iolanthe" is unique in all the annals of the stage. There has been nothing like it in whimsical fancy, clear-cut daintiness and chortling

satire since Will Shakespeare did his "Midsummer Night's Dream." The idea of the House of Lords being run by the fairies!

Vera Ross looked marvellous as the Queen of the Fairies—one of the most beautiful women on our stage. Joseph Macauley was a perfect Strephon and Herbert Waterous was a comic Private Willis.

What a relief from the sewer shows!

Confessions of 1931

The Little Picture House on East 50th Street has been responsible for converting what was once known as a high-brow dramatic critic (*i. e.* and to wit, myself) into a talkie fan of the most fervent kind.

I see all the Broadway screen successes in this neighborhood theatre, which I first attended with the "hokum" on my lips; but my well-known love of the truth finally compelled me to admit that in many of these screen talkies the acting was far better than it was on the legitimate stage, the stories often better told, and the whole entertainment value of the performance more biting, vivid and attention-pulling.

I was surprised to find how well the synchronization problem is being solved. To me, the illusion is now almost perfect, and I often get a bigger kick out of the phantoms than I do out of the live human beings; although, in my opinion, there is nothing that will ever take the place of the living human being, just as the radio or the phonograph will never be a substitute for the living Paderewski, Chaliapin or Toscanini. The drama is safe—and so are the talkies.

Extra!—a doubter has been converted. Carry the news to our Uncle Will Hays!

Our "Music" and "Dancing"

I wish these foreign light-opera pictures could have
(*Cont. on p. 115*)

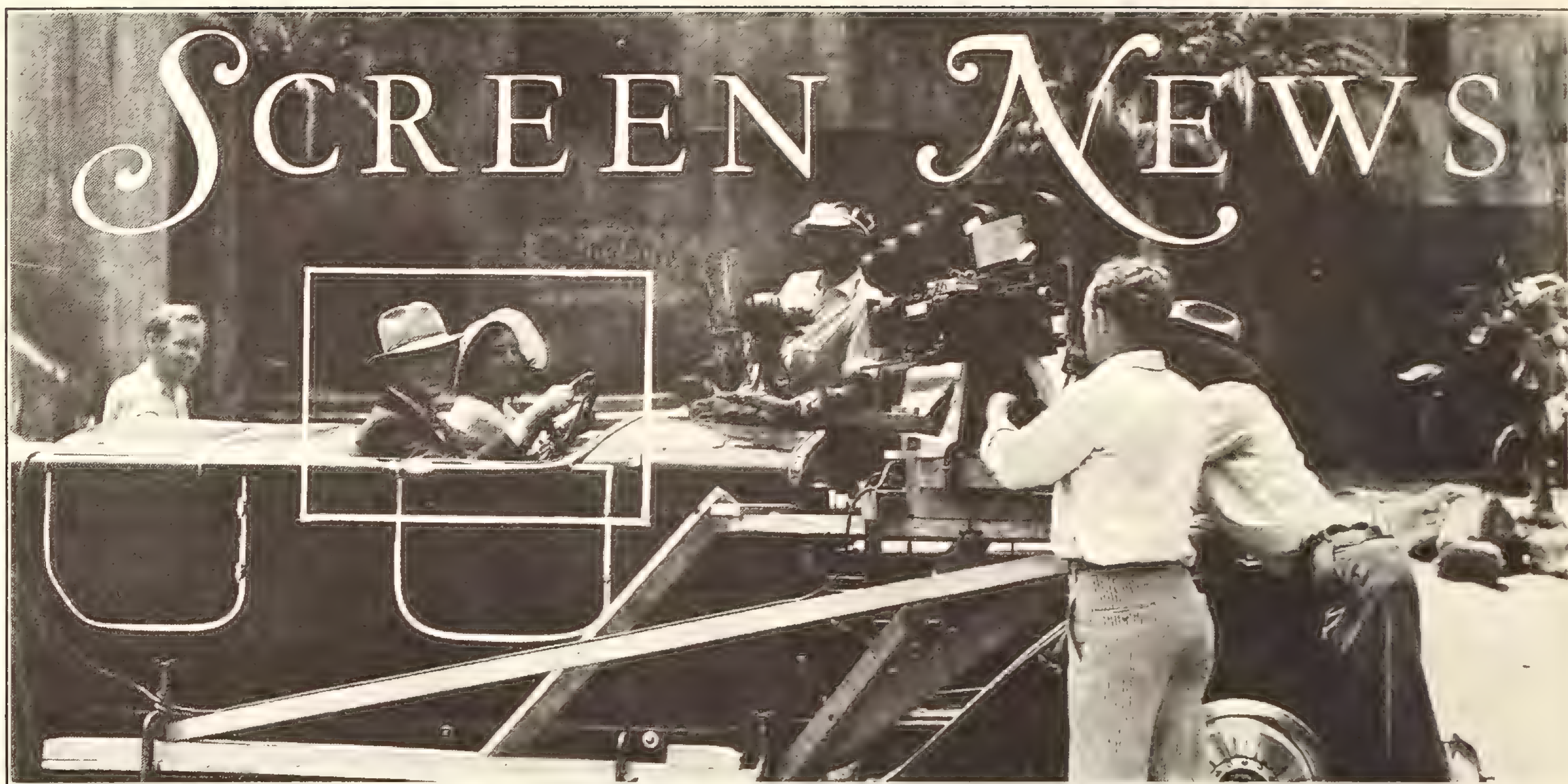


Howard Marsh, as a lovesick sailor in the "Queen's Navee," pays ardent and melodious court to Ruth Altman in the best Gilbert-and-Sullivan tradition.

Vivian Hart, whose whimsical charm and lovely voice make her a natural-born G. & S. heroine.

As a dashing and pleasant-voiced hero Mr. Marsh delights the hearts of the G. & S. fans.





Close-up of a close-up. Ronald Colman and Estelle Taylor being "shot" for a near view in a scene for "The Unholy Garden." All you'll see on the screen will be the part that appears within the white rectangle.

RUDY VALLEE is no longer the Vagabond Lover. He has found the girl of his dreams in the person of Fay Webb, former movie actress and daughter of the Chief of Police of Santa Monica, California. If you've never seen Mrs. Vallee in pictures it isn't her fault, as she was under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for some months. She is exotic and looks very much like Pola Negri.

The Vallees were married July 15th in West Orange, New Jersey.

June Collyer is another July bride. She married Stuart Erwin at Yuma, Arizona, on July 22nd. Mrs. Erwin will continue her screen career.

Rudolf Sieber, Marlene Dietrich's husband, presented her with a 42 karat diamond ring! Of course you know that Herr Sieber has come to Hollywood to join his wife and little daughter, "Heidede."

Constance Bennett has gone to Europe for a vacation and it so happens that the Marquis de la Falaise is over there, too!

The new Mary Pickford Sunshine Club, formed for philanthropic purposes, will be supported entirely by a tea room at which famous actresses and society girls will act as waitresses. One source of income is that everyone who murmurs one unkind word must promptly contribute a nickel to a box for the purpose.

One or two naughty girls have decided to invest a couple of dollars every day and get it off their chests.

Playing bridge at Santa Barbara, Marie Dressler drew one of those incredible hands with 13 spades. But she did not risk bidding no trumps! Her partner swooned.

Mervyn LeRoy and Ginger Rogers have been seen lots of places together lately.

Joan Crawford lunching with Dietrich and showing off the nice new stockings Doug bought her!

Walter Huston is sure of a sympathetic scenario writer. His son, John, will do the continuity for "Heart in Hand" for Universal. John is under contract to United Artists, but was loaned for Dad's picture.

Jetta Goudal, who has finished "The Plutocrat" with Will Rogers, is to do three more pictures for Fox. But she is asking for time off for a trip to Europe with new hubby, Harold Grievess.

Adolphe Menjou has two immense closets, one forty feet long, in which to preserve his sartorial glory—over 250 suits and top coats, socks, shirts, shoes by the hundred, etc. Awful to have a voguish reputation to maintain. Curious, too, that although Adolphe has played scores of fashionable-clubman rôles, he has never belonged to a club in his life.

When he's off duty, nothing Adolphe so enjoys as wearing old clothes and failing to shave.

When Alfred Lunt, Theatre Guild star, arrived in Hollywood he started taking lessons in Russian from Lt. Col. Alex Davidoff, who served through the world war. It seems Lunt has to have Russian pronunciation for "The Guardsman."

Marie Dressler was enchanted with her political speech when she previewed "Politics," in which she campaigns for mayor. "Well, I'd have got my vote," she grinned.

Time was when fearful producers forbade contract stars to enter airplanes. Wally Beery once had to do it all on the sly. But now, Wally just hops in his six-passenger plane when the company must go on location and is all settled comfortably in his hotel by the time the rest of the party arrives.

Along the talkie trail with pad and pencil. Read about those Hollywood private lives and public events!

He took Leila Hyams, her spouse Phil Berg, and other friends to his Mountain Lake island and was covered with glory when he found the State Highway Commission had honored him by erecting a sign, "To the Beery Aviation Field, one mile."

Neil Hamilton has a wrestling ring in the front yard of his Malibu Beach home, where he makes his men friends perspire in physical work-outs. He keeps a trainer, just like a professional, and keeps himself fit with daily bouts in this strenuous manner.

Lionel Barrymore is a mystery novel addict, has a vast collection of them, and adores solving fiction crimes. That and his etching form his main recreation.

Marjorie Rambeau drives a shiny black and cream flivver.

"Every morning the gardener has to back his seven-passenger sedan out of the driveway so I can get my flivver out of the garage," she grins.

By which you will gather Marjorie has not gone Hollywood.

Clark Gable is becoming aviation-minded, too. Between scenes for "Hell Divers," a naval aviation picture, Clark promotes free rides with navy aviators, just for fun.

When George Arliss went to England without his pet walking cane, he cabled for it. Couldn't enjoy his vacation without it.

Dorothy Lee is wearing a Sigma Chi fraternity pin these days. She won't tell whose it is.

Roberta Gale and Eric Linden, chosen for "Are These Our Children?" cast, seem enormously interested in each other already. Now by the time the picture is completed—?

Evalyn Knapp is progressing nicely after her accident. She will be able to leave the hospital for her home by the time you read this.

Rose Hobart has a duck of a Scotch pup named Alcibiades, from which she cannot bear to be separated.

Rose likes a lot of loneliness, along with Alcibiades, reads, tramps over the hills, and lives alone in an old comfy house. She prefers little parties. Her mamma is Swiss, so Rose speaks perfect French. Her first picture for Universal was "The Lady Surrenders," after which she returned to New York and we were told she was "too temperamental." Now the trouble seems to have been mended for keeps, as Rose has half a dozen pictures to her credit since then. She often calls herself "Hobart," just as Jetta Goudal calls herself "Goudal."

"The Smiling Lieutenant" with Chevalier is Miriam Hopkins' second picture. But, since her remarkable hit in that, she is being interviewed on all sides. Now we learn she hies from Georgia, was educated at private schools, meant to become a dancer, broke her ankle at a critical period in her career, went on the New York stage instead, and is now enjoying her very first visit to

Hollywood. She says she likes the stage better than pictures, but Hollywood expects to change all that.

A check-up on what magazines the stars prefer has revealed some interesting side-lights. Garbo, for instance, goes out unrecognized and buys all the fan magazines! Harold Lloyd buys garden journals, and Chester Morris has been investing heavily in the house beautiful variety. Fairbanks, Jr., reads lots of English magazines.

The news that Charlie Chaplin is to buy a \$300,000 estate on the Riviera and make pictures over there, and that he also intends to put Mary Reeves, who is said to be Czecho-Slovakian, with the real name of Maria Muller, into pictures, and maybe marry her into the bargain, has started another flutter on Charlie's account in Hollywood. How that boy does keep us guessing! None of us really believe he intends to desert Hollywood.

Mary Pickford says she believes she would make a good story expert for pictures. She has come to believe a good story is the most important of all, no matter how great the stars selected to play in a picture. Wherever one goes, she says, one hears the old plaint, "I am hunting for a suitable story."

But Mary says there is no dearth of good stories—it



Crash! went millions of feminine hearts! 'Twas a Rudy awakening for the great army of Vallee admirers when the Croon Prince of America up and married the lovely Fay Webb without the slightest warning!



Don't crowd! Baby Pauline Stevens is in a strategic position, and she's just about to hit the bottle while the baby whippets await their turns. The pups are appearing with Pauline in shorts—the other kind.

is merely that producers don't recognize them when they see them. Anyway, pictures are suffering from a bad case of "story trouble."

Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson airplaning over the Canadian Rockies for their vacation.

Marlene Dietrich the cynosure of all eyes in a white crêpe gown and silver jacket at the premiere of "The Smiling Lieutenant." Joan Crawford received the next big hand, in shining white satin.

Chiffon frocks with sequin jackets are all the rage—so Ann Harding appears in soft filmy blacks and remains "different."

Viola Dana, once a starry name at the old Metro, is married to a golf pro, Jimmy Thomson, lives in an apartment, does her own housework and cooking, and vows she has never been happier. Hubby won't let her spend a penny of her own money, hence the fond sacrifice.

Watched Adrian passing on Joan Crawford's dresses for her next picture. It was a scorching hot day and one evening gown had to be worn for at least six days' work.

"I absolutely melt," moaned Joan. "Better have some duplicates made. I'll ruin that dress the first day if this heat keeps up."

Joan has a grand new dressing suite out at M-G-M for which Bill Haines did the interior decorating. Just three tiny rooms leading from a narrow wooden balcony of an old frame building. But inside, oh, boy! Bill has put paper with huge flowers on the wall—who but Bill would have dared do that in a small

room? But the effect is good. Lovely lamps in pink silk are trimmed in real marabou. A tiny white piano, big enough for a nursery, stands in pride of place. Carpets, chairs, vases all form a delightful scheme of color.

So far those arch rumors about a possible little Doug or baby Joan, remain unverified. But we must remember that Norma Shearer managed to disguise her prospective motherhood for much longer than most of us can ever hope to.

Utterly thrilling for the Zeta Phi Eta sorority on the day that Louise Dresser entertained the national convention at the Fox Hills Studio. About fifty of them, a speech and dramatic sorority. Ann Harding, Thomas Meighan, Lucille Gleason lunched with them. Then presently Louise rose and called "Willie, Willie, come here."

It was Will Rogers passing through the café. Like a good boy Willie came and Louise made him make a speech. And this is what he said: "What is this gang, anyway? All these beautiful girls look like Charlie Chaplin would be interested in another marriage. Oh, I'm glad you're a sorority, I thought maybe you was here on business? God bless you. I got a girl the age of some of youse. I was going to put her to work in the movies but she went society on me. I saw her off to Honolulu yesterday, because she's wore out all the orchestras here. Louise and me has known each other a long whiles."

At this point Will paused to call out, "Hie, Phil, come here. See that curly headed handsome boy, that's Phil Neil, the Stanford end. Come on, meet 'em, Phil." But Phil was too shy and slunk out of the door.

"He ain't scared of me like I am of Louise," he sighed.

After that they were all allowed to watch Will's set, the Sahara scene of "The Plutocrat." It was a sweltering day, so the atmosphere was very correct. Those dear girls just cooked in ecstasy. Later they were driven through a perfect replica of 49th street and Seventh Avenue, New York. And they had a chance to see a director get into an argument with a sound engineer . . . and the latter won. Sound engineers always win.

Louise proved an adorable hostess. Ann Harding beamed graciously and the girls marvelled at her very light platinum blonde hair.

When Marian Newbert, a Beverly society girl, "eloped" to marry Milton H. Bren, a screen agent, at Ventura, they were careful to take a few stylish friends along. So Arthur Lake and Virginia Cherrill duly assisted at the great event.



Warren Williams makes a suave leading man for Bebe Daniels in "The Honor of the Family."

Which reminds us, another romance might well be budding between Arthur and Virginia.

Ukulele Edwards won his divorce from his wife but the lady received the court's blessing on a nice property settlement arranged before the incompatibilities began. Under this Mrs. Edwards receives \$100,000 and a third of Edwards' income . . . in spite of the fact that "extreme cruelty" was the charge upheld by the court against the lady.

Pauline Starke finally secured her divorce from Jack White. The trouble was, she says, that Jack "disparaged her mental ability." On that basis, few wives could keep their husbands for long.

It's all a matter of taste. Will Hays decided that title "Gold-Diggers" wasn't quite nice, so he had it changed to "Gay Girls." So we must presume Mr. Hays thinks *Gay Girls* quite nice.

Lois Moran and her mamma are off to Belgium to visit little sister, who is being educated in a convent over there. Lois' mamma is a first class business man—almost the only person in Hollywood who knew when to sell her stocks before the slump. It's quite the thing to ask Mrs. Moran about investments these days.



"Yeah?" "Yeah!" "Oh, yeah?" "Oh, yeah!" "Sez you!" "Sez me!" Just a couple of big gangsters, Wally Beery and Jackie Cooper, rehearsing a scene.



Here's an idea! Clip your favorites' pictures from SCREENLAND and make a lamp-shade. Lillian Bond, one of the comparative newcomers in Hollywood, thinks it's great fun. You'll see more of Lillian.

Mildred Davis Lloyd's young brother, Jack, has covered himself with glory. Won a gold medal for all-round superiority in athletics.

Funny how a change of studio will often win a star success. Ina Claire was regarded as a flop by Pathé . . . so much so that they bought in her unfinished contract. The picture was "The Awful Truth" and Ina still thinks it was a reasonably good picture. Yet on the stage, producers had been competing for the talents of Ina. But now, under new management, and in "Rebound" she is again rated a starry name in pictures. Now she begins her Goldwyn contract with "The Greeks Had a Word for it" and success bubbles all around her. Ina's flippant nonsense-covering-a-heart-of-gold idea is catching on.

Now that John Gilbert and Ina Claire have finally achieved the parting of the ways, it almost seems as if every one is breathing more freely. Some of us held out hope almost until the last—but it seems to have been just one of those things. Jack and Ina were quite gallant about it all; and here's hoping both will have better luck in the future.

Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, wife of the *Little Caesar* fellow, is becoming a trifle alarmed since they began giving Edward "love interest" rôles and blondes galore. She says she is a brunette and she doesn't think it fair they should make him cultivate a taste for blondes like that.

No wonder stage actors adore a chance to play in Southern California. Take a young man named Wallace Ford, who went to Los Angeles with a stage play called "Bad Girl." After the very first performance, the fellow was offered a picture rôle in "Queer People."

Aileen Pringle has gone vegetarian, so when Ramon Novarro accepted a dinner invitation she warned him he'd have to bring his own if he wanted meat. Ramon duly turned up with a huge roast of beef. And Ramon looks so ethereal, too!

Southern California is breaking out into fiesta carni-



"Who's it supposed to be?" asks Constance Bennett innocently of young Doug Fairbanks on viewing his caricature of her. The drawing is supposed to portray her inner spirit or something.

vals these days, and, of course, the movie charmers are being roped in. Marguerite Churchill, being a good horsewoman, was roped in for the Santa Barbara parade, leading it with fond distinction.

A whole year ago a young lady named Yvonne Peltier was put under contract by Fox, but nothing happened about it. Now she is wildly excited, for they have given her a part in "Riders of the Purple Sage," her very first picture, and at last she will be allowed to earn her money.

The men are striking against make-up. George Arliss will be guiltless of make-up in most of his pictures, since the effect was so satisfactory in "The Millionaire." Lionel Barrymore has declared he will only play rôles in pictures when he can do so without make-up. Eddie Lowe and Victor McLaglen are both trying to convince directors make-up isn't necessary. Will Rogers never uses make-up.

But the girls still favor the grease paint.

When Howard Hughes took nearly two years to make "Hell's Angels" it was Hollywood's pet joke—in a city where "epics" are turned out in six weeks. But Hughes, who spent \$4,000,000 on that venture, will ultimately make at least \$7,000,000 out of it. Of course, that's a trifle less than 100%. But even Hollywood doesn't consider a picture a flop if it makes more than 50%.

In spite of the fact that there was supposed to be a summer slump, numerous stars were fetched home from vacations in a hurry for new rôles. Bob Montgomery was about to enjoy his first holiday in two years in New

York when they fetched him back. And the short time he was in New York he spent in bed with the flu. Wally Beery was recalled from a flying trip east in his plane. Polly Moran was fetched up from the beach to start a new picture. Mary Duncan was cabled for all the way to Paris, to return for a rôle in "The Age of Love." Garbo didn't get a holiday at all. Neither did Joan Crawford.

Tom Patten, formerly with Will Hays as film duenna, speaks some harsh criticisms of the movies. He says they make around 800 pictures a year and less than 2% of them are worth while. Pictures, he thinks, are made too hurriedly, too many relatives are given jobs in the studios, a too low mental age is catered to, and the flaunting of wealth only induces envy and a desire for reprisals.

As remedies, Patten suggests several of the present picture magnates should be pensioned off. Fewer and better pictures should be made. Unprofitable theatres should be closed down. Fantastic salaries should be cut. And a lot of hooey should be taken out of pictures, both on the lots and on the screen.

When Mary Pickford, Doug Senior, John Monk Saunders and Harry Carr lunched together recently, Doug told about his tiger hunting in India, and the maharajahs he had met. He said the elephants loved hunting. When a leopard attacked Doug's elephant, he shook Doug off and tried to trample the leopard to death. Doug was also fascinated with China and has come home well primed in Chinese politics.

Mary said she guessed she was a mid-Victorian young lady, doesn't smoke or go to prize fights, and dislikes dirty plays and off-color stories. So from now on, she says, she will only make pictures which she herself likes.

When the studio recently was reckless enough to announce that they were looking for exotic stories for Pola



Little Miss Mary, famous young daughter of Helen Hayes and Charles McArthur, is chaperoned by Dad as she watches the birdie.

Negri, about half a ton were delivered within a week. It would seem that the entire unemployed ranks must have offered contributions.

Fifi Dorsay assures us she may not marry for 20 years, although she expects to become engaged several more times before that.

Mae Clarke, who didn't marry Colleen Moore's ex-spouse, John McCormick, is now basking in a budding romance with Henry Freulich, the clever French photographer. That's good business, too—no more poor photographs for clever Mae.

That pleasant romance between Dorothy Jordan and Donald Dilloway also seems to be going strong. They met, you know, when they were both in "Young Sinners." We have given the affair our blessing.

We've done our best to foster the romance between Elsie Janis and Gilbert Wilson but the dears persist in denying that it is anything serious. Which reminds us—at different periods we tried to marry Ramon Novarro off, first to Dorothy Jordan and then to Elsie Janis!

When Carl Laemmle, Jr., the boy who runs Universal studio and makes it pay, had a go of hay fever, it was as vital a matter to Hollywood as the King's indispositions are to Great Britain. Bulletins of the progress of Carl's sniffs were whispered in sepulchral voices over dinner tables. Such a relief when Carl turned up at the studio sniffless one day!

The come-back of Ricardo Cortez dazzles Hollywood. For a while no one seemed to want him, but since "Her Man" with Helen Twelvetrees a year ago, Cortez has been in vogue. At this writing he appears in three pictures at downtown theatres. Like so many other stars forsaken by other studios when talkies came in, Cortez is with RKO the great salvager.

But, he says, he is getting tired of gangster rôles and pretty soon it is his ambition to become a director. This, ever since Tay Garnett let him direct a few scenes for "The Mad Marriage." Directing, he thinks,



Little Mary Carlyle comes to swell the army of Hollywood blondes. She's welcome.



Monroe Owsley is looking his handsomest here—and that's handsome enough.

is a much better job to grow old in.

Tom Mix is coming back to Universal, for the good old Western dramas that won him the love of thousands of children. This is all in line with the anxiety to get the children back into the theatres, so many mamas disapprove of their darlings seeing gangster and sophisticated films.

Richard Dix said recently, "Actors are all punch-drunk from banging themselves all over the physiognomy with powder puffs."

Dorothy Mackaill couldn't resist another romantic flutter on that Hawaiian trip, so she came back "engaged" to one Neil Miller. But nobody takes Dorothy's engagements seriously any more. We just grin and say "Oh, yeah—for how long?"

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon returned on the same boat, Bebe looking well and happy as a prospective mama. Carole Lombard and Bill Powell were honeymooning in Honolulu at the same time, and are reported as looking "meditatively pensive." The Warner Baxters were likewise over there and found themselves regarded as the Darby and Joan of the crowd. Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland were likewise in that merry throng.

M-G-M has capitalized on the likeness between Joan Crawford and Pauline Frederick, and Pauline will be Joan's mother in "This Modern Age." Such mixed emotions when these famous stars come to play mother rôles. Once a mother-rôle in pictures, there is generally some sort of writing on the wall. It takes a gallant spirit to accept the situation gallantly.

They are going to let Joan Crawford go back to her sophisticated rôles, which she vows she pioneered in with "Dancing Daughters," for her next picture. It will be "Mirage," which, as a stage play, made a hit a few years ago.

Marjorie Rambeau was to have played that mother-rôle at first. Both
(Continued on page 125)



Neil Hamilton has lots of fun on two bicycles built for one. It'll be a good trick if Neil does it.

ASK ME!—Continued from page 13

we have that item well in hand, let's have a word or two about the fascinating Ronald Colman. His latest picture is "The Unholy Garden" with Estelle Taylor and Fay Wray. It is said that Ronald's next will be "Arrowsmith," from the novel by Sinclair Lewis.

Howard McC, Jr. Of course I like my job—I wouldn't exchange with Il Duce or your Aunt Sophia. You'd like to see SCREENLAND published every week—that would be fine for you but what of this poor working girl? Barbara Leonard plays with John Barrymore in his new release, "The Mad Genius." Donald Cook is in the cast. Don has been stirring up no end of favorable comment from fans and can you blame us? Barbara Leonard was born Jan. 9, 1908, in San Francisco, Cal. She is 5 feet 2½ inches tall, weighs 107 pounds and has reddish blonde hair and hazel eyes and a Metro-Goldwyn contract—practically everything!

Mrs. Anna K. Another Corinne Griffith fan! Corinne's real name is Scott but Walter Morosco persuaded her to change it for better or for worse several years ago and they are still happily married. Corinne hasn't made a film for some time. She was born Nov. 25, 1897, in Texarkana, Texas. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Her first starring film, made in 1918, was "What's Your Reputation Worth?"

Anna R. There were two well-known screen players in "The Blue Danube" with Leatrice Joy—Joseph Schildkraut and Nils Asther, but you perhaps refer to Nils. He is 30 years old and happily married to Vivian Duncan. His first screen appearance in America was with the Duncan Sisters in "Topsy and Eva" from their famous stage success. Nils later played in "Sorrell and Son" with H. B. Warner.

Jeanne Des L. You think my department is as welcome as the flowers in May and as fresh, do you? Let's not call attention to that feature. We are informed that Thelma Todd, the ex-school-teacher screen player who has been an excellent foil for many a Charlie Chase comedy is to be teamed with ZaSu Pitts. Wouldn't



Pul-eeze! But it's all right—Cliff Edwards is just putting on the inevitable make-up.



Pretty, pretty! It's Mary Carlyle in a new dancing costume. She's good at figures!

that just delight your soul? Then listen to this—Thelma is to play opposite Chester Morris in his next picture, "Corsair," not using her own name but a brand new one, Alison Lloyd. How's that for a surprise? Dolores Costello's latest release is "Expensive Women" with a new leading man, Warren Williams, who somewhat resembles her famous husband, John Barrymore.

Miss Alice J. Gloria Swanson sings *Come to Me* in "Indiscreet." Barbara Kent, Ben Lyon and Arthur Lake give her fine support in a very entertaining picture. Gloria was born March 29, 1898, in Chicago, Ill. She is 5 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her first husband was Wallace Beery, whom she married at the age of 16. She is now divorced from her third husband. She has a young daughter and an adopted son. John Boles is 30 years old, is married and has two children. He had a fine rôle in "Seed" with Lois Wilson and Genevieve Tobin.

A. C. C. You ask why Stan Laurel doesn't have big parts like Charlie Chaplin, for he is your favorite comedian; and why isn't your favorite answer lady in big feature pictures like Ann Harding or Jackie Cooper? Whew! The smelling salts and the pale ale, very pale, Fanchette! To answer your last question first, the big shots haven't offered me enough money to lure me away from my regular job. As

for Stan, what would he do without his little pal, Oliver Hardy, to boot him about? For particulars, see their comedy, "Be Big." Estelle Taylor has been making films right along and drawing the neat little pay check every month, week or day, just as you prefer. Didn't you see her in "Cimarron," another big event of the past year?

Sunset of Peoria. Walter Huston played the title rôle in "Abraham Lincoln." A silent version of the picture was released by First National in 1924 with George A. Billings as Lincoln. Sally O'Neil comes back to the screen again in "The Brat." If you like screen fights, you'll see one of the best fights of the year between Sally and Virginia Cherrill in that picture. Sally was born Oct. 23, 1910, in Bayonne, N. J. She has dark brown hair, dark blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 102 pounds. Her real name is Virginia Louise Noonan. Not married.

B. T. S. Your favorite, Harry Carey, is on the M-G-M pay roll. He set the whole screen world talking after his appearance in "Trader Horn," one of the outstanding films of the past few years. Harry was born in New York City but doesn't say when. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 180 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. There is a Mrs. Carey, too.

Le Duke. How's the Duchess? Karl Dane was *Barney* in "The Duke Steps Out" with William Haines and Joan Crawford, which was produced in 1929. Joan was born March 23, 1908, in San Antonio, Texas, and was married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. on June 3, 1929, in New York City. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Joan's latest releases are "This Modern Age" and "Laughing Sinners." William Haines has never been an honest-to-goodness prize fighter though he did a good job in "The Duke Steps Out."

Helen D. Dolores Costello was born about 26 years ago in Pittsburgh, Pa. She has golden hair, blue eyes and is 5 feet 4 inches tall. Her young daughter's name is Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore, and is John



The alluring Olga Baclanova appears with Adolphe Menjou in "The Great Lover."

proud of his daughter? Just ask him! Conrad Nagel was 34 years old on March 16, 1931. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 180 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He plays with Ramon Novarro in "Son of India."

Nellie K. John Loder was born in London, England, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. His father was Major-General Sir William Lowe of the English army. John made his screen debut in 1927 for Ufa, playing leads in ten important pictures before coming to the United States. Barry Norton has appeared in "What Price Glory," "Mother Knows Best," "Four Devils" and "The Exalted Flapper;" and his latest film, "Dishonored," with Marlene Dietrich.

Lorraine H. For grand entertainment, go to see "Skippy" with the adorable Jackie Cooper and that goes for Bobbie Coogan and Jackie Searl too. Sorry I'm not able to give you Colleen Moore's home address. She hasn't made any definite picture plans since her road tour in "On the Loose" but don't be surprised to hear of her comeback to the screen any time now. We can't let Colleen do a fade-out on us, can we?

Virginia McD. I don't like to be all kinds of a wet blanket but my advice on "how can I get in the movies?" is—don't try, and I say it with all kindness. Too many stranded, hopeful youths in Hollywood, waiting for the good breaks that never come. Charles Rogers is neither married nor engaged but Conrad Nagel is married and has a young daughter. Charles' latest picture is "The Lawyer's Secret," with Clive Brook, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur. Charles (ex-Buddy) does the best work of his screen career in this film—if I'm wrong, don't stop me. Richard Dix is one of Hollywood's most interesting bachelors.

V. M., Rye, N. Y. That's the time I fooled you—I'm not an old answer man but a young answer lady. Gary Cooper's birthday is on May 7 and not on March 7, as you've been told. Gary did not play with Clara Bow in "It" but Antonio Moreno was the heavy date. However, Gary *did* play with Clara in "Children of Divorce," also Esther Ralston, Hedda Hopper and the late Norman Trevor.

Phyllis. Back issues of SCREENLAND may be obtained—that is, if we have the issues you desire. Delight Evans reviewed "No Place to Go" with Mary Astor featured, in the January 1928 issue, but February 1926 is not available. She also reviewed "Flesh and the Devil" with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo in the April 1927 issue. That may be obtained if you wish it.

Catherine, Bayside, L. I. You wish the producers would give us more pictures like "Daddy Long Legs," "Skippy," "Cimarron" and "Annabelle's Affairs" and forget all about the gangster stuff. Good girl, Catherine, you tell 'em and I'll echo! William Haines is in "Just a Gigolo," with Irene Purcell. Anita Page appears with John Gilbert and the late Louis Wolheim in "Gentleman's Fate." Greta Garbo's leading man in her next picture, "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," is Clark Gable, the young man from Cadiz, Ohio, who has made good in Hollywood and how good!

Mary from Houston. Your first letter to me, isn't it? Not hard to get in the lime-light if you write a nice letter to me—whisk, whisk, away goes your letter and

here you are in a famous column. Gwen Lee and Jack Oakie were born on Nov. 12, Jacqueline Logan on Nov. 13, Edna Murphy on Nov. 17 and Nancy Carroll on Nov. 19. Your birthday, Nov. 15, seems to be the off-day for stars. Lupe Velez is 22, Greta Garbo was 25 on Sept. 18, and John Barrymore is 49.

Charles M. W. Col. Tim McCoy is one of the most interesting figures in screen history. He was born April 10, 1891, in Saginaw, Mich., the son of an army officer, and was educated at Ignatius College, Chicago. He went to Wyoming when young and became the protege of Gen. Hugh L. Scott, the world's greatest Indian authority. Tim learned the ways of the tribes, knows their sign language and is the author of several articles on their folk-lore. He travelled with a troupe of Indians through Europe, lecturing on their history and manners, and was a theatrical sensation. In this country, McCoy has the reputation of being able to do more with the Indians than any other white man. He holds the title of Colonel in the regular army.

Amelia M. I have never heard that Earle Foxe was an Austrian Baron or even a near relative of the nobility. He is an American, born in Oxford, Ohio. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 190 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. In recent pictures he has had the misfortune to be put on the spot and been the victim of many a stray bullet but always recovers to be put in the next bad man rôle.

Eleanor R. "One Exciting Night" was released in 1923—too far back to give the entire cast. In "Show People" the principal players were Marion Davies, William Haines, Del Henderson and Paul Ralli. Jack Stone was *The Infant* in "Lilac Time" with Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper.

Sonia D. Charles Morton has gone back to the stage after failing to get the breaks in films. He is married to Lola Medona. Walter Byron is not married. He was born in Leicester, England, on June 11,

1902. His father is George Butler, the English comedian, and his mother, Dulcie Lawrence, was a prominent leading woman until her retirement from the stage a few years ago. Walter was a private in the English army at the age of 14, though he passed for 18. He came out after the armistice a sergeant major with two wound stripes and a citation. He was on the stage in London as leading man in musical comedy, played in numerous screen productions and was finally discovered by Samuel Goldwyn and hustled off to the U. S. A.

Frances B. W. I believe the silent picture, "Surrender," made in 1927 with Mary Philbin, was not published in book form but created for the screen by Alexander Brody; scenario by Charles Kenyon and directed by Edward Sloman. And as the blonde twins say, introducing the Hal Roach comedies—"We thank you." "Surrender" was the story of a Rabbi's daughter who sacrifices herself to save her people.

Henry L. Sorry I haven't Samuel Goldwyn's home address. You'll find he is as busy as a picture star—what with flitting about here and there, looking for star dust. "Homesick" with Sammy Cohen, Marjorie Beebe and Henry Armetta was from an original story by John Stone and directed by him also. You might be able to reach him by addressing him, John Stone, Director and Screen Writer, Hollywood, Cal.

Mrs. A. G. Molly O'Day hasn't made a picture for a long time. She has been taking a fling on the stage but her sister Sally O'Neil is soon to be seen in "The Brat" with Frank Albertson, Leslie Howard, June Collyer, Virginia Cherrill and other featured players. Leslie Howard is the young Broadway actor who played with Norma Shearer, Lionel Barrymore and Clark Gable in "A Free Soul." Margaret Mann, who played so wonderfully in "Four Sons," plays the rôle of the housekeeper in "The Brat."



A beautiful sylvan scene from Garbo's newest vehicle, "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise." Surely Clark Gable doesn't need a police dog to protect him from the ravishing Greta? Clark, incidentally, is the leading "rave" among the newer crop of Hollywood young men.

CASTS of CURRENT FILMS

*Reviewed in this issue



Come to Papa! Rudolph Sieber, equally well-known as a director of German films and as Marlene Dietrich's husband, spends a happy vacation with his wife and their daughter Maria at Hollywood.

"A HOLY TERROR." Fox. From the novel "Trailin'" by Max Brand. Continuity by Ralph Block. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: Tony Bard, George O'Brien; Jerry Foster, Sally Eilers; Kitty Carroll, Rita La Roy; Steve Nash, Humphrey Bogart; William Drew, James Kirkwood; Bulch Morgan, Stanley Fields; Thomas Woodbury, Robert Warwick; Tom Hedges, Richard Tucker; Jim Lawlor, Earl Pingree.*

"ALEXANDER HAMILTON." Warner Brothers. Based on the play by George Arliss and Mary Hamlin. Adapted by Julian Josephson and Maude Howell. Directed by John Adolph. The cast: Alexander Hamilton, George Arliss; Mrs. Betsy Hamilton, Doris Kenyon; Senator Roberts, Dudley Digges; George Washington, Alan Mowbray; Mrs. Reynolds, June Collyer; Mr. Reynolds, Ralf Harolde; Chief Justice John Jay, Charles Middleton; Thomas Jefferson, Montagu Love; General Philip Schuyler, Lionel Belmore; James Monroe, Morgan Wallace; Count Talleyrand, John T. Murray; Martha Washington, Gwendolin Logan.

"AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY." Paramount. From the novel by Theodore Dreiser. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. The cast: Clyde Griffiths, Phillips Holmes; Roberta Alden, Sylvia Sidney; Sondra Finchley, Frances Dee; Orville Mason, Irving Pichel; Samuel Griffiths, Frederick Burton; Mrs. Samuel Griffiths, Claire McDowell; Gilbert Griffiths, Wallace Middleton; Myra Griffiths, Vivian Winston; Belknap, Emmet Corrigan; Mrs. Asa Griffiths, Bodil Rosing; Jephson, Charles B. Middleton; Titus Alden, Albert Hart; Mrs. Alden, Fanny Midgley; Bella Griffiths, Arlene Judge; Bertine Cranston, Evelyn Pierce; Judge, Arnold Korff; Jill Trumbull, Elizabeth Forrester; Coroner Fred Heit, Russell Powell; Earl Newcomb, Imboden Parrish; Deputy Sheriff Fraul, Richard Cramer.*

"ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS." Fox. From the play "Good Gracious Annabelle," by Clare Kummer. Adapted by Leon Gordon. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: John Rawson, Victor McLaglen; Annabelle Leigh, Jeanette MacDonald; Roland Wimbeldon, Roland Young; James, Sam Hardy; Wickham, William Collier, Sr.; Lottie, Ruth Warren; Mabel, Joyce Compton; Dora, Sally Blane; Archie, Andre Beranger; Gosling, Walter Walker; Summers, Hank Mann; Bolson, Jed Prouty; Ruby, Louise Beavers; Assistant Hotel Manager, Wilbur Mack.*

"A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE." RKO-Pathé. From the story by John Farrow. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: Elsa, Helen Twelvetrees; Karl, William Bakewell; Captain Otto von Lichstein, Lew Cody; Katie, ZaSu Pitts; Major Hugh Schmidt, H. B. Warner; Captain Muller, C. Henry Gordon; Hans, Franklin Pangborn; Countess Runyi, Nance O'Neil; A General, George Fawcett; A Red Cross Nurse, Bertha Mann; A Colonel, William Tooker; A Colonel, Alfred Hickman; Captain Kurt von Hausen, Edward Earle; Brunck, Max Waizman.

"BROAD MINDED." First National. From the story by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: Ossie Simpson, Joe E.

Brown; Jack Hackett, William Collier, Jr.; Constance Palmer, Ona Munson; Penelope Packer, Marjorie White; Mabel Robinson, Margaret Livingston; Pancho Arango, Bela Lugosi; Gertie Gardner, Thelma Todd; John Hackett, Sr., Holmes Herbert; Aunt Polly, Grayce Hampton; Casper, George Grandee.

"CHANCES." First National. From the story by A. Hamilton Gibbs. Adapted by Waldemar Young. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: Judy Abbott, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Tom Ingleside, Anthony Bushell; Molly Prescott, Rose Hobart; Mrs. Ingleside, Mary Forbes; Major Bradford, Holmes Herbert; Jr. Archie, William Austin; The General, Edmund Breon; Private Jones, Harry Allen; Lieutenant Wickham, Edward Morgan; Ruth, Mae Madison.

"DADDY LONG LEGS." Fox. From the novel and play by Jean Webster. Adapted by Sonya Levien. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: Judy Abbott, Janet Gaynor; Jervis Pendleton, Warner Baxter; Sally, Una Merkel; Jimmy, John Arledge; Riggs, Claude Gillingwater, Sr.; Wykoff, Edwin Maxwell; Mrs. Semple, Effie Ellsler; Freddie Perkins, Kendall MacComas; Mrs. Pendleton, Kathlyn Williams; Mrs. Lippett, Elizabeth Patterson; Miss Pritchard, Louise Closser Hale; Katie, Martha Lee Sparks; Gloria, Sheila Manners.

"FIVE AND TEN." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the novel by Fannie Hurst. Adapted by A. P. Younger. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: Jennifer Rarick, Marion Davies; Berry Rhodes, Leslie Howard; John Rarick, Richard Bennett; Jenny Rarick, Irene Rich; Avery Rarick, Kent Douglass; Muriel Preston, Mary Duncan.*

"GOLDIE." Fox. Story adapted by Gene Towne and Paul Perez. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: Bill, Spencer Tracy; Spike, Warren Hymer; Goldie, Jean Harlow; Constantina, Lina Basquette; Dolores, Maria Alba; Russian Girl, Eleanor Hunt; Wife, Leila Karmelly; Husband, Ivan Linow; Gonzales, Jesse De Vorka; Barker, Eddie Kane.*

The picture producing companies, each month in SCREENLAND announce new pictures and stars to be seen in the theatres throughout the country. Watch this announcement. This month they will be found on the following pages: United Artists, Page 3; Paramount, Page 5; First National, Page 9; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Page 131.

"HUSH MONEY." Fox. From the scenario by Phillip Klein and Courtenay Terret. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: Joan, Joan Bennett; Stuart Elliott, Hardie Albright; Steve, Owen Moore; Flo Curtis, Myrna Loy; Curtis, C. Henry Gordon; Dan Emmett, Douglas Cosgrove; Maxie, George Raft; Puggie, Hugh White; Flannigan, George Byron; Silvio, Andre Cheron; Boollegger, Henry Armetta; Mr. Stockton, George Irving; Mrs. Stockton, Nella Walker; Miss Stockton, Joan Castle.*

"LAUGHING SINNERS." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play "The Torch Song" by Kenyon Nicholson. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: Ivy, Joan Crawford; Howard, Neil Hamilton; Carl, Clark Gable; Ruby, Marjorie Rambeau; Cass Wheeler, Guy Kibbee; Mike, Cliff Edwards; Fred Geer, Roscoe Karns; Edna, Gertrude Short; Joe, George Cooper; Humpty, George F. Marion; Tink, Bert Woodruff.*

"MURDER BY THE CLOCK." Paramount. From the story by Rufus King. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: Lieutenant Valcour, William Boyd; Laura Endicott, Lilyan Tashman; Phillip Endicott, Irving Pichel; Officer Cassidy, Regis Toomey; Jane, Sally O'Neil; Mrs. Julia Endicott, Blanche Frederici; Herbert Endicott, Walter McGrail; Miss Roberts, Martha Mattox.*

"NEWLY RICH." Paramount. From the story by Sinclair Lewis. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: Daisy Tait, Mitzi Green; Bessie Tait, Edna May Oliver; Maggie Tiffany, Louise Fazenda; Tiny Tim Tiffany, Jackie Searl; Queen Sidonia, Virginia Hammond; King Max, Bruce Line; Equerry, Lawrence Grant; Director, Dell Henderson; Mr. Black, Ben Taggart; Lippo, George Regas; Bill, Noah Young; Toby, Ben Hall.*

"REBOUND." RKO-Pathé. From the play by Donald Ogden Stewart. Adapted by Horace Jackson. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: Sara, Ina Claire; Bill, Robert Ames; Evie, Myrna Loy; Liz, Hedda Hopper; Johnnie, Robert Williams; Lyman, Hale Hamilton; Mr. Jaffrey, Walter Walker; Mrs. Jaffrey, Louise Closser Hale; Les, Leigh Allen.*

"SALVATION NELL." Tiffany. From the stage play by E. B. Sheldon. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: Jim Platt, Ralph Graves; Nell Saunders, Helen Chandler; Myrtle, Sally O'Neil; Major Williams, Jason Robards; McGovern, De Witt Jennings; Maggie, Charlotte Walker; Mooney, Matthew Betz; Madame Cloquell, Rose Dione; Jimmy, Wally Albright.*

"SON OF INDIA." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the book "Mr. Issacs" by F. Marion Crawford. Directed by Jacques Feyder. The cast: Karim, Ramon Novarro; William Darsay, Conrad Nagel; Mrs. Darsay, Marjorie Rambeau; Janice, Madge Evans; Dr. Wallace, C. Aubrey Smith; Hamid, Mitchell Lewis; Juggat, John Miljan; Rao Rama, Nigel De Brulier.*

"SWEEPSTAKES." RKO-Pathé. From the story by Lew Lipton. Adapted by Lew Lipton. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: Bud Doyle, Eddie Quillan; Sleepy Jones, James Gleason; Babe Ellis, Marian Nixon; Wally Weber, Lew Cody; Bartender, Paul Hurst; Pop Blake, Fred Burton; Weber's Trainer, King Baggott; Speed Martin, Billy Sullivan; Ma Clancy, Lillian Leighton; The Dude, Mike Donlin.*

"THE BLACK CAMEL." Fox. From the novel by Earl Derr Biggers. Adapted by Barry Connors and Philip Klein. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: Charlie Chan, Warner Oland; Julie O'Neil, Sally Eilers; Tarnoverro, Bela Lugosi; Shelah Fyfe, Dorothy Revier; Jimmy Bradshaw, Robert Young; Rita Ballou, Marjorie White; Wilkie Ballou, Richard Tucker; Thomas MacMaster, J. M. Kerrigan; Mrs. MacMaster, Mary Gordon; Van Horn, C. Henry Gordon; Anna, Violet Dunn; Alan Jaynes, William Post; Jessop, Dwight Frye; Smith, Murray Kinnell; Kashimo, Otto Yamaoka; Luana, Rita Roselle.*

(Continued on page 125)

HOOTS and HOORAYS—Continued from page 8



The plaudits pour in for Janet Gaynor, whom everyone loved in "Daddy Long Legs."

the press, still reveals, as witness her performance in "Kick In," that promise of the magnificent, "earthy" acting talent that was so evident when she first burst upon us as the hoyden in the now ancient "Down To The Sea In Ships" some years ago.

Newspaper notoriety to the contrary, producers still believe inwardly (or ought to!) that Clara Bow is the biggest "bet" in pictures since pictures were. Not even Norma Talmadge, in her heyday, possessed the genuine ability, the driving force, the appeal of Clara Bow.

To misquote an old Victorian phrase, the producers ought to "catch Clara's ART on the rebound!" Which they will, if they are wise!

Maurice Jacobs,
4119 Westminister Ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

INDIA SPEAKS

Why should the cinema-going public care whether a film star is a "Saint" or a "Sinner," so long as he or she can *act*? To act to the best of their abilities is all we should ask of them. Their private lives should not affect our appreciation of their screen work—we should be more tolerant and broad-minded, and not try to force film favorites to live according to our own ideas of right and wrong. Their job is to entertain us, not to set examples of virtue to the world! Isn't it more sensible to pay money to see perfect acting by a star, even though some scandal be attached to his or her name, than to see inferior acting by stars with unblemished reputations? Decidedly!

We should stand by our favorites, whether "saint" or "sinner," and so ensure their

continued appearance on the screen, to our own personal enjoyment!

Kathleen Eltham,
16 Mosque Road,
Fraser Town,
Bangalore, South India.

MORE AND MORE BARRYMORE

The two Barrymores, John and Lionel, appear on the silver sheet once in too great a while.

John, after an absence of about a year, returned with a smashing portrayal of DuMaurier's greatest fictional character, *Svengali*. That portrayal, in my mind, is the climax of his wonderful career.

Then along comes brother Lionel in Norma Shearer's latest vehicle, "A Free Soul," and literally steals it from her. Now, anyone capable of stealing a picture from such a sincere and hard-working actress as Miss Shearer, should appear more often on the screen and give the motion picture audiences the fine type of acting that they are always clamoring for.

I should like to make two wishes—first, that John would appear more in pictures, and, second, that Lionel would give up directing and devote all his time to acting.

Frank S. Stacy,
742 Bittersweet Pl.,
Chicago, Illinois.

ANOTHER FOR CLARA

There's no question as to whether Clara Bow can come back, because she has never been away—from the hearts of the public. Her personality is as unique as that of Maude Adams or Mary Pickford, and she cannot be replaced. Her mistakes in private life do not concern or interest the public,

and are only hammered on because she has been made a target for envy and gossip.

In "Children of Divorce" and in "Ladies of the Mob" she proved herself a dramatic actress, and the only mistake has been made by her directors, who did not give her more real parts instead of keeping her playing "It" ingenues in stupid stories. Therefore, I suggest that instead of wondering whether the public will "give this little girl a chance," the managers get busy and give her what she wants—real parts!

Grace Livingston Furniss,
41 Wainwright Street,
Rye, New York.

BULLY FOR BILLY!

Dear Editor.

I haven't seen a story about Billy Haines in your magazine in a long time, and that's too much! For as I look over my precious scrap book of Billy, I find very charming interviews from your previous issues, and I miss more like them. Do give us Haines fans more of Billy, more large portraits and snapshots or scenes from his pictures, and we will be more than content.

"Just A Gigolo" was a swell picture! And Billy is excellent in it. A most delightful beginning to a new characterization—and I hope he will continue to play in pictures worthy of his dramatic ability. We all know he can play a dramatic part marvelously. He has done it before. Well, let us hope he will do it again—soon!

Though I am saying goodbye to his smart-alec rôles, it is with a little regret, for no one has ever made a greater success as a "wise-guy" comedian than Billy Haines.

Ann Stern,
537 E. 52nd St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued on page 129)



Norma Shearer's gay insouciance still wins multitudes of hearts among the fans. We hear she's going demure and innocent in her next picture.



Irving Pichel, the two-fisted District Attorney in "An American Tragedy," will play the Lon Chaney rôle in the talkie "Miracle Man."

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen	Harry Green
William Austin	Mitzi Green
George Bancroft	Phillips Holmes
Clive Brook	Miriam Hopkins
Nancy Carroll	Carole Lombard
Maurice Chevalier	Paul Lukas
Claudette Colbert	Fredric March
Jackie Coogan	Georges Metaxa
Robert Coogan	Rosita Moreno
Gary Cooper	Barry Norton
Frances Dee	Warner Oland
Marlene Dietrich	Eugene Pallette
Leon Errol	Charles Rogers
Stuart Erwin	Jackie Searl
Norman Foster	Sylvia Sidney
Kay Francis	Peggy Shannon
Skeets Gallagher	Charles Starrett
Wynne Gibson	Lilyan Tashman
	Regis Toomey

RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong	Alan Hale
Constance Bennett	Ann Harding
Bill Boyd	Eddie Quillan
James Gleason	Fred Scott
Russell Gleason	Helen Twelvetrees

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres	Dorothy Janis
Rex Bell	Myrna Kennedy
John Boles	Barbara Kent
John Mack Brown	Mary Nolan
Kathryn Crawford	Eddie Phillips
Robert Ellis	Slim Summerville
Sidney Fox	Genevieve Tobin
Jean Hersholt	Lupe Velez
Rose Hobart	John Wray

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado	Al Jolson
William Boyd	Evelyn Laye
Eddie Cantor	Chester Morris
Charlie Chaplin	Pat O'Brien
Ronald Colman	Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks	Gilbert Roland
William Farnum	Gloria Swanson
	Norma Talmadge

WRITE to the STARS as follows:

Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Gertrude Astor	Lloyd Hughes
Mischa Auer	Paul Hurst
Leo Carrillo	Ralph Ince
Helene Chadwick	Jeannette Loff
Helen Chandler	Wallace MacDonald
Dorothy Christy	Ken Maynard
June Collyer	Blanche Mehaffey
Marion Douglas	Una Merkel
George Fawcett	Geneva Mitchell
Carmelita Geraghty	Charlie Murray
Albert Gran	Jason Robards
Ralph Graves	George Sidney
Hale Hamilton	Bob Steele
Neil Hamilton	Thelma Todd

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William Collier, Jr.	Bert Lytell
Constance Cummings	Joan Peers
Richard Cromwell	Dorothy Revier
Jack Holt	Loretta Sayers
Buck Jones	Barbara Stanwyck

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Charley Chase	Harry Langdon
Mickey Daniels	Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy	Our Gang
Ed Kennedy	ZaSu Pitts
Mary Kornman	Thelma Todd

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie Beebe	Eleanor Hunt
Ann Christy	Patsy O'Leary
Andy Clyde	Daphne Pollard
Harry Gribbon	Lincoln Stedman
	Nick Stuart

Send Birthday Wishes to These Following October Stars:

Buster Keaton	October 4th.
Kathryn Crawford	October 5th.
Janet Gaynor	October 6th.
Carole Lombard	October 6th.
Jack Mulhall	October 7th.
Irene Rich	October 13th.
Lillian Gish	October 14th.
Ina Claire	October 15th.
Jean Arthur	October 17th.
John Boles	October 18th.
Marian Nixon	October 20th.
Lloyd Hughes	October 21st.
Mitzi Green	October 22nd.
James Hall	October 22nd.
Cecelia Loftus	October 22nd.



Looks like a nice, old-fashioned girl. Margaret Adams furnishes extremely personable support for La Bankhead in "My Sin."

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland	Edward Everett Horton
Eddie Dowling	

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astrid Allwyn	Buster Keaton
William Bakewell	Gwen Lee
Lionel Barrymore	Barbara Leonard
Wallace Beery	Alfred Lunt
Charles Bickford	Joan Marsh
Lillian Bond	Adolphe Menjou
Edwina Booth	John Miljan
Harry Carey	Ray Millande
Jackie Cooper	Grace Moore
Joan Crawford	Polly Moran
Marion Davies	Karen Morley
Reginald Denny	Conrad Nagel
Kent Douglass	Ramon Novarro
Marie Dressler	Ivor Novello
Cliff Edwards	Edward Nugent
Madge Evans	Anita Page
Julia Faye	Marie Prevost
Lynne Fontanne	Esther Ralston
Clark Gable	Duncan Renaldo
Greta Garbo	Norma Shearer
John Gilbert	Gus Shy
Gavin Gordon	Lawrence Tibbett
William Haines	Lewis Stone
Neil Hamilton	Ernest Torrence
Hedda Hopper	Raquel Torres
Leila Hyams	Lester Vail
Dorothy Jordan	Roland Young

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Henry Armetta	Ivan Lebedeff
Mary Astor	Dorothy Lee
Evelyn Brent	Everett Marshall
Sue Carol	Joel McCrea
Joseph Cawthorn	Jack Mulhall
Betty Compson	Pola Negri
Lily Damita	Edna Mae Oliver
Bebe Daniels	Roberta Robinson
Dolores Del Rio	Lowell Sherman
Richard Dix	Ned Sparks
Irene Dunne	Leni Stengel
Jobyna Howland	Hugh Trevor
Arline Judge	Bert Wheeler
Arthur Lake	Robert Woolsey

(Continued on page 120)

Who's Whose in Hollywood?

Continued from page 55

yet. And Jetta Goudal, making a comeback, has weathered a year of matrimony with Harold Grieve, and they both seem content.

Janet Gaynor, in spite of some gossip, remains with Lydell Peck. ZaSu Pitts and her Tom Gallery give an impression of real happiness. Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky, neither before divorced, likewise remain united and content. Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna give the gossips no scope whatever. And Carmel Myers and Ralph Blum have so far avoided dangerous divorce waters. Let the gossips' tongues wag as they may, Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck remain Mr. and Mrs. Schenck.

All of which sounds like a pretty imposing list to justify Dan Cupid, but the sad fact remains that 1931 already has a painful record of bumbles!

Ina Claire is not yet divorced from Jack Gilbert (whose former spouse was Leatrice Joy), but things haven't gone so well. Loretta Young, who had such a romantic elopement *via* airplane with Grant Withers, trembles on the brink of divorce. Fred Beetsen, high priest to Will Hays himself, gets into the divorce court. Evelyn Laye, directly she arrived from England, went Hollywood enough to divorce her English spouse, Sonny Hale Monroe. Jean Harlow, much sought-after belle, shed Charles McGrew, because, she said, he was ungentlemanly and pushed her against a mantelpiece and said naughty words. But a \$200,000 settlement and an automobile soothed Jean's sorrows.

Kathlyn Williams, after years of matrimony with Charles Eyton (in 1916 we showered rice upon them), secured a divorce in Reno. Kathlyn was a serial queen in that day. But, thank goodness, she only accused Charles of refined offenses!

Pauline Frederick, who had previously shed (1) Frank Andrews, (2) Willard Mack, (3) Dr. M. C. Rutherford, this time was the defendant when Hugh Chisholm Leighton, complainant, declared he was a kissless spouse. Polly is again eligible.

Then there was Billie Dove, who won her final decree from Irvin Willat and who is confidently expected to become Mrs. Howard Hughes. Gloria Swanson's divorce from her third spouse, the Marquis Henri de la Coudray de la Falaise, likewise became final, her previous ventures being Wally Beery and Herbert Somborn. So far, while Gloria never lacks an escort, we have failed to scent another matrimonial venture.

But the Marquis did, for a while, seem to be about to make a Marquise of Constance Bennett, whose divorce from Phil Plante, millionaire playboy, had provided her with a \$1,000,000 settlement. He seems to have been supplanted by Joel McCrea but Connie says she is going to match Phil Plante's million with one of her own before she ventures matrimony again.

Joan Bennett, her sister, divorced from John Fox, seemed to be about to marry John Considine, ex-fiancé of Carmen Pantages, but now we are not so sure. Still, Joan did make an airplane flight to a desert resort where John was renewing an interest in Miss Pantages, that was never really explained.

Other divorces maturing this year were those of the Tom Mixes, Robert Ames, and Lina Basquette-Pev Marleys. Tom's was his second marriage, Victoria Forde—his first having been Olive Stokes. Robert Ames had been through the divorce mill at least four times before—and now Helen



Louise Fazenda and Hal Wallis are in a fair way to join the Darby-and-Joans of Hollywood. They have been married for some time and besides he's her boss at the Warner Brothers studio.

Lambert is no longer his. He is rushing Ina Claire. Lina Basquette, widow of Sam Warner, married and parted from J. Peverell Marley within a year.

William Powell was a divorcé of 1930 and now has taken Carole Lombard for better or worse. Lewis Stone, for so long the husband of Florence Oakley, married Hazel Woof in 1930 and so far all seems well.

Pola Negri's marriage to Prince Serge Mdivani was dissolved in Paris this year. Pola's first was a Count Domski of Poland. She says both husbands caught her love on the rebound after the tragic death of great lovers (meaning Valentino in the last case). Pola told us she was going to marry a grand American business man when she first returned to Hollywood, but later said she was never, never going to marry ever any more. Serge, on the other hand, married Mary McCormick, the opera singer, right away.

It was a Hollywood tragedy when Colleen Moore and John McCormick separated: everyone knew how deeply Colleen had loved her John. That gentleman hastened to be reported engaged to half a dozen

damsels, including Mae Clark and Dorothy Mackaill, but finally married a society woman, Mrs. Gattis. A short month later they had parted, and John was telling the world he still loved Colleen. Colleen's attitude was discreet, but implied "Oh, yeah?" She merely said John was "just a silly boy."

Jocelyn Lee's marriage to Luther Reed did not last a year. At this writing Dorothy Lee and Jimmy Fidler, regarded as still honeymooners and, only last month, talking about adopting a baby, are talking divorce.

Noah Beery separated from Marguerite Abbott. Cliff Edwards won his case against his Irene after a hard fought battle. Theodore Von Eltz finally won out in his argument with Mrs. Von Eltz, winning custody of the child.

Dorothy Mackaill has been nearly taking a third husband all the year. She was one of the suggested new spouses for Colleen's John McCormick after her divorce from Lothar Mendes. Cannot keep track of all the chaps Dorothy nearly married but it got so the city editors kept her name in type. And as for Lothar, it is pretty well settled that when Lady Inverclyde finally

wins her divorce from his lordship, her next name will be Mrs. Mendes. But as the Reno divorce will never be recognized in England, she will have to renounce her native land forever. Douglas McLean married again in March—Lorraine Eddy—his first having been Faith Cole. Dorothy Gish still seems to be getting along nicely with James Rennie, although there have been hints of temperament. Pauline Starke has just won a divorce from Jack White after much acrimony. Among less well-known members of the film colony there have been over twenty divorces. If this sort of thing goes on, it will bring the total for this year far in excess of the 37 divorces in the film colony for 1930!

Elissa Landi is married to an English barrister named J. C. Lawrence and does not seem to have gone Hollywood yet. Two genuine widows who have not yet taken consolation to themselves are Doris Kenyon (Mrs. Milton Sills), and Mary Astor (Mrs. Kenneth Hawks). Charlie Chaplin has remained free of entangling alliances, even if they did try to get him engaged again in Europe. Georgia Hale

remains his best girl friend in Hollywood. Maurice Chevalier still has his same Yvonne Vallée (Paris revue star) for wife. We haven't succeeded in marrying Betty Compson (Mrs. James Cruze) to Hugh Trevor yet, although we've done our best for them. Nancy Carroll, before the ink is dry on her divorce decree from James Kirkland, sinks for the second time as Mrs. Bolton Mallory, having taken a magazine editor for spouse. Josephine Dunn is in the throes of divorcing Clyde Great-house as we write. Katherine Macdonald is likewise demanding court relief from her millionaire spouse, Christian Holmes. And we all remember how Duncan Renaldo was sued for divorce the moment he returned from Africa with the "Trader Horn" company, Edwina Booth, the white goddess, being named as co-respondent.

And we must not forget Tallulah Bankhead's sister, Eugenia, who has just taken her sixth husband, Edward Ennis White. Brave man! However, three of her husbands were Morton Hoyt, whom she has a habit of marrying between times. Others were Lawson Butt and Howard Lee. Eu-

genia says it's because she's an incurable optimist.

We hear, too, that Marceline Day has secretly become Mrs. Arthur Klein.

Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor have reached the final parting of the ways, and the divorce trial is imminent. Louise Fazenda and Hal Wallis are in a fair way to join the Darby-and-Joans. Charlie Farrell married Virginia Valli in the Spring, Virginia's first being Demarest Lamson. Eleanor Hunt married Rex Lease in April, and Corliss Palmer re-married Eugene Brewster. Helen Twelvetrees took on a new spouse in Frank Woody in April, having divorced her first, Clarke Twelvetrees, exactly a year before her second plunge.

We haven't been able to do a thing about Garbo. From all accounts she persists in being unapproachable and chooses to remain unattached. But then little Clara Bow kept us properly interested, so that evens things up a bit.

Clara, by the way, made the announcement that she would marry Rex Bell if she married anyone. We'll see!

Their Favorite Ghost Stories

Continued from page 63

Gwen was doing out of bed at that hour."

"Wait till you hear mine!" cries Lilyan Tashman.

"A friend bought a duplex in a lonely stretch of country near San Francisco, and sent an SOS to me to stay with her while her husband was away on business. No one was occupying the other half of the house and her maid went home at night, so she felt nervous at being alone.

"The house was set on the edge of a ravine and was surrounded by tropical shrubbery, very dense. I didn't like the look of the place at all, and I wasn't reassured when, after the maid had left us and the fire had burned low, I noticed that Mary was listening for something.

"Presently a muffled moan came from the ravine. Mary started up.

"There it is! Every night that moaning. I can't bear it!"

"I made fun of her, but when I heard strange scuffling footsteps in the house next door, I stopped. The sounds continued—first the moaning in the ravine, then the footsteps going through the house—all night. Needless to say we sat up, me with a small revolver, until the maid came back in the morning.

"The minister's daughter's been about!" she cried, when she saw the two disheveled wrecks that greeted her. Then she explained that the other half of the house had been occupied by a minister who believed that he must kill the thing he loved in order to prove his devotion to God. Quite insane, of course. He had crept into his daughter's room, strangled her and thrown her into the ravine. All night she moaned, but the neighbors thought it just the wind. In the dawn, he was discovered a raving maniac and she was dead."

Lily Damita's favorite ghost story concerns an old French castle that lies in ruins by the Seine.

"It was said to be haunted by the shades of those who had been butchered during the revolution, and only tourists would enter. By day, nothing ever happened, but by night during half a century seven tourists jumped from a high window and dashed themselves on the rocks below.

"A band of practical people who went through the place one night claimed to have discovered the solution to the suicides, but



Ronald Colman caught in a relaxed moment in "The Unholy Garden," by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur.

no local residents accept it. They said that in a high room there is cut into the wall a plaque of a monk's face; by some action of age and damp, the paint on the face has become phosphorescent and so in the dark it looks like a skull. Directly opposite the face is what looks like a doorway into a dimly lit room. But it isn't. It is a window that has served as doorway to heaven or hell for the seven frightened tourists. The rocks are more than a hundred feet below."

"Uncomfortable things to have about the

house," is Louise Fazenda's pronouncement on warnings. She had one herself.

"I bought a lithograph of Lola Montez, Spanish dancer, some years ago. It fascinated me and I read everything I could get hold of about her—how she had dozens of European men at her feet, had the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria as lover, etc., before she came to western mining camps.

"One day I was resting alone at home, perhaps half asleep, when I seemed to feel that there was someone else in the room. I opened my eyes. There by the bookcase was a woman with sad eyes. Somehow I recognized her as Lola Montez, although she was older than her picture and seemed wiser and most unhappy.

"I screamed and she vanished. Then I shook myself and tried to believe I'd dreamt it, but three days later a relative I loved died.

"Again I dreamt (if that is what happened) of Lola and again some disaster befell. Then I decided not to put up with her, gave away her picture, stopped reading of her—and have never seen her since."

When Russell Gleason was a little boy, the family lived for a short time at Piedmont, California. The store room on the top floor seemed to hold a special fear for the child and he could not be induced to go near it.

One day, when his mother had house guests, Russell was naughty and his mother decided to lock him up for half an hour. The only room available was the store room and here Russell was conducted, trembling. Scarcely had he heard the key turn in the lock than he went into violent hysterics and a doctor was summoned.

It was some weeks later that Mrs. Gleason learned that the house had been the scene of a brutal murder and the body had lain in the storeroom for a week before it was discovered.

June Collyer confesses that she used to believe in ghosts until—

"We lived in a house set in a pine grove, where the trees moaned during storms, and I was always hearing something, much to my brother's disgust. One moonlit night, the pines wakened me with their moaning and I saw a beam glaring at me from the hearth—no real light, just a beam. I thought of Dickens' story of the veil man

peering through the door, sending a beam into the eye of the man whom he intended to kill.

"Next night, the same thing happened. I was nearly frozen with fear. Suddenly there was a loud bang and a crash—something fell into the fireplace and lay shattered, but I could see it from my bed—a broken mirror—another evil sign!

"When I told the story at breakfast, my brother grinned. At length he confessed that he had fixed a mirror on the chimney top so that the moon's rays reflected down the chimney into my fireplace. The wind tumbled the mirror down and it fell into my room. And now I don't believe in ghosts!"

Carmel Myers says her ghost was a joke. She was playing a vaudeville engagement in Newark, N. J., and was waiting in her dressing room when she heard her brother's voice. She ran to the door, but saw no one. Zion Myers was in California. She heard it again, and ran to the window. There was no mistake. It was Zion's voice. One of the dog comedies was being run off at a talkie theatre next door, and she had recognized Zion's voice speaking for one of the dogs in the picture!

Irene Dunne's father was captain of a Mississippi steamboat so it's not strange that her favorite ghost story concerns a sternwheeler.

"This boat had an evil reputation. Once a cargo of slaves had been roasted to death on it during a fire; several duels had been fought on its decks; suicide and murder had taken their toll of life on it. Then it was bought by a river-going Bluebeard, who was said to have killed several wives in its cabins, throwing their bodies overboard and claiming they had drowned themselves in terror of the haunted craft. He was tried but never convicted.

"But a girl of New Orleans won his love and utterly dominated him until she tired of him and took a rich man in his place. This rich man bought the boat, ejected the captain and arranged for a honeymoon on the vessel, inviting women and gamblers of New Orleans.

"The boat steamed up the river, but never came back and now on black nights people say they hear a ghostly whistle when dark deeds are under way. But others say that the captain stole aboard and piloted the boat back to sea where she was lost."

The favorite Hallowe'en tale of Irving Pichel deals with a miserly man who deserted his wife and small son when he came into a fortune. Twenty years later, the wealthy old man married a gold-digging actress who insisted that he build a mansion on Long Island.

A young architect was employed to design the place and a year was devoted to its building before the couple moved in with their servants. But when night came, there arrived simultaneously strange sounds of scraping chains, moans and sighs. When a wall slid open, sent forth a shaft of light and closed a split second, the servants left in a mass. On the second night the actress deserted the house in hysterics and refused to return.

The old man would not leave a place on which he had spent so much money so he remained, with one attendant, for seven years, seeing no one. No one knows whether he was frightened or not, but after his death the house was dismantled and the ghostly goings-on were found to be matters of architectural trickery. The man who had built the mansion was his long-forgotten son, who had thus avenged his mother's sorrow.

DeWitt Jennings rode the range in Wyoming, when he was a lad, and there heard the story that introduced him to his ghost.

Cattle rustlers were working in that territory in the early days, and one night the marauder was caught by a group of cow-

boys. The rustler broke away from them, leaped to his horse and shot at Joe, a young cow puncher, whose return shot went through the rustler's sombrero.

With blood streaming from his wound, Joe rode after the fleeing rustler, crying: "My curse on you and may you ride till doomsday!" fired another bullet that went to the rustler's heart, instantly killing him, and fell back dead himself.

Ever after that, the rustler's ghost rode the range in chaps and sombrero, his horse all lathered and fiery-eyed, the bullet hole still in his hat.

The first time DeWitt heard the story, he had a long hard ride to make alone after leaving the campfire. On his way home, his horse shied, and looking to see what had caused it, he glimpsed a horse and rider that seemed to gallop through the air, the horse all lathered under the spurs, the rider wearing chaps and sombrero, an old-fashioned revolver and having a white, featureless face. As he looked, the two of them vanished.

Did he imagine it, or did he really see them? He never knew.

A tale that always thrills Ann Harding, when told in proper dusk, is that of a house in Hollywood.

A girl named Judy spent a week-end there and swears that this is so.

A glassed-in sun porch led off the dining room, next to the butler's pantry. At noon, on the day of Judy's arrival, as she passed through the dining room she heard the clink of glasses and the sound of water being poured. Being thirsty, she ran to the porch, but found no one there.

The next day, the same thing happened

and Judy stood bewildered, trying to locate the sound.

"Hearing our daily ghost?" asked another guest. "The water is on the ice box in the butler's pantry. I asked the maid about it and she told me her orders were to leave it there at noon each day, but she has never seen anyone drink from it."

Judy sought explanation from her hostess who said that the water was so placed to placate an active ghost. It seems that a cousin had committed suicide on the sun porch, dying in agony while she begged for water. For some reason the water had been turned off, temporarily, and water could not be brought in time. Shortly after her death, serious disturbances began in the sun porch and pantry, the maids left and no one could live in the house until a spiritualist suggested that a pitcher of ice water be left on the ice box at noon—the time the cousin had died—each day. After which, except for the sound of pouring water and the clink of ice, there was no disturbance.

Marguerite Churchill believes that the Phantom Drummer of Hurstmonceaux Castle in Sussex, England, is her favorite ghost. The Phantom Drummer, she declares, took it upon himself to keep an eye on love affairs of beautiful damosels. If a girl in the castle even thought of doing something indiscreet, he would bring out his drum; everyone knew what the sound of the drum meant, and gossip began.

If the girl still persisted, she was invariably found dead. No one ever saw anything but the drum and the drummer's forearm, shining with pale-blue radiance!

And Maureen O'Sullivan can't make up her mind which ghost she likes best, since



Just between us girls! Pola Negri and Bebe Daniels were fast friends in the silent days, and now the two lovely brunettes stage a reunion. You'll see Pola in her talkie debut before long. Bebe keeps up the good work in "Honor of the Family."

so many intrigue her Irish fancy.

There's Jane Seymour, who died after the birth of Edward VI, who moans as she walks through the Silver Stick Gallery at Hampton Court Palace; there's Catherine Howard, another wife of Henry VIII, who goes shrieking along the Haunted Gallery

in the same palace, just as she did at her arrest when her husband paid no attention to her shrieks.

There's another ghost at this palace—Mrs. Penn, foster mother of the orphaned prince, Jane's son. She was a favorite of the prince's father and on his death was given

apartments in the palace. After she died, a monument was erected to her memory, but later on when they pulled down the church her tomb was disturbed and she has haunted the palace ever since.

"Don't you love that?" says Maureen O'Sullivan.

The Successful Mr. Menjou

Continued from page 66

gusto. "I've been working for a solid week and a half," he announced with, we imagine, a bit of a swagger, "and I wouldn't be surprised if the Vitagraph people gave me a steady job." And although at that time Menjou missed a contract, he worked more or less steadily for the next nineteen years, only seven months of this period being spent on the stage, vaudeville.

Now he rates as an outstanding success, both artistically and financially, as well as mentally. And, furthermore, he could have been successful in any other line of endeavor that he might have chosen. For he possesses a vitality, a persistency, personality and ability that simply can't be downed. He is more than a competent artist, being a first class business man as well: a sane, intelligent, provident fellow who snorts derisively when one inquires about his early struggles.

"Any stories about the hardships I'm supposed to have experienced are vastly exaggerated; for I have never had any. Father provided handsomely when I went to school. In fact, he assisted until I started to click in pictures. Of course I've worked, and worked hard, but that's not exactly a hardship. I can recall but one time in my life that I was actually short of cash, and that was one night in New York when I took a thirty-cent room at the Mills Hotel. But even then I wasn't particularly worried about finances. I admit that I had a rather lonely night of it, but anyone will tell you that under certain conditions New York can be the loneliest spot in the world. You see, I've always endeavored to save a certain percent of my salary, thereby forestalling any financial crisis, and I've succeeded in saving considerable."

When asked if he were in pictures simply because of the money, he at first complained that my question wasn't fair, but finally he admitted that he was: most definitely.

"But naturally," his words raced on—this fellow's thoughts travel like lightning and he talks just twice as fast—"I enjoy my work. A man's a fool to do anything he doesn't enjoy—if he can avoid it. Just for example, take the case of an artist who is passionately fond of painting. Now if he's a good artist, imbued with a certain amount of luck, he'll make money; and if he isn't a good artist imbued with luck, he'd best acquire a passion for plumbing."

Which is pretty good advice for anyone. You can't miss being a success, according to Menjou, if you work hard and intelligently, and happen to be shot with luck.

Insofar as he, himself, is concerned, he'd leave pictures flat if he had an independent income. "And then I suppose I'd travel," he supposes rather vaguely, "and go sight-seeing—and meet people, and things like that—"

But personally I think Menjou would be lost without a job of some sort. There is a vital, sensitive driving force in the man that prohibits prolonged idleness. It is this force that kept boosting him on toward success, after his début in 1912.

Every year he made more money, and acquired better parts, until finally just be-



Rich Melton is one of the boys answering the call, "New Men Wanted in the Movies." Looks like the strong, manly type. Here's luck, Rich!

fore the war he was given a contract by Paramount in New York. After joining the Ambulance Corps and going to Europe as a private and returning a Captain, he tried producing for a while only to give it up in favor of "A Woman of Paris," following the release of which he was definitely established and starred in eleven successful Paramount pictures.

It seemed as though Menjou had won his fight to success: waiter to movie star—and rumor has it that for the first and only time in his life, his head became about three sizes too big for an elephant; which was unfortunate, especially since the public suddenly tired, not of Menjou himself, but of the Menjou story.

"You've no idea how happy I am now that I'm only being featured," he exclaimed last January when I first made his acquaintance. "The responsibilities of stardom are something I shall hereafter avoid desperately. Just picking stories alone is enough to drive a star wild. And besides that, a featured player stays in the money longer, the reason being that since the public sees so little of him it forgets to grow tired. And furthermore I have no desire to direct—why," he inquired most reasonably, "should a well-paid featured player take on the responsibilities of directing until he has to?" Why, indeed?

But to sneak back to the final days of his stardom: as though to deliberately multiply his troubles, the talkies came in; and with a flip of his heels and no kiss for Zukor, Menjou went out. After spending a year or so in Paris, he returned to Hollywood where he made his first talkie for Pathé, a Frencher called "Mon Gosse de Pere," and according to Horton this adds

up to "My Kid of a Papa" although after perusing the translation it seems a bit on the free edge.

After this picture he was given an M-G-M contract for featured rôles, as advertised. Now, however, it looks as though he were to be starred again. And from what I could gather a few weeks ago, he's rather looking forward to it. His new argument being that the public has again become star-minded, and that the talking picture gives him more latitude for enacting a variety of rôles, which should greatly help toward insuring his continued popularity. And after taking a breath, I must say that I think he's dead right.

Once again Menjou is scooping in the large gold. Naturally he's delighted about it. And he'll be in the money for years to come, in one capacity or another, for he thoroughly knows his job. He makes it his business to study every angle of the motion picture industry, both here and abroad. Nothing sneaks by his keen perception, no problem is too difficult for his comprehension, although if he doesn't stop worrying about the foreign situation he's going to run himself ragged.

Menjou, personally, is a charming Babbitt. He passes up the Hollywood night life, preferring his home, his few but solid friends, his wife and garden and books and kennel of Sealyhams. He plays light amiable tennis, swims a bit, and talks whenever he gets a chance. Delightfully. Magnetically. And furiously fast. And watching him the other evening out at the Garden of Allah as he perched precariously on the edge of the swimming pool and balanced a plate of salad on a knee, a cup of coffee in one hand and a cigarette in the other, all the while talking like lightning to Lila Lee only strengthened my suspicion that he was something of a juggler.

And while this suave juggler is happily married to the gorgeous Kathryn Carver, he insists that marriage is the most dangerous venture left to mankind. "The marriage laws nowadays don't give you a chance, especially from alimony hunters. You either gamble or remain single. How do you know, you're going to be able to live with a certain woman until you try it out? There'll either be radical changes in our divorce laws or Free Love will come in with a bang that will make our reformers tremble in their boots!"

And speaking of boots, Menjou is just about the best-dressed man in town, although he is by no stretch of the imagination, dapper. If it weren't for the vital, fiery energy forever seething about in the fellow he might even be termed dignified. At least it was with consummate dignity that he told me he was very much against his wife re-entering pictures.

"We hardly see each other as it is," he complained. "If she started out on another career, we'd never be together!" It is quite obvious that he loves his wife and his home and Hollywood (although he claims that a person should get away for three months every year no matter where he lived)—but he points out that true happiness does

"I don't mind your knowing it...
I am 37"
SAYS MARJORIE RAMBEAU

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declares years need not
rob you of Youth...*

"I REALLY AM 37 years old," says Marjorie Rambeau, M. G. M. star. "And I don't mind admitting it because nowadays it isn't birthdays that count.

"The woman who knows how to keep the freshness of youth can be charming at most any age. Stage and screen stars *must* keep their youthful charm.

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* * *

Marjorie Rambeau's complexion secret is shared by countless other beautiful stars of the stage and screen!

In Hollywood of the 613 leading actresses, including all stars, actually 605 use this fragrant white soap. It is official in all the film studios.

Your skin should have this gentle, luxurious care! You will want to keep it youthfully smooth and fresh just as the famous stars do.



MARJORIE RAMBEAU. A recent photograph of this lovely stage favorite, who has become a popular screen star. She is appearing currently in *The Secret Six*.

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

not exist, especially for an intelligent man. "It's an absolute curse to be intelligent," he told me one noon, startling me with his whirlwind delivery. "And the more intelligent you are, the less chance you have for any sort of happiness at all. Life's so futile! If you're lucky you may make a material success, but there's nothing lasting about it. About the only thing for man to achieve is an adequate philosophy, and that's

almost impossible. And even though you should find a bit of happiness, sooner or later you definitely pay for it with sorrow—you pay for every solitary thing you get. Ignorant people, of course, don't know when they're paying—and since what you don't know doesn't hurt you, only the ignorant are happy. Which is the beauty of being dumb."

And which Menjou most certainly isn't.

"You work and grow old," the suave Mr. Menjou continued, but I caught a glint in his eye. "Here I'm going on forty—ten years more and I'll be fifty—then sixty—then—Ah, yes, life's a very futile thing at best. And as I say, I don't know what you're supposed to get out of it—but God help you if you don't get money!"

True enough—yet Adolphe, despite his handicapping intelligence, hasn't done badly.

Tallulah, Herself!

Continued from page 57

schooling had left its mark on me. Besides, I was terribly superstitious—still am. I still pray instinctively when I find myself in a tight place, and it comforts me. Though, mind you, I don't approve of myself when I do it. The rational part of me keeps insisting it's all wrong—like trying to bribe God."

Whatever the reason, she managed to get her way. Aunt Louise departed, but Tallulah stayed on in New York. She'd land a good part now and then, and she'd rate a good notice now and then, but she couldn't have been called a startling success on the stage. Just successful enough to be able to persuade her father that she was going to be more so.

But if she wasn't a theatrical sensation, she was, most emphatically and brilliantly, a social rage. New York's gayest and smartest took her to their hearts. Her radiant young beauty, her daring, her wit, her zest for life and laughter became a byword.

"You are the little threads of red that run through the dull gray pattern of a Persian rug," Frank Crowninshield, publisher of *Vanity Fair*, wrote her. "You are the figure of Pierrot amid a company of tragic muses." Her *mots* and her exploits were treasured like jewels, and you weren't really in the know unless you could repeat "Tallulah's latest." She was the toast and the darling of Gotham's artistic elite.

Then the inevitable happened. She fell in love. It wasn't the first time, but it was the most serious time—either before or since. It was the only time that she doesn't like to talk about. The man she loved had to go to England, and England naturally became for Tallulah the only green and lovely spot in a desert world.

Therefore a letter which she received about that time from Charles B. Cochran, the English producer, came like a voice from Paradise. Mr. Cochran had recently returned to London from New York, and had shown a photograph of Tallulah to Sir Gerald du Maurier who needed an American girl for his new play, "The Dancers."

"I have told the part-authororess and Sir Gerald," wrote Mr. Cochran, "that I think you are the goods. They are quite excited about you, and I think there is but little doubt that if you care to take the risk of coming over, you will be engaged. In any case, your expenses will be paid."

Ten minutes after she had opened that letter, Tallulah's cable was singing its way back to London. Within a couple of hours all her circle was buzzing with the news that Sir Gerald du Maurier had sent for her to come to London, and two days later her passport was in her hands. Returning that night from a party to the hotel, she found in her letter-box a cable from Cochran: "Terribly sorry. Du Maurier has changed plans."

"That is, it looked like a cable," she says. "But it was in effect a blackjack ap-

plied with accuracy and force to the most delicate section of my head."

Mercifully dazed for the moment, she reached the room that she shared with a friend.

"Tallulah!" screamed the friend at sight of her face. "What is it?" Then Tallulah's stony countenance twitched and broke, and Tallulah's anguish found expression in a storm of hysterics that brought the manager knocking in terror at her door.

When the storm had died down to a series of sobs, Tallulah's friend, who seems to have been blessed with wisdom beyond her years, sat down on the bed beside her and gave her, instead of the sympathy she expected, a verbal drubbing.

"What in heaven's name are you sniveling for?" she demanded. "What earthly difference does that idiotic cable make? You've got your passport and a perfectly good pair of legs, and the ship's still sailing. Go anyway, you fool!"

Slowly a rumpled head came up out of the pillow, slowly a light dawned in the tear-drenched eyes and broke out over the swollen face.

But Tallulah doesn't exaggerate when she calls herself superstitious. Next day she paid a professional call on Evangeline Adams, the star-gazer, and Evangeline Adams told her solemnly, "Go to England, my child, if you have to swim there." That settled it. She cabled Cochran: "I'm

coming anyway," and then she went to General Coleman Dupont, an old friend of her father.

She told him the whole story and when she had finished, she said: "I'm going to England. I've got to go to England. Will you lend me a thousand dollars? I'm going, if you lend it to me or not," and burst into tears.

"And that dear, dear sweet man," says Tallulah, as grateful now as she was on the day it happened, "said 'all right' and gave it to me. You see, I didn't dare tell Daddy that I had no contract. I was under age and I knew he'd never let me go. As a matter of fact, I didn't tell anyone. No one knew except General Dupont and this one friend with whom I lived. I'd gone around bragging to half New York about this marvelous offer. Could I eat crow now and have them think that I wasn't good enough for the part, pitying me to my face and sniggering at me behind my back? Not this baby!"

So she paid no attention to an urgent cable from Cochran, begging her to stay where she was. She sailed regardless and, on arriving in London, settled herself with characteristic lordliness at the Ritz.

Next day she lunched with Cochran, who was severe on the surface but chuckling underneath.

"I haven't told Du Maurier you were coming," he said, "because I didn't be-



David Manners is telling his most enthusiastic admirer how much he enjoyed his rôle in "The Last Flight." Read all about the Manners lad on page 130.

This seal answers the question:

“what toothpaste should I use?”

What is this seal?

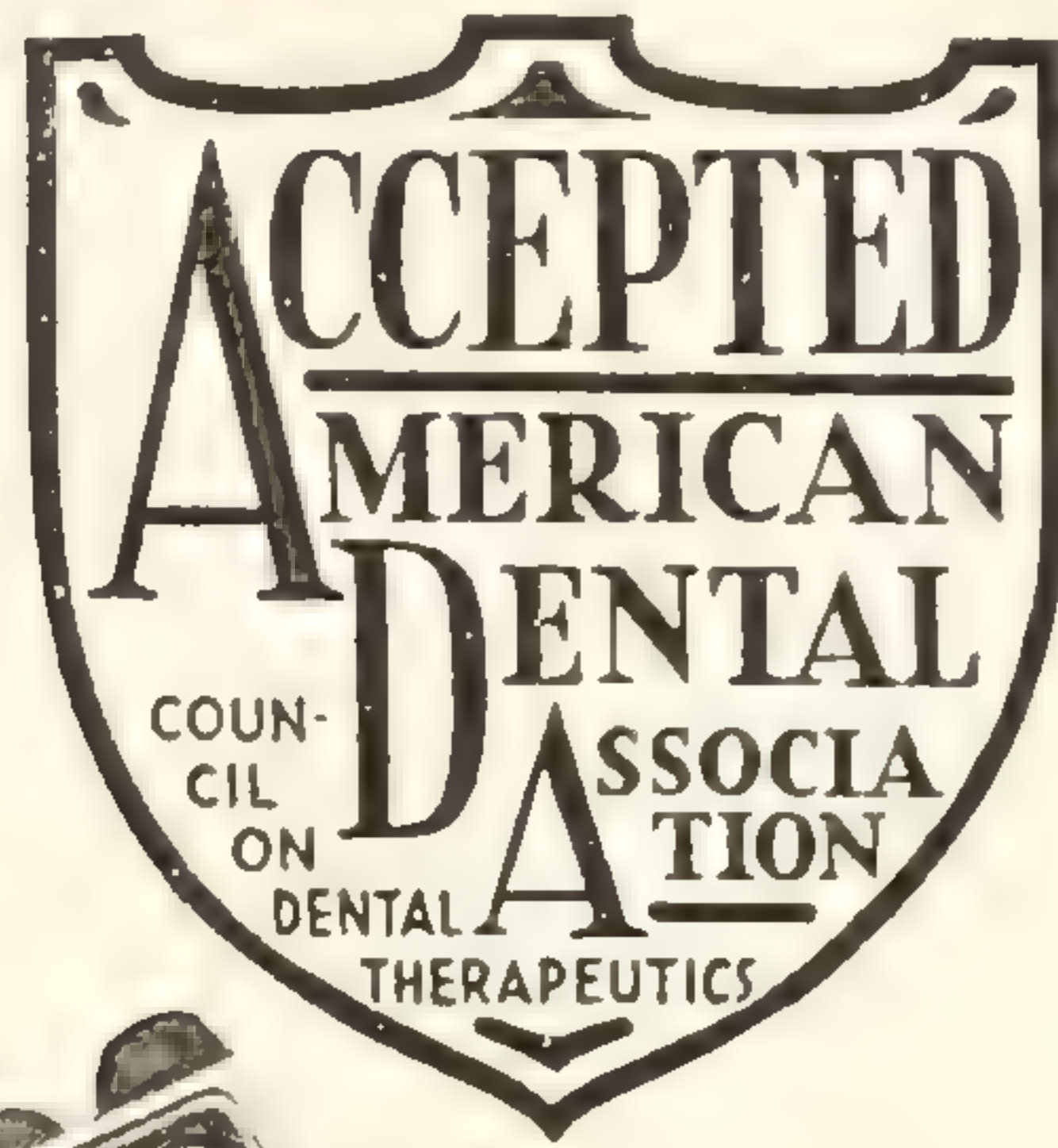
It is the seal of acceptance of the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics.

What is the Council on Dental Therapeutics?

This Council is composed of 13 prominent men of science, appointed by the American Dental Association, and chosen for their outstanding ability in various branches of modern dentistry. Its purpose is to analyze the composition of dental products, such as toothpastes, and pass upon the claims that are made for them. The Council has no interest whatsoever in the sale of any product. Its only interest is to serve the dental profession and the public—to act as a guide.

What is the meaning of this seal?

This seal identifies products which have been passed on by the Council. When found on a toothpaste, it means that the composition of this toothpaste has been submitted to the Council, and that its claims have been found acceptable.



Colgate's bears this seal

Climaxing 30 years of leadership, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics.

Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other toothpaste ever made.

This famous dentifrice stands alone. It has healthfully and completely cleansed more peo-

ple's teeth than any other dentifrice in the world.

Colgate's sells for a low price—but only because it is sold in overwhelming volume. It is the quality of Colgate's—and quality alone—that has held its leadership for years and years.

Be guided by the seal of acceptance. Use Colgate's to keep your teeth healthfully and completely clean.

**Colgate's
costs only
25c**

lieve it myself. What I ought to do is put you on the next steamer back, but since you're here, I'll take you round to see him."

They went to the theatre and, without explanation or comment, Mr. Cochran introduced Tallulah to the great Sir Gerald.

Tallulah smiled sweetly. "How do you do?" she said. "Here I am, all ready for rehearsal."

Sir Gerald remained unimpressed. "Rehearsal?" he inquired. "Didn't you get a cable?"

"Cable?" Tallulah looked blank. "What cable?"

"Telling you not to come."

"Why, no!" she said, eyes wide with disappointment. "I received no cable."

"Well, I'm terribly sorry." Sir Gerald was polite but unmoved. "A cable was sent. And I have another girl rehearsing the part."

"Oh, that's quite all right," said Tallulah, trying to give an imitation of a Spartan, bearing up nobly under a mortal blow. "It doesn't matter. I'm glad to be in England anyway. And maybe," she added ami-

ably, "the other girl will break a leg or something."

A few days later she and Sir Gerald were both dinner guests at the Cochrans. It was a little scheme, hatched by the kind Mr. Cochran, to show Tallulah off in evening dress. Whether it was her evening dress or her social charm, whether Sir Gerald was being worn down by pressure, or whether it was simply that the other girl was doing a rotten job, has never been revealed. It didn't matter. All that mattered was a telephone call next day from Du Maurier's manager, asking Tallulah if she still wanted the part.

And so, in "The Dancers," she made her London debut and an instantaneous hit. As her first curtain fell, she heard a terrific noise from beyond, and her heart sank. She had been warned of the English practice of booing—a horrid clamor raised by the galleries to indicate their displeasure with what had been offered them. She couldn't hear any applause—nothing but that hideous racket—so they must be booing her.

"Nice!" she thought, as her head began to swim. "Interesting experience! That's what I came to England for!"

Then she felt herself being propelled by an excited manager toward the stage, and with the rising curtain came the delicious realization that the "hideous racket" was really the most heavenly sound in the world to an actor's ears, and that this dear London audience, far from booing her, was welcoming her with round after round of full-throated and magnificent applause.

"I couldn't understand it," she says, "and to be perfectly honest, I still can't understand it. I think I'm good," she went on with that engaging candor that flavors her remarks like a piquant sauce, "but I don't think I'm as good as all that. Anyway, it was then and there I decided that I loved and adored and worshipped London, and never since has London given me any cause to change my mind."

Next Month: After Putting London in her Pocket, the Lure of the Talkies Brings Tallulah Home Again!

Lew Cody's Corned-Beef and Cabbage Dinners

Continued from page 10

for hours. Potatoes, carrots and turnips are added.

For the dessert course there are cheeses of every variety, with crackers. Half a dozen mustard pots, with contents of varying degrees, are placed on the table for these dinners. Coffee is served with the cheeses.

Each place is marked with a small pill box filled with bicarbonate of soda!

There is never any planned entertainment for these occasions. But before the evening is over there is usually an impromptu vaudeville show going on.

Nick Lucas is a frequent guest, the melodies from his guitar silencing the chatter in the cellar room.

The voice of the late Ernest Ball singing his "Mother Machree" many times stopped every bridge, pool and checker game in the room.

George MacManus has been there and left behind as a souvenir a can of Dinty Moore's Corned Beef and Cabbage, a product which his cartoon's made famous.

O. O. McIntyre has teetered a chair on the cement floor in a corner and reminisced on the tour of Paris he made with Cody.

Valentino was once a frequent guest at the corned beef dinners. Pola Negri was another.

Buster Keaton, Norman Kerry and Marshall Neilan are there for every c.b.c. dinner, with daily visits on the side.

Roscoe Arbuckle is another long-time friend of Lew's usually to be found on the corned-beef-and-cabbage dinner guest list.

"Quite a few of these people know that corned-beef-and-cabbage for dinner on Saturday night means corned beef hash for breakfast the following morning," said Cody. "So they just 'drop in' around breakfast time."

Just as much thought is put into the "background" and incidental highlights accompanying these festivities. There was the time when a visiting magazine publisher was guest of honor at one of these odoriferous feeds.

Shortly before the arrival of the chief guest, Cody and his butler spread a continuous line of magazines from the drive-



Lily Damita makes even organdie look sophisticated. Note the tricky black vest, gloves and large hat and don't miss that watch-fob. Very chic, Lily.

way to the front door. Every magazine but the guest's particular one was represented in the layout.

"This man looked pretty forlorn by the time he got inside the front door!" laughed Cody.

Another special and individual feature further added to the publisher's bewilderment after the dinner party was under way. A radio announcer cut into a program with the important news item that Mr. So-and-So was wanted by the Hollywood police for grand larceny.

The guest of honor, dismayed almost to the point of being speechless, hurried to the telephone and called his wife, visiting relatives in a nearby suburb, telling her to pay no attention to the radio broadcast about him—that there must be some mistake.

It was a very sheepish guest of honor who learned afterward that one of Cody's servants was doing "special broadcasting" from a microphone located upstairs.

There is another individual, popular if not highly important, who attends every corned beef party that Lew Cody gives. Invitation, or no invitation, "Traffic" is always on the spot; waiting for a few licks to compensate the long wait; and he never fails to get them.

"Traffic" is the fox terrier that stopped Cody's car in the midst of Beverly Hills traffic several years ago. The dog, then a pup, climbed right up into Lew's automobile and into his heart. And has remained there ever since, at the present time educating a new puppy that no wait is too long when there are corned beef fragments as a reward.

The new pup has been called "Odd"—after O. O. McIntyre, whose friends call him that. There may be no connection, but there was that time McIntyre published Lew Cody's telephone number in his column, suggesting that Cody enjoyed telephone conversation after 4 o'clock in the morning. The phone rang constantly for a whole day. Then Cody had his number changed, keeping the new number secret from all newspaper columnists, both friends and enemies!

CURVES MUST BE ENCOURAGED... BUT NOT TOO GENEROUSLY



LEILA HYAMS, lovely Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, is equally charming in sports and evening wear. For tennis, she wears a three-piece ensemble—with sweater, pleated skirt, and cardigan jacket. For riding, she chooses open-neck, short-sleeved shirts tucked under slenderizing jodphurs. And for evening, she prefers a sophisticated gown of black lace.



THE boyish figure belongs to yesterday. Curves have come back in fashion. . . . Not too pronounced, not too slight . . . but delicate, subtle, captivating.

Never was a good figure more important than for these modern feminine costumes.

And a good figure is not so difficult . . . if you diet and exercise wisely. But be sure you protect youth and

beauty by avoiding the dangers of most starvation menus . . . dietary anemia . . . and improper elimination.

There is a safe, pleasant way. Just eat two tablespoonfuls daily of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. This delicious ready-to-eat cereal provides the "bulk" needed for regular habits. How much better this is than taking pills or drugs—so often harmful.

You can enjoy Kellogg's ALL-BRAN day in and day out and not lose your appetite for it. Serve with milk or in fruit juices, clear soups, etc. Use it for making fluffy bran muffins, breads, omelets, etc. Recipes on the package. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. And it supplies iron, which colors cheeks healthfully. Recommended by dietitians.



Remember, there's only one ALL-BRAN, and that's Kellogg's—by far the largest-selling all-bran cereal on the market. In the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET "THE MODERN FIGURE"

Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. E-10, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

Name _____

Address _____



Buddy is a Big Boy Now

Continued from page 53

just where I stand. But I'm trying. And we'll see what happens."

That's the way Buddy tells his comeback story. He's as utterly sincere as he always has been. He's the soul of honesty. And he's frankness personified. After all, why not? He has nothing to hide. He's a clean kid, doing clean things. The biggest scandal in his life occurred several years ago—and I hope you'll pardon me if I spill it now, Buddy. I've kept your dark, dark secret confidence for years. I'm sure now that the sins of your youth won't follow you. And let's both be gentlemen and not mention her name!

Well, anyhow, here it is! There's a star in Hollywood who rolls her own and picks her own. If she sees a lad she likes, she'll 'phone a self-introduction. She's only a kid, and it's all okay the way she figures. But anyway, she has the reputation of being—say—flighty.

One evening Buddy's phone rang, and the lissome blonde in question asked our Mr. Rogers if he'd escort her to a party. And—*shhh*—any one listening?—Buddy did so! No, nothing happened—so maybe you're fooled. But the kid just got to thinking it over afterwards and decided it wasn't the thing to do. He was a little ashamed of it—like he is about cigarettes and cocktails. He hasn't done it again!

Now that's the worst I know about Buddy. Why should a kid like that be penalized? Just because he's on the square? Just because the scent of new-mown hay still clings a little to him? Would you have him travel the road of Wally Reid? Or drink himself out of opportunity like that likeable chump Jimmy Murray? Must he be a philanderer? A stay-out-all-night? Well, then!

"Who're you going with now?" I asked Rogers.

"Well, sir, just about the same bunch.



No rest! Charlie Ruggles was loafing about his country home when he was called to the Coast for another picture. Oh, well! Half a loaf, etc.

I haven't seen Charlie Farrell much since he got married to Virginia—but then, we've been passing one another on the sea. I see Richard Arlen, and then I have that same crowd of friends—fraternity brothers—that I've always had."

"What about the gals, Buddy?"

"Just June and Mary—that's about all," he replied, meaning June Collyer and Mary Brian—and now June has gone and got married on him.

"What about the future?" That seemed the next query.

"Well, sir, I don't know. I really don't. If I don't make out in the movies, I think I'll lead an orchestra. You know I like that work. That's what I would have done if I hadn't turned actor. That's what I intended to do when I left school. Maybe I will yet. I've had offers. But there are some months of picture contract left yet. And then—well—we'll see."

I asked the new, grown-up Buddy what he'd like to say to SCREENLAND Magazine readers.

"Will you please thank them all for me," he said. "I certainly appreciate the way the girls and boys have stood by me. I certainly appreciate their loyalty."

He picked up a sheaf of fan letters from a near-by table, and riffled them over.

"I take these to heart," he continued, "lots of 'em contain good advice. I credit my fan friends with having helped me to find myself—to snap out of the Fool's Paradise in which I'd been living. They told me where I was wrong—and I followed their advice."

"Just tell your readers that I thank them—and all the young folk—for their support. Tell them, too, that I'm trying hard to merit it—and to give them the kind of pictures they want from me."

And so I said good-bye to Buddy Rogers, feeling more than ever that he's a chap sisters would like their brothers to pal with—a fellow whom brothers would approve as their sisters' escort. Things being what they are, it seems to me that the movies—and the nation—could stand a lot more like Buddy. But, then, maybe I'm wrong!

Bought—Continued from page 33

a child. Stephany could not help overhearing their talk.

"Just stopped off to yell congratulations!" It was Miss Ransome's voice.

"Just wait till you see her." Charles really seemed proud.

"I've been hearing about that girl's good looks ever since she was old enough to have them."

Charles was puzzled. "How's that?"

"A former nurse of mine lived in the same house. Whenever she came to see us, she'd rave about Stephany Dale."

"Same house? That's funny."

"I suppose they were wretchedly poor," Natalie continued. "I know the mother sewed."

When Natalie had driven off, Charles stood a while looking after her, and then walked into the house thoughtfully. Stephany was waiting for him in the breakfast room.

"I've been talking to Natalie," he began.

"Oh, yes? I almost feel as though I know her. Her old nurse roomed at our house."

"Stephany—I didn't know you had to work."

"Father's pension was about one hundred dollars in American money. And,

dear—my father and mother weren't married—since you're interested in the family."

"What?"

"Does it matter?"

"Of course it matters," he said firmly.

"My dear girl, what are the papers to say in connection with our marriage—the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Whom—"

"The daughter of the late Mrs. Stephen Dale," Stephany answered calmly.

"Probably a made-up name."

"Probably."

"Stephany—I couldn't—I can't marry—"

"Of course you couldn't, Charles." She slipped the ring into the palm of his hand.

"What difference does it make if a man no better than you or I—good-bye, Charles."

"Listen, Stephany!" He sprang from his chair and took her hand. It occurred to him suddenly that perhaps he did not need to lose her after all. "You'd be crazy to ditch me. Think of all I can do for you. Anyway, I want you, darling."

"Really?"

"Let's go to Paris. We can avoid all the complications. What's the difference if we aren't married? I'll give you everything—"

Stephany stepped back and smiled. Then she slapped him sharply across the face.

"That's the first vulgar thing I've ever allowed myself to do."

WHAT happened was just what Stephany needed to make her realize that the few friends she had before she met Carter were now terribly important to her. She tried to reach Meyer by telephone, but he was in Europe. She succeeded in seeing Nicky after a few days, however. She had to tell him what happened between her and Charles. She had hoped Nicky would understand. All he could say was:

"You said you didn't love him. Love would at least have been an excuse. You sold yourself for money—position!" He was bitter about it. And it hurt her more because what he said had some truth in it.

"I think you'd better go, then, Nicky," she told him.

Stephany moved to cheaper quarters and found a job in a book store. It did not pay as much money, but she had lost all interest in clothes, somehow. And she wanted more than anything else to be quiet. She only wished she could see Meyer. He had been a real friend.

Months dragged by. In a way she was happy. She had put that other life definitely behind her. There were a few friends she could still see—and there were always books to read. When she had given up all hope of ever seeing Meyer again, she received a package of books from him. She called his house at once and

"Congratulations!

*You've truly captured
youth's own color tints in this new
Two-Tone Powder . . . Seventeen!"*

Says DOROTHY MACKAILL

A powder to imitate the actual complexion tints of youth? Yes! . . . that is the marvelous principle on which Seventeen Two-Tone Powder was created!

For the purpose of a powder is *not* to coat the skin as with a mask. Powders which dull the natural skin tints are really ageing in their effects.

The ideal seventeen-year-old complexion is *alive*. The exquisite colors come and go. The skin seems actually transparent. The color tints are fresh, radiant, subtle.

And so should be the color tints in your complexion powder! *Then* you will have naturalness, not artificiality . . . youthful delicacy, not mature dullness.

Seventeen found a way to imitate the natural color tints of youth. This principle, we call Two-Tone.

Ingredients of different weights are blended: light and heavy. The heavier powder clings closely to your skin. The lighter weight powder, on the surface, seems to take on another, lighter color tone . . . which creates a subtle overtone . . . and lends your skin the delicate transparency of youth.

There are various shades, of course, in Seventeen. Select your own, as in any other powder. *But* compare this shade with the shade you now are using! Take a little in your hand. Note the life, the radiance, of Seventeen. Then, a fluff of Seventeen on your skin. What a glorious difference! You will congratulate *yourself* on having found this Two-Tone, Youth-Tone Powder.



Seventeen



*Youth-Tone tints in
Seventeen Rouge and
Lipstick give you—with
Seventeen Two-Tone
Powder—a complete
Youth-Tone make-up!*

learned that he was at home ill. Stephany lost no time in going to him. She felt that she could never apologize enough for the way she had treated him.

He was sitting in a chair, wrapped up in blankets. His face looked ill and haggard.

She sat near him and said all the things she had wanted to say to him for months.

"Aren't you going to marry that Carter fellow?" Meyer asked her.

"No."

"Why?"



For some reason Stephany felt that Meyer and Nicky were really the realization of her childhood dreams. She knew she could count on them now that she needed them most.

"He doesn't want me."

"That must hurt, Stephany."

"Only for a minute. It didn't last. It never could have lasted."

"What was it all about then?"

"Peacock feathers. I thought I could wear them. I can't."

She picked up a book from the table.

"You have Nicky's new book."

"You've never seen my collection of first editions," he said proudly. "Go into that room there—you'll enjoy them."

When she closed the door behind her, she saw Nicky before her.

"Steph, darling!" He rushed over to her and took her hands. "I've walked my legs off trying to find you."

"Nicky!"

"The thought of you has been tormenting the soul out of me, Steph."

"I'm sorry."

"Not as sorry as I am—for what I said. Please forgive me."

"Don't say any more please, Nicky," Stephany put her arms around his neck. "I love you, Nicky. Wasn't Meyer a dear—"

"He's terribly fond of you—thinks of, talks of nobody else—Stephany—can't you suspect why? He told me not to tell—try to think!"

Stephany remembered the things he had done for her—the money he had wanted to give her—then her mother's picture which he had recognized.

"Nicky—not—my father!"

"The same. You're a lucky girl, Steph."

And for some reason Stephany felt that Meyer and Nicky were really a realization of her childhood dreams.

"Let's go to him, dear," she said. "I want to kiss my father and ask him if I may marry the dearest boy in the world!"

Dumb Like a Fox!

Continued from page 23

in refusing to return it until he had signed her on a long-term starring contract. Instead of rushing right off to Hollywood she was smart enough to spend a few months studying dancing and voice—then with her customary efficiency she arrived in Hollywood one Sunday morning three hours ahead of time; and she 'phoned poor Junior, waking him out of a sound sleep. "Hello!" she announced. "Here I am—and there wasn't a soul at the train!"

"But you can't have arrived!" Junior wailed. "Half the studio, and most of the press, not to mention myself, are all set to meet the 'Chief'!" But Sid had arrived all right! And before so very long the studio lost any doubts they might have had in the matter.

It was on Monday morning, at the crack of dawn—well, say two P.M.—that I squinted gloomily from my bedroom window only to discover great clouds of dust out Universal way. "What's the matter?" I barked over the 'phone. "Is a Santa Ana ravaging the place or has a gag-man told Junior Laemmle that 'Resurrection' filled a theatre somewhere?"

"Sidney Fox," someone gurgled, "has arrived! Would you like to meet her?"

"Well," thought I, "yes and no." However, after the dust had settled a bit I ambled out and was ushered into the Presence. And I give you my word I shall never forget my first sight of *La Petite Poupee*! Her Oh-oh but diminutive body—fifty-nine inches over all—was stretched out on a chaise longue in maddening comfort. Large, solemn brown eyes peered innocently from a pale, oval face that was

framed by a mass of jet black hair. One maid was manicuring her nails, another fiddling with her hair. With an amiable smile Sid dubbed me "Chief Portable Phonograph Winder" and amazingly enough at that very same moment I resolved to make a deep and exhaustive study of the girl, purely for the benefit of the public.

Now stop champing at the bit; I'll tell you in due time what she wants to become! For the moment let's just give her a look: All Gaul may be divided in three parts, but Hollywood is divided in two—Pro-Fox and otherwise, for Sid is the most gossiped-about star in town. And her friends greatly outnumber her enemies. One hears wild stories about her fiery uncontrollable temperament—a temperament that would make Negri, Ina Claire, or Goudal go green with envy. And if she hadn't stopped worrying about it all, she might very well have had a nervous breakdown.

Rumors to the contrary, Sid is not temperamental in the accepted sense of the word: she never goes into a tantrum and makes unreasonable demands. Being an infinitely sensitive artist, she is somewhat high-strung. When rehearsing a part her nerves climb to the very edge, and if crowded during those periods she's apt to get jumpy, a bit halter-shy, as it were. But once the actual shooting has commenced she reverts to her own sweet self: one of the most tender-hearted, amiable and charmingly cultured young stars in Hollywood. But when it comes to emulating a "good sport" she is nothing but an unmitigated flop, her inherent breeding and dignity forbidding. She loves to play prac-

tical jokes on friends, and rumor has it that she's liable to catch herself a good spanking if she doesn't watch out!

When dining in, she usually appears at table in jade-green dinner pajamas; and she could make a full meal on chicken livers and love it. She bewails the fact that guests at a dinner don't have screens placed around their plates so the mechanical business of eating could be hidden.

Her best friends are Cissie Loftus and Bridget Price, a charming Englishwoman who also acts as her companion, chaperone and guide. So far as Sid is concerned there are only three actresses in Hollywood: Joan Crawford, Sylvia Sidney and Elissa Landi. "Landi's not good," she exclaims, "she's swell!—and Jackie Cooper's the greatest actor on the screen." That, briefly, is that.

She frequently entertains at her home, but seldom if ever goes to night clubs. She has leased Montagu Love's hill-top house, a miniature castle, for which she keeps but two servants, a woman and a Filipino house boy.

"Joe doubles in brass," is her explanation. "When he wears that high white hat, he's the chef. When he goes without a hat, he's the house boy; and when he puts on that black uniform cap, he's the chauffeur." The Fox vehicle being a Ford coupé which Joe drives while Bridget and Sid squat primly in the rumble seat.

She startles one with her swift wit, and she leaves a most amazing variety of impressions among her various acquaintances and friends. Some think her an out-and-out sophisticate, but Sid insists she is not sophisticated, simply intelligent. Some con-

How to Make Up

... Your Complexion... Your Eyes... Your Lips

...to Emphasize Each Feature of Beauty

Like the Screen Stars Do

*Hollywood's Make-Up
Genius...Max Factor...
explains how you may
actually double your
beauty with a new kind
of make-up*

AS TOLD TO
FLORENCE VONDELLE



JOAN CRAWFORD,
M-G-M Star, approves her
color harmony in lipstick cre-
ated by Max Factor.



BESSIE LOVE, M-G-M Star and Max
Factor, using Face Powder.
Powder must blend perfectly with the color tone
of the skin...enlivening its beauty, but never
appearing noticeable.



GWEN LEE, M-G-M Player, and Max
Factor, using Lipstick.
Lipstick should impart a lovely, lifelike red,
blending with the rouge and powder...avoid
grotesque, glaring colors.



RACQUEL TORRES, M-G-M Player,
and Max Factor, using Rouge.
Rouge must harmonize with the complexion
colorings, and with the make-up ensemble...
avoid "off colors" which mar beauty.



ANITA PAGE, M-G-M Player, and
Max Factor, using Eye Shadow.
Eyes appear lovelier and seem to acquire a my-
sterious depth when faintly and artistically
shadowed with Eye Shadow.

"HOW to enhance beauty...how to emphasize personality...how to attract and fascinate...these are the secret problems of every woman which we in the motion picture colony have studied for twenty odd years," Max Factor told me. "And now we know the answers."

"Every girl, every woman may now benefit by what we have learned...and thus accentuate her own natural charms; yes, actually double her beauty, for she has never really learned how to be more beautiful than she is.

"And this is the art of make-up...to be more beautiful than you actually are.

"Color is the life of beauty...and color harmony is the secret of perfect make-up. This we discovered in pictures...and I created colors in cosmetics to glorify natural beauty and to harmonize with the subtle change of coloring in the different types of blondes, brunettes, red-heads and brunettes. Color tones in powder, rouge, lipstick, and the requisites of make-up...created to living types, for such ravishing beauties as Joan Crawford, Anita Page, and other famous stars.

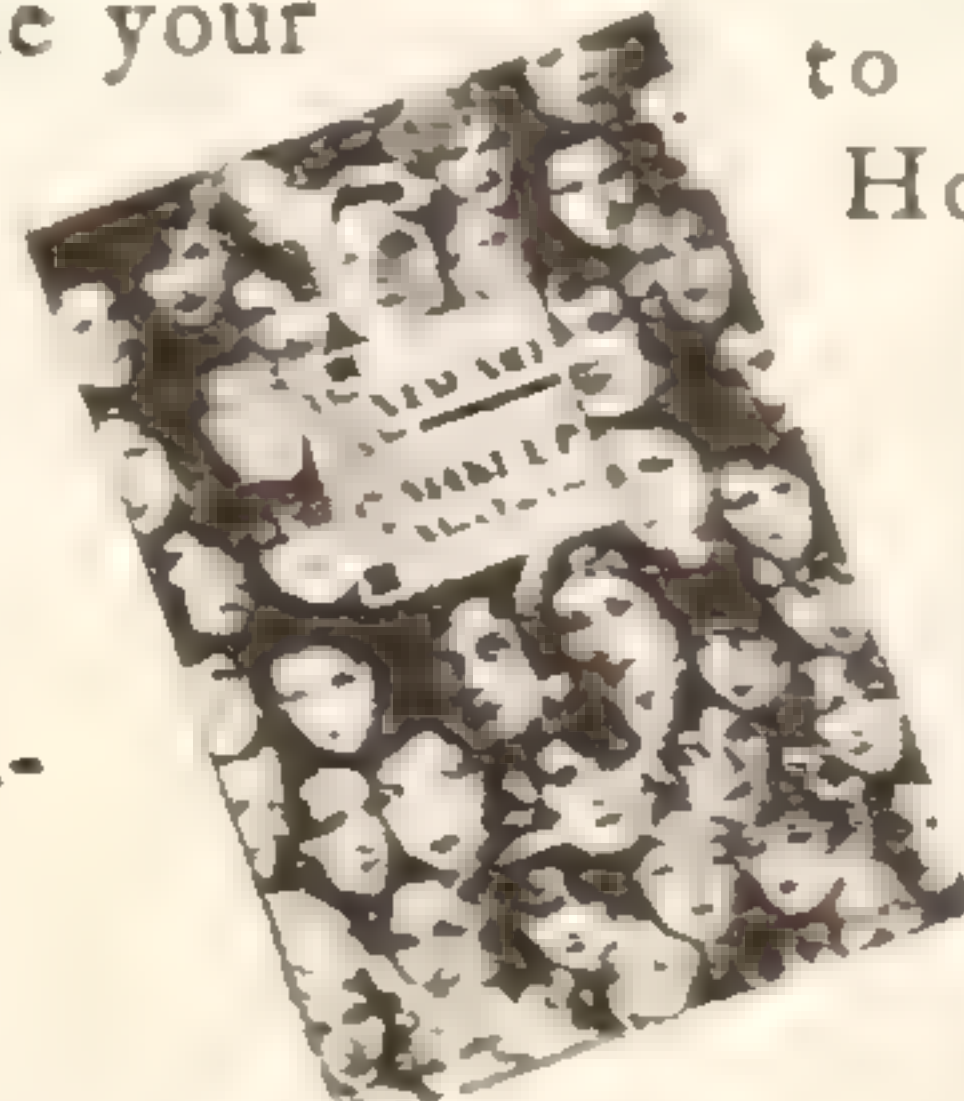
"So, first in make-up, is your individual color harmony...then practice the art and technique of application...how to rightly place a touch of rouge to suit your facial contour; how to deftly blend the eye-shadow; how to apply the lipstick, to make the color permanent; how to blend the foundation and powder to give an all-day velvety-smooth make-up...and then make-up becomes a magic wand of beauty.

* * *

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Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Dark
Dark		Normal
Sallow	AGE	
Olive	Answer with Check Mark	

sider her nothing but a demure child, others dub her shrewd, naïve, affable, snooty—and I got myself in the dog-house when I accused her of changing her mind every three seconds.

"That's just like something you'd say," she pointed out equably. "Even though you know perfectly well I only change my mind every three months! And not only my mind, but my entire awareness of life—the very essence of my being changes completely. And each change is preceded by great mental suffering. And furthermore, each change is absolutely sincere. I always know what I want. At one time I was positive that dress-designing would be my life work, then I definitely set my mind on a newspaper career only to discard that in favor of becoming a great lawyer. Then came the stage and pictures: I would become the greatest living actress! And while up to date I have shown no great promise," she added seriously—for Sid is her own least charitable critic—"I feel I have the talent, and if only I can develop it I might achieve even that!" She has the determination, courage and talent. Nothing should stop her. And in spite of the variety of impressions, she has but one real fault: she throws away her love and affection.

"Perhaps that's true," she admits. "But it's just because I like to *give* instead of *take*. Oh, yes, I know I overdo it as far as my love is concerned! And it never seems to be appreciated except in a pitifully few cases. As a result I always get hurt. But I'll never learn different. I don't even *want* to learn!—even though I've spent many, many crushed, miserable and lonely nights. With an actress there is no such thing as unhappiness—for even in deepest sorrow we are living life, tingling with existence.

"And only by existing to the utmost may I achieve that end for which I have finally decided to shape my life—I want to become a great woman! By that I mean a complete woman, a woman who gives something to the world, something everlasting. And since an actress gives to her public, I can be both a great actress and a great

woman. True joy," Sid added as though in a dream, "comes only through giving. Now perhaps you know why I want to fall in love, for without love a woman is absurdly incomplete." And who was I, after all, to argue with her about it?



Betty Bronson, the little ingenue of yesteryear, went baby-vamp in "Lover Come Back." Why, Peter Pan! We'd hardly know you!

"And there are no specifications for this man of mine, except that he be intelligent and sympathetic—not necessarily sympathetic toward *me*, but rather, toward *humanity*! Of course it must be the real kind of love, a love which once in my life I thought I had found; but I guess it must

have been a sort of half-way love," she continued a bit wistfully, "for now there's nothing left of it at all! And even *that* disappeared when I became an adult."

"May I ask how long you've been an adult?" I inquired.

"Figure it out for yourself," was her startling reply. "I'm beginning to feel weary, and when I feel weary I like to curl up on the couch with an apple and forget everything, including myself."

So while Sid nibbles that apple, let's just "figure it out for ourselves." It's really absurdly simple. She has been an adult for exactly eight months. Last fall she was running around with a personable young director. Obviously they were infatuated with each other, and equally as obviously this infatuation would never last.

On New Year's Eve she entertained with a party of seven. A few seconds before midnight I noticed she was standing on a raised brick step in front of the fireplace, the mantel looming over her head. She was gowned in a loose, flowing, white robe that was gathered to the youthful curves of her body by a belt of gold. Never have I seen her hair so lustrous and black, her face so frightfully pale, nor her large eyes so dark and unseeing. As though in a trance she stared at the semi-circle formed by her guests. Then I noticed that someone was missing. Suddenly from down in Hollywood there rose a terrific din. Clanging bells intermingled with the screeching of sirens. The New Year had come in! And Sidney's guests wished her all the happiness and luck in the world—but Sidney was watching a ghost. Fully a half minute must have elapsed before she appeared to understand just what had happened. Then with a rather bewildered smile, a smile, however, which seemed imbued with a new and becoming dignity, she wished each and everyone of the crowd a Happy New Year. At that moment *La Petite Poupee* had become a woman, and the ghost of her half-love had passed away. Now she wants most desperately to find the real sort of love, a love all-enduring, with a sympathetic and intelligent man.

Come early and avoid the rush!

Pola is Back—to Stay?

Continued from page 26

was wearing a most entrancing pirate beach costume in blue to set off her eyes, when she made this statement, and there was the most provocative little quiver to her lips, so it's just as well no eligible gentleman was around to prove too consoling.

'Tis said Pola was once a very poor girl. Difficult to believe! She gives an impression of having been born to great wealth. She doesn't have homes, but establishments. She gives orders magnificently. She entertains rarely but when she does it is all on a superlative scale. People surrounding her become "subjects" and grovel, or else hate her and rebel. One suspects her of acting all the time—Carmen, du Barry, Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, all the reigning beauties of history. But I think this is unconscious; her dramatic instinct dominates her life. Any young man so fortunate as to have a love affair with Pola must, perforce, add enormously to his experience. She must be equal to a dozen lesser women.

Just now she is in an ecstasy of ambition. Her time in Europe has been spent in developing her talents in all directions.

So that, what she once did on instinct, she will now do with efficient, studied preparation. If the studio thinks it will be hard to find stories for Pola, she has a dozen ideas in her own capable head. She knows exactly the type of person she wishes to portray—wild, dramatic, turbulent and dangerous women.

But that doesn't prevent her shining as an intellect at dinner parties. One of Pola's charms is that she is interested in so many things besides pictures. She can discuss world problems with the best masculine brains and comfortably settle the affairs of nations with a few crisp comments. She can be most illuminating on the subject of French politics. She knows all about the future of America, and she is extraordinarily well informed on military matters, economics, or any other subject any brilliant gentleman would like to discuss.

Of course we know that brilliant gentlemen are supposed to prefer stupid women. Pola disproves it. She dazzles them with her intellectuality and makes 'em like it. But then, of course, she knows all the superlative little feminine tricks on the

side—the treacle that disguises the castor oil! While making clever contracts at the most acceptable figures, Pola can unblushingly remark that it is a mistake to worship money, that bad times will lead us to a new ideal in which money, wealth, will play a minor part. And then she will nonchalantly mention her "castle in France" or her "estate in Poland," and in the same breath assure us that she has returned to Hollywood a "humble person." She is credited with much philanthropy; indeed, she holds documents from Poland blessing her for her bounty to orphans. Still one can imagine her remembering them as "my poor" like a reigning princess.

One simply cannot imagine Pola having mere relatives. She doesn't fit into any picture of domesticity whatever. Still it is on record that she not only had a mother but lived with that mother in a cellar when the Germans were bombarding Warsaw. She appeared on the stage there before hostile German officers and made them applaud her. No doubt about it, this Pola has sumptuous courage. There is no such word as "defeat" in her philosophy!

He was "Ruggles of Red-Eye"

Continued from page 51

audience is always for him rather than against him.

Ruggles enjoys character work thoroughly. He thinks it is the nicest kind. He played juvenile rôles on the stage for eight years—then someone spotted him as a character man. They stuck whiskers on him, and for several years he played old men. It wasn't until he was quite grown up that he was again given youthful rôles.

And in the meantime he was on the road to becoming a "funny man." He discovered that it was easy for him to make people laugh. He can't explain the evolution from character man to clown. It has caused him a lot of worry.

"Because I always make 'em laugh on the stage or screen I am supposed to be funny all the time," he lamented. "It gets monotonous. After all, I have my serious moments."

"I haven't been to see a doctor for more than twenty years—I'm afraid! If I went into his office about to die, I could never convince him of the fact. He'd take one look at me and say: 'Why, if it isn't Charlie Ruggles!' and burst out laughing."

Ruggles looks much the same off the screen as on. His shoulders are very broad and muscular. His hair is light brown, almost sandy. His eyes are very blue, though he would probably tell you they were gray. As for height, he stands five feet seven inches, an adequate height for his 150 pounds. His mustache is scarcely noticeable. He worries because it grows so sparsely and because it remains very light. He darkens it for stage and screen

work. He has finely chiseled features and a charming voice.

Most of the year he spends on a farm on Long Island. He hates the city and comes in only when business necessitates it. He says he lived on the same farm for sixteen years (discounting the time he spent on the West Coast or on the road) and the neighbors didn't know him until he began screen work. He does his own gardening and owns the two-acre place at which he spends so much of his time. There are no cows or chickens there. Instead, there are canary birds and dogs by the score.

He calls each by name. There are Boofy, Tufftoo, Wickie, Lambie, Sasparilla and a great many more whose names the writer cannot recall. It's evident, however, that Flip, the wire-haired terrier, Onery, the favorite canary, Oxso, the police dog, and Cocky, the parrot, get the actor's main attention.

But these names—how did they originate? Ruggles can't explain it. He says he "just calls 'em."

This "amiable drunk" describes himself as a "ham-and-eggs-for-breakfast-lamb-stew-for-dinner" kind of person. No frills for him. Milk and cookies are his favorite repast. Often at night he drinks a quart of milk before retiring.

"It keeps my cheeks rosy," is his excuse for it.

Sherry wine is his favorite drink, next to milk. Strawberry ice-cream, or vanilla with chocolate sauce, is his choice of desserts. He likes to read modern fiction—

but never in bed. He has to be fully dressed and shaved before becoming involved in any activity. One of his pet peeves is the comic strips—any of them! He goes wild when someone asks him if he has the slightest idea what is going to happen to Joe Doaks or Billy Glutt in a particular comic strip. Inherently no swearing man, he swears at that. Yet some of the most famous of comic strip artists have been his close friends.

Though always suitably dressed for all occasions, he doesn't go for clothes in a big way. He says they are merely "something to cover the fair body."

He is by nature sympathetic. Because of this, he feels that he would have made a successful physician. He gets a kick out of sympathizing with people for any reason. His friends take advantage of it and tell him "All."

Says he hasn't had a battle of any kind for years and years. Has scores of friends. His return to the studios after a few weeks' absence is a regular homecoming celebration.

His silliest moment happened not long ago, while he was acting in "Girl Habit." One scene had to be filmed on Fifth Avenue in the Fifties. Ruggles was required to wear dark glasses, walk with a stick, and carry a tin cup. He was panicky while doing it—afraid that someone he knew would recognize him.

He was disappointed that he didn't get even one coin in the cup. So he doesn't think he'll pursue it as a career.

He dislikes being stared at. He abhors

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tactless people. He'd rather be tactful than President. And he boasts that he is willing to try anything once. That probably accounts for the varied rôles that have been assigned to him.

Al Woods, the producer, called him into his office years ago and inquired if he could sing.

"I'll try," Ruggles told him.

"All right, let's have a sample," was the response.

He sang part of the chorus of *Oh, What a Pal Was Mary*, but was soon interrupted.

"Don't!" the producer pleaded. "Please!"

Later Ruggles was called in and given a part in the play Woods was producing.

"But you didn't like my singing," he began.

"That's true," Woods admitted. "But you're to read your lines—not sing 'em."

He hasn't attempted vocal renditions since.

But he points out that by attempting anything, you might "hit" once in awhile. Often what an actor thinks is bad, a director likes.

Undershirts are taboo in his wardrobe. It started back in Leadville, Colorado. It was during his days, and nights, of "one

night stands." He was learning "David Garrick" and "East Lynne" while playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Camille." And his laundry failed to come back in time. Out he went in search of fresh linen. All the stores were closed, except one. Unfortunately this store carried only long red flannels. In despair Ruggles decided to purchase a suit.

"But the smallest we have is size 44," the clerk told him. And he wore size 32!

He bought a size 44.

By employing a pair of scissors and innumerable safety pins he thought he had altered the garment successfully. But after one matinée performance he cast it aside in disgust. He has never worn an undershirt since.

Being a horse fancier, he once purchased some race horses. This venture ended with the sudden illness of one of his prize mares, Goldbar, through bad treatment by a drunken trainer. Days and nights between performances he spent at the animal's stall. Finally he sent her back to the pastures. Charlie denies, however, that they gave him all those drunken rôles because he has "vet" ideas.

Naturally Ruggles likes the theatre, but he attends purely from an educational angle, he explained. "The Green Pastures" is his favorite play of the past year—and the Pulitzer Prize judges have agreed with him.

All kinds of sports appeal to him, though handball is the most fascinating. He is recognized as one of the outstanding handball players in the country. For several years he held the championship of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Boxing and swimming come second with him.

He is the only actor in his family; his brother Wesley Ruggles is well known as a director. Wondering where his liking of the theatre originated, Charlie decided once to investigate the family tree. The only Ruggles he could locate with theatrical connections was a man who lived during the Stuart reign. He wrote a play and had his head chopped off because of it. Charles decided to stick to acting.

Aviation appeals to him. The first time he flew any distance—from New York to the West Coast—he was scared to death until the nonchalance of a woman passenger put him to shame.

Superstition is unknown to his nature. "Horrorscopes," palmistry, and handwriting analyses bore him.

He'll confess rather shyly that he is "terribly grateful for just being alive." He expects you to think him silly for saying it. But he claims that he held the same attitude even when the breaks were not on his side.

Ruggles almost had the career of a pharmacist. That was the choice of his family. At fifteen years of age he was working in his father's wholesale drug house, when a friend began to sing to him of the glories of the footlights. He joined a stock company in Los Angeles; played there and in San Francisco. Later he joined the Oliver Morosco forces and acted split bills in Long Beach, California; El Paso, Texas, and spots in between.

His first New York appearance was in "Help Wanted." Then came "Rolling Stones," which established him with New York audiences. He played in "Canary Cottage" for two years, supported by Trixie Friganza, Eddie Cantor, and Thomas Meighan at various times. The Morosco Company, you'll recall, was the training school also for Bert Lytell, Lewis Stone, and others who later achieved film fame. After a fling on the road in "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," the play that Douglas Fairbanks made famous, Ruggles came to New York to open at the Morosco Theatre in "Canary Cottage." Then he went to the Messrs. Shubert and played in the "Passing Show of 1918," and then in "Tumble Inn." He had the lead in Edgar Selwyn's "Rolling Stones," and also played for a long time in "The Tick Tock Man of Oz." With A. H. Woods he went in for a career of bedroom farces, including "The Girl in the Limousine," "Ladies' Night," "The Demi-Virgin," and "Lonely Wives." At one time he was leading man for Agnes Ayres in motion pictures, long before talkies came around.

If you ever have the good luck to have luncheon with Charlie, ask him to tell you about the rabbit venture he undertook. To hear his detailed version of it is to provide yourself with enough laughs to last you a week. Briefly, he had always liked rabbits. Ordering an imported pair of Belgian hares from Wyoming, he decided to raise a few. In a few months the farm threatened to be overrun with rabbits of every color, shape and size. Ruggles, amazed at the productivity of the one pair, discontinued the experiment when the offspring totaled 167! "I never cared for mob scenes," he explains.



Gary Cooper looked fit as a whole string ensemble when he returned recently from his European vacation. Gary will make his next picture in the East.

The Stage in Review

Continued from page 87

some influence on the "music" (so-called) of our musical comedies. Also on the dancing and general ballet bunk (how that beautiful word "ballet" has been degraded in meaning on the Broadway stage!).

Two of the best pieces of entertainment I have seen of their kind either on screen or stage is "Two Hearts in Waltz-Time" and "The Merry Wives of Vienna." Here are bounce, lyric quality, good dancing and a real, spontaneous, effervescing spirit of joyousness, which are plainly faked and standardized and clock-watched in the musical comedies on the stage.

The dances, songs and "ballets" in our musical comedies have not evolved one iota from the days when the Bowery at Coney Island was in its prime. In fact, Broadway is, with a little more tinsel and show-window dressing in the matter of some of our musical comedies, lower today than in the days of "Floradora," "Erminie" and Henry E. Dixey in "Adonis."

What am I going to do about it? Nothing. But I want to record the fact, as a chronicler of the drama and musical comedies, that the singing pictures from abroad have got us licked in popular music, dancing and fun.

Marvelous Mickey Mouse

In the Little Picture House I fell into a reverie over why Mickey Mouse so enormously entertains me—not only Mickey, but all those animated cartoons.

The success of these grotesque and absurd pictures is to be found in what Sig. Freud and his crowd call "dream-release." These animals do all that we do in dreams—the feats of the impossible that we'd like to do when awake.

There are no limitations of matter, space or time in these pictures. And that is the secret dream of all of us—to transcend our limitations. We take a great delight in watching these mannikins do it.

Then there is the caricatural element.

89th Prize

WHY I CHANGED TO MARLBORO CONTEST

Miss Eileen Fitzgerald, Chicago, Ill.

I changed from cotton to silk hose

I changed from long hair to a bob

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have a craving for nonsense. They are releases for the heavy Saturnian rings that weigh on our brains and on our hearts.

Mickey Mouse and his pals are among the greatest of human satires. Long may Mickey and his playmates reign!

Married the Modern Way—Continued from page 21

merely discovered herself!

You have only to look at and listen to the radiant girl who is Joan to realize the vast amount of intense energy which she throws into everything she does: work or play, career or domesticity. She is made that way. That's why she stayed in the back row of a revue chorus in a Chicago night club only long enough to learn the routine of the songs and dances. Then she was put into the first line. That's why she was selected from a whole chorus in a musical show to be offered a screen test and a motion picture contract. That's why she stepped from bits and glorified extra rôles into featured parts and stardom in a miraculously short time.

And that's why she threw herself so feverishly into making a success of her marriage. She gloried and reveled in domesticity, in hooked rugs and dimity curtains.

"No extreme is good," Joan explained. "The women of other generations who made marriage the end of all individuality were just as wrong as the women who take the business of marriage lightly and carelessly. You've got to strike a happy medium. You can make marriage the most



Pat O'Brien made good in a big way. "The Front Page" put him in the front rank and now he has a five-year contract with Howard Hughes.

important thing in your life without completely drowning your entire personality in it.

"Every young married couple has its own problems to face. The first thing to do, as I see it, is to take stock of yourself, realize your two separate personalities, and then adjust your marriage to fit your own two selves!"

Joan glanced at the wrist watch which had been given her as a prize for the most beautiful costume at Marion Davies' huge fancy dress ball.

"I must get going," she laughed. "I've got to meet Doug in fifteen minutes. We're going to play tennis."

She reddened her lips, jammed the beret on her blonde head, hid her long-lashed eyes behind the dark glasses and shook hands. Then she was gone.

The last thing I saw of Joan Crawford was a smile and a waving brown arm from the depths behind the steering wheel of a long, black, topless car.

"S'long! See you soon."

It isn't a new Joan, at all. It's just the same old sparkling girl. A real, honest-to-goodness modern maiden.

The New Mr. and Mrs.~

Continued from page 27



Thoughtful of Adrienne Ames, who's trying to "brush off" Charles "Buddy" Rogers. But Buddy, who's a good lad, likes to keep away from dives. Not that he isn't a regular guy—in fact, he's going to continue in his new he-man character by being a devil-dog, no less, in "Come On, Marines!" Adrienne will play opposite him in the picture.

The Powell-Lombard marriage should prove to be ideally happy. Each has been married before. Each knows the pitfalls to avoid. Neither is a poseur, which among the Hollywood professionals is a somewhat extraordinary thing.

And then again the matter of money—wrecker of many homes—need never bother them. Miss Lombard has a comfortable income, inherited and earned. Powell, influenced most of his life by the fear of poverty, has a well-invested fortune. And both are earning plenty every week.

Powell's fear of penury lays him wide open for Freudian analysis. Often he has said: "The one great horror of my life is the thought of an impoverished old age."

Perhaps there's another reason for his marriage. Perhaps but not quite likely.

Powell's wedding day was typical of his temperament and of hers, his wife's. Neither likes ostentation. Both despise sham and show. Those few who knew when and where the ceremony was to take place were pledged to secrecy—and they kept their secret. The few newspaper men who found out about it did so by the simple process of putting related facts together. They observed that the bride-to-be did not leave her home in Beverly Hills all day. Watching the house they also observed that a florist's truck backed up to the door in the late afternoon. The omnipresent press, then, was the only uninvited element at the ceremony. A small roomful of friends and relatives stood by.

Miss Lombard's wedding dress was a simple blue chiffon. A shoulder-piece of orchids was the only bit of bridal finery. Powell wore a business suit. Short and simple was the keynote of the rite.

And so it was that Hollywood's prize bachelor took the dive.

Barrymore's Real Ambition—*Continued from page 59*

robe department what he must have in the way of costume. For instance, in filming "Svengali," he decided upon an interpretation of the rôle which he thought was more on the order of what was intended by du Maurier when he wrote the book "Trilby" from which "Svengali" has been adapted. It is a less villainous Svengali than theatre-goers have known, and in planning make-up and costume, Barrymore had his own ideas which he sketched for the guidance of the wardrobe, property, and make-up staffs.

The actor invariably puts his ideas on paper, and more often than not on drawing paper. He has found that it helps to keep down his swearing average and is more conducive to efficiency.

His talent as an amateur artist—certainly by this time he has regained his amateur standing—takes him off on cruises on his yacht, *Infanta*. On his wedding trip with Dolores Costello Barrymore he kept the log, and decorated it with drawings of the strange people, fish and ports that he saw. Barrymore does not profess to be a scientist, but he has, quite incidentally, done a few scientific errands in his frequent cruises between pictures. It works out nicely for Barrymore and for the scientists who are his friends: he finds a peculiar water animal and he is delighted because it is something to sketch, and of course, the



One of John Barrymore's character drawings. The subject? No, not a Hollywood extra, but a native of Central America.

biologists are well pleased to have a new specimen.

As to his subjects picked from the human race, Barrymore is more interested in the quaint and grotesque than in the ordinary, commonplace, and generally beautiful. In the Latin-American countries he found many characters that appealed to him as desirable subjects. He would pay them to pose for him while he attempted to catch their mood and character on his sketching pad. And it is safe to say that none of these subjects knew the identity of the persistent and somewhat eccentric gentleman who did funny things on a piece of paper with a pencil while they tried to remain still and hold the pose.

Few of his drawings have ever reached the public print. Barrymore completes them and puts them away. Some of them he frames and hangs on the wall of his study for his own amusement. These his friends see. He especially favors his sketches of himself as "Don Juan" and his latest one as "Svengali." During the filming of "Svengali" he would study the sketch each morning before donning his make-up.

But after all is said and done, it is more or less an open secret that Barrymore's favorite drawing power has nothing to do with Art. Most of all he likes to draw at the box-office!

Temperament? Bunk! says Leila Hyams

Continued from page 34

not believe in keeping yourself and your employers in a constant turmoil about this, that, and the other thing. After all, producers are spending the money to make pictures and any time a player is cast in a rôle they must believe in it or they wouldn't pay you to do it. Why be temperamental? Life is too short for arguments and petty indulgences in a bad disposition!

"I have a temper of my own but I don't waste it around a motion picture studio. Perhaps that's why I've been on the same lot for three years now. Jealousies are something else I have put down on my list of futile efforts. If another actress gets a part you wanted, why work yourself up into a peeve against her? It isn't her fault and may be your own.

"For my part, all I want is an opportunity to play a character endowed with sincerity. I despise artificiality in people. Posing is hateful. That is one reason why I prefer to get away from the ingenuish type of part. There never was a girl of the old school of ingenues who looked as if she had the slightest idea of what life was all about. A girl doesn't have to lose her femininity to be sophisticated these days. I don't mean the hard-boiled, worldly type that passes so often for sophistication nowadays, but the kind of a girl who can be a man's pal or sweetheart. Or both. The day of blushes is extinct. A woman knows just as much as a man her own age—maybe more. But let's not get on that subject—aren't you hungry?" We were!



Leila Hyams likes fishing next to acting. Here she is outside of her beach house after catching 60 pounds of fish. This isn't a fish story, either.

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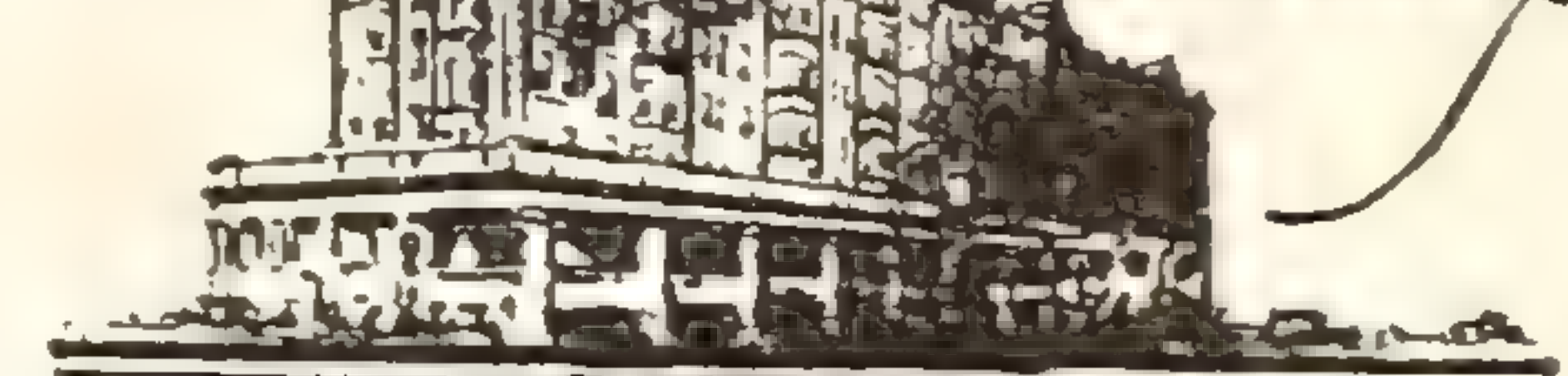
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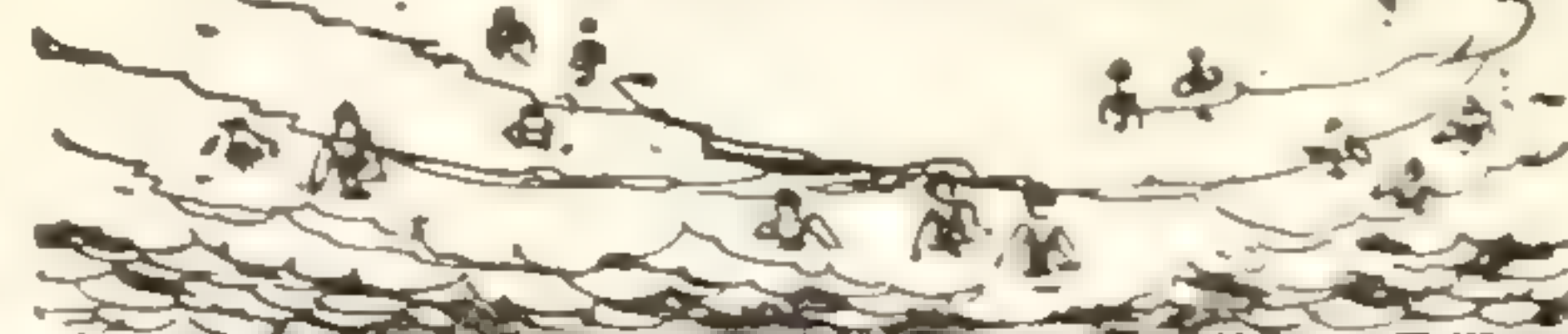
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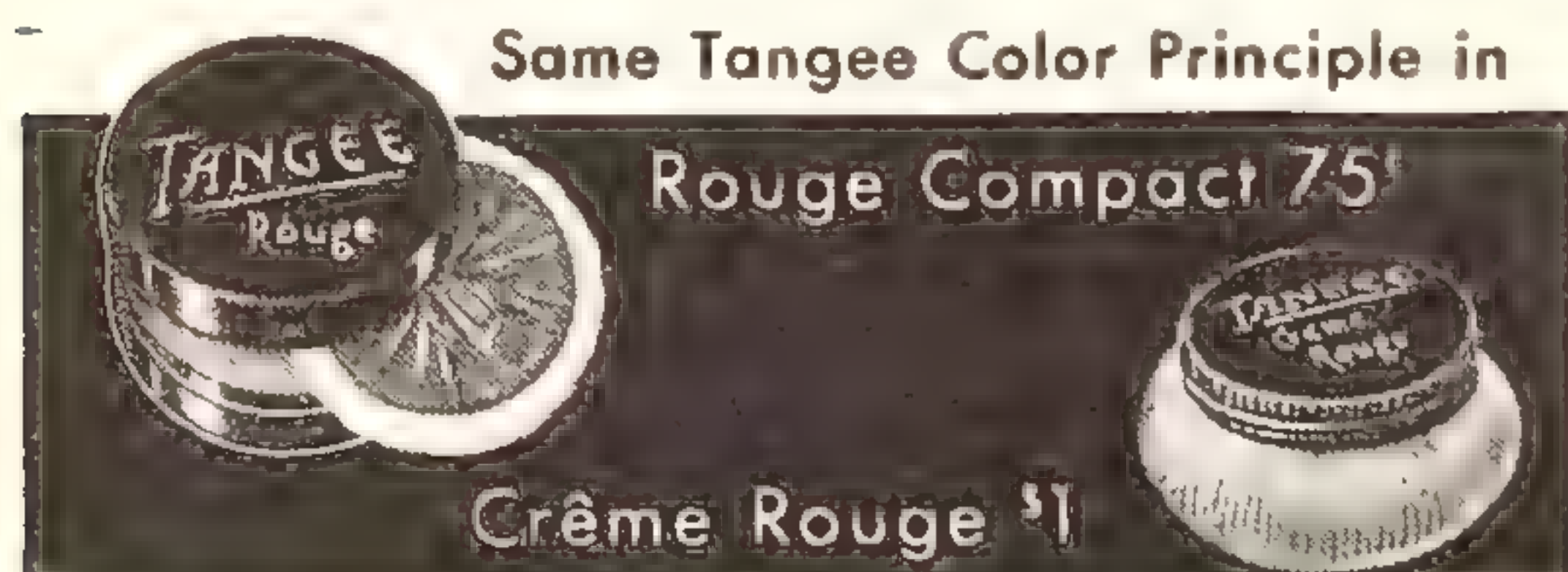
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Revuettes

Continued from page 6

LAUGHING SINNERS. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Joan Crawford triumphs in this story of love and regeneration. Clark Gable and Neil Hamilton are splendid male support.*

MURDER BY THE CLOCK. *Paramount.* A mystery thriller with Lilyan Tashman. William Boyd carries off the acting honors.*

SALVATION NELL. *Tiffany.* This is an old-timer but you'll enjoy it thoroughly. Helen Chandler and Ralph Graves vie for acting honors.

SWEEPSTAKES. A mild talkie of the race-tracks. Although Eddie Quillan is the hero it's James Gleason's picture. Gleason grabs all the laughs. Marian Nixon is the heroine.*

THE BLACK CAMEL. *Fox.* Interesting mystery picture with a movie background and Warner Oland, Sally Eilers, Bela Lugosi and Dorothy Revier.*

THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY. *Tiffany.* Heavy murder mystery drama with Warner Oland as the bad hombre. June Collyer and Lloyd Hughes supply the romance. This is for rabid mystery fiends.

THE GIRL HABIT. *Paramount.* Charles Ruggles bears the weight of this very, very light comedy and manages to eke out some laughs. Sue Conroy and Tamara Geva are beautiful support.*

BLUES. *Educational.* A Terrytoon production. Undistinguished and rather weak.

HATS OFF. *Fox.* One of the Movietone school series, linking the evolution of Old Glory with America's history. Patriotic rather than realistic.

HAVANA CASINO ORCHESTRA. *Paramount.* The settings are indifferent, but Don Aspiazu and his orchestra are good—which is the main thing.

HELLO, NAPOLEON. *Universal.* An inferior comedy wherein Lloyd Hamilton works his gags until they almost scream.

HODGE PODGE. *Lyman H. Howe.* Pretty good collection of scenes in foreign countries. Good accompanying chatter.

HOMELAND OF THE DANES. *Fox.* One of the "Magic Carpet" series of travelogs. Wanting in action.

HOW I PLAY GOLF. *No. 5. Warner Brothers.* Bobby Jones gives a good performance as well as an instructive golf lesson. Junior Coughlan furnishes amusing comedy relief.

ONE OF THE SMITHS. *Hal Roach.* An imaginative, different comedy, with Charlie Chase funnier than ever—and that's absolutely screaming!



Oh, Jackie is Tom, and Junior is Huck, and always the Twain shall meet with good picturizations! What we're trying to tell you is, that the Coogan and the Durkin lads are swell in their talkie of Mark Twain's immortal novel, "Huckleberry Finn."

THE SECRET CALL. *Paramount.* Crooked politics is the theme and Peggy Shannon is the interesting new feminine lead. Richard Arlen and William Davidson add greatly to the entertainment.*

SHERLOCK HOLMES' FATAL HOUR. *Warner Brothers.* One of the best English films we've ever seen. An engrossing thriller without obvious blood-and-thunder. Arthur Wontner is excellent as the great detective.

WOMEN LOVE ONCE. *Paramount.* Eleanor Boardman and Paul Lukas do their best with a weak dramatic story about a wandering husband.

WOMEN MEN MARRY. *Headline Pictures.* Ho-hum! All about neglected wives and two-timing husbands. The cast includes Natalie Moorehead, Kenneth Harlan, Sally Blane and Crauford Kent.

OUR WIFE. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Laurel and Hardy succeed in making a rather hackneyed plot funny, and Ben Turpin makes it still funnier.

SAX APPEAL. *Vitaphone.* An ambitious young junkman boosts his inventory by saxophonizing around town. Fun!

THE BAND MASTER. *Universal.* Oswald the Rabbit is only mildly funny in this cartoon. Little action and a few laughs.

THE BIGGER THEY ARE. *Vitaphone.* A comedy sketch featuring Primo Carnera. The large lad is worth seeing, and hearing.

THE CHINA PLATE. *Columbia.* Disney cartoon with synchronization. Not particularly new, but funny.

THE LION HUNT. *Vitaphone.* A well-made and absorbing African picture, with better-than-average talking accompaniment.

TODAY AND YESTERDAY. *Epics.* Newsreels of the present and the past. Worthy, but a bit dull and overlong.

YOUNGER YEARS. *RKO-Pathé.* Wonderfully natural acting by a gang of kids makes this Grantland Rice Sportlight well worth seeing. Interesting and amusing throughout.

Short Features:

ARCTIC ANTICS. *Columbia.* A Silly Symphony cartoon that compares with the best of them. Some brand-new laughs.

AGAINST THE RULES. *Pathé.* Good acting and a few amusing sequences fail to save this comedy from turning out a pretty sad affair.



Pups in Boots

Bebe Daniels takes over job of directing this cute doglet for a scene in her new picture, "The Honor of the Family." Cheer up, pup— isn't this better than being sandwiched in a couple of rolls?

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It is not necessary to give-in to that headache. It's a bit old-fashioned! The modern woman who feels a headache coming on at any time takes some tablets of Bayer Aspirin and heads it off.

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The more serious your suffering, the more these tablets will help. If you get real aspirin, you'll get real relief. In every package of genuine Bayer tablets are proven directions which cover headaches, colds, sore throat, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica and similar suffering.

The tablets stamped Bayer won't fail you, and can't harm you. They don't depress the heart. They don't upset the stomach. So take enough to end the pain.



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I do two things. I correct every defect. I develop *hidden beauty*. My startling results with more than 100,000 women prove that *any one* can be given beauty. No matter how hopeless, write me. My way of making women over *completely* is amazingly *different*. Thousands write me that results are almost beyond belief. Yet every Lucille Young beauty aid is scientific—known to act for *all alike*. That is why I can *guarantee* your absolute satisfaction. Not a penny to pay unless I give results *you* say are *marvelous*.

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Write to the Stars as follows:

Continued from page 98

Warner-First National Studios,
Burbank, California.

Robert Allen	Winnie Lightner
George Arliss	Lucien Littlefield
John Barrymore	Lotti Lodi
Richard Barthelmess	Ben Lyon
Joan Blondell	Dorothy Mackaill
Joe E. Brown	David Manners
James Cagney	Marilyn Miller
Ruth Chatterton	Mae Madison
Bebe Daniels	Ona Munson
Claudia Dell	Marian Nixon
Irene Delroy	Dorothy Peterson
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.	Walter Pidgeon
Gladys Ford	William Powell
James Hall	James Rennie
Walter Huston	Otis Skinner
Leon Janney	Polly Walters
Evalyn Knapp	H. B. Warner
Fred Kohler	Edward Woods
Laura Lee	Loretta Young

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western
Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson	Cecelia Loftus
Hardie Albright	Edmund Lowe
Luana Alcaniz	Myrna Loy
Robert Ames	Sharon Lynn
Warner Baxter	Jeanette MacDonald
Rex Bell	Kenneth MacKenna
Joan Bennett	Mona Maris
Humphrey Bogart	Victor McLaglen
El Brendel	Thomas Meighan
Marguerite Churchill	Conchita Montenegro
Joyce Compton	Lois Moran
Donald Dillaway	Greta Nissen
Fifi Dorsay	George O'Brien
Sally Eilers	Sally O'Neil
Charles Farrell	Maureen O'Sullivan
John Garrick	Will Rogers
Janet Gaynor	David Rollins
Warren Hymer	Rosalie Roy
Richard Keene	Lee Tracy
J. M. Kerrigan	Spencer Tracy
Elissa Landi	John Wayne
Marion Lessing	Majorie White

Hoots and Hoorays

Continued from page 97



Kent Taylor was so good in some one else's screen test that he got the job.

THE PART'S THE THING

Apparently a great deal of the harsh criticism of various stars' performances is due to mis-casting rather than lack of ability. Witness Robert Montgomery's failure to register satisfactorily in the last Garbo picture. It's my personal opinion that Mr. Montgomery's talent lies not in romantic rôles, but in character studies. Behold his very excellent performance as the coward in "The Big House."

An example of perfect casting is Janet Gaynor's portrayal of Judy Abbott in "Daddy Long Legs." It is fairly obvious that nearly all the stars have marked acting ability; and it behooves the producers, the directors and the fans to co-operate

with them, so that they may receive the proper vehicle to best display their talents.

Jean Titus,
150 Park Avenue,
Washington, Pa.

'RAY FOR "CIGARFACE"!

This is a tribute to that superb artist, Edward G. Robinson, for his precious gift of artistry in at least three characterizations: *Tony* in "A Lady to Love," *Rico* in "Little Caesar" and *Nick* in "Smart Money." Not a single gesture or mannerism is repeated in another character. Each is perfect—and who can criticize perfection?

In case the fans are interested, I have seen Mr. Robinson many times in person—always with his cigar. He wouldn't look natural on the screen without it!

Grace Shaver,
1756 Wilcox Ave.,
Hollywood, Calif.

STOP! 'TWOULD BE TOO TERRIBLE!

I wonder what would happen if: Charlie Chaplin should make an all-talking picture;

Anita Page should ditch the old folks; Little Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore shouldn't prove to possess theatrical talent; Joan Crawford should gain ten pounds; Marie Dressler should stop "stealing" pictures;

Lilyan Tashman and Connie Bennett should ever look dowdy.

Mrs. C. R. Curtis,
430 West High St.,
Lexington, Ky.

A BIG HAND ACROSS THE SEA

Talkies have accomplished much in bringing into prominence the character actor, and I believe that SCREENLAND has been instrumental, by constantly fostering interest in lesser known players, in very considerably raising the standard of public approval of the finest acting.

When one thinks of all that character actors have created, without benefit of special

lighting, close-ups, the opportunity to dominate the scenes—the symbols of stardom—our recognition of their brilliant support seems tardy enough.

Those who have spent their lives struggling to retain courage and humor under desperately serious conditions are surely specially qualified to pass on a creed by which we can all make life rather more comfortable for everyone, including ourselves. The humane, tolerant outlook that characterized Marie Dressler's Life Story should benefit all who read it. Her philosophy holds good for any walk of life.

Jean Webster-Brough,
38 Woodstock Road,
Bedford Park,
London, England.

PLEASING THE BOOKWORMS

I have just seen a good picture, "Daddy Long Legs." As usual when the picture is based on a well-known book, the house was packed. Having lived in many towns, large and small, I have made this observation: Pictures made from popular books draw well.

Why not make more such pictures? There are many works of fiction admirably suited to this purpose that are still un-

exploited. For instance, "The Cloister and the Hearth." And there are many others. There is a class of people who rarely attend movies because the subjects do not appeal. This class responds to such pictures as I have mentioned. I realize that there are many types of people to whom the producers must appeal. Some like Chatterton, others Bow, and so on. Still, turn about is fair.

I consider SCREENLAND the cleanest and most wholesome of picture magazines.

Mrs. M. G. Burger,
327 Olive St.,
Washington, Mo.

NO MORE GUESSING GAMES?

The old dictum, "A rose by any name smells just as sweet," is rather hampering in my case. For weeks I've been looking forward to seeing Joan Crawford's "Complete Surrender." I noticed, too, that she was making "Torch Song" and "Laughing Sinners," and wondered why none of them had appeared in town. After seeing "Laughing Sinners" I had an inkling of the truth: I learned that it originally was "Torch Song," and Joan's light tresses and leading men have almost convinced



"Are we happy? You said a bookful!" This is one of the first post-wedding pictures taken of Carole Lombard and Bill Powell, Hollywood's most prominent newlyweds.

A Right Way...And Safe Way To Take Off

FAT.



Peggy: How *did* you reduce so quickly? Be a sport and 'fess up—I'll be grateful for life.

Joan: Kruschen Salts, my dear—and it was all so easy and pleasant—inexpensive, too!

Women who've tried all sorts of medicines, tedious exercises and diet fads to lose fat without success are overjoyed at the marvelous, literally breath-taking results they're obtaining by taking a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast. Kruschen actually strikes at what usually CAUSES fat—

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Soon burdensome fat disappears and what ravishing new beauty and vivaciousness is yours! Clear skin, bright eyes, stronger nerves, keener intellect, wonderful energy and new activity which emphatically bespeak your perfect functioning system and super-health within!

Mrs. C. L. of Shepardsville, Ky., lost 24 lbs. in 31 days. Mrs. B. L. of Dayton, Ohio, lost 10 lbs. in 2 weeks. And you can even doubly hasten the reducing action of Kruschen by eating moderately and going light on potatoes and pastry.

Don't postpone the charm of a slim, graceful figure another day—get Kruschen right away! The SAFE and HEALTHY way to lose fat. An 85c bottle (lasts 4 weeks) is obtainable at any live drugstore thruout the world.

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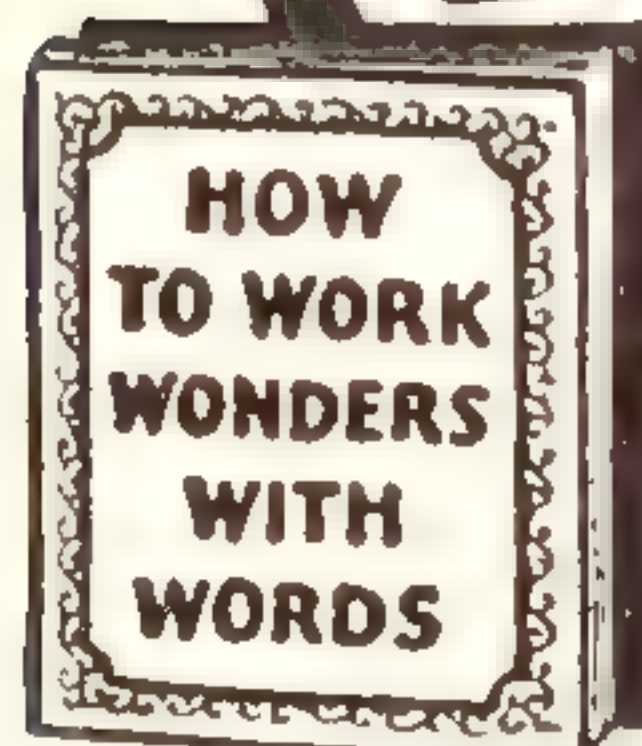


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Judith gets the lowdown. Tallulah Bankhead, easing her labors with sips of her favorite soft beverage, explains a bit of business to little Judith Abbott in "My Sin," while Director George Abbott, Judith's father, listens in.

me that it must have "Complete Surrender" under its wing.

"The Divorcée," "My Past," and "Indiscreet" are a few other movies which have irked my state of nerves anent their titles. Why isn't one name decided upon at the outset and retained? Authentic advertising and peace of mind are results worth striving for, aren't they?

Francys Kay,
1146 W. 63rd St.,
Seattle, Wash.

TOO MUCH YELLOW PERIL

The legion of blondes who have suddenly flooded the screen has been simply overwhelming! Let alone all the natural blondes, some of our most attractive dark-haired actresses have changed their whole appearance by blossoming out with light tresses. Why, nowadays an actress doesn't even qualify for a vamp rôle if she isn't blonde (shades of Theda Bara, Nita Naldi, Pola Negri and a few others!).

Witness the 1931 sirens—Lilyan Tashman, Jean Harlow, Dorothy Christy and (after "The Maltese Falcon") Bebe Daniels. Even little Dorothy Lee has turned light-headed. But—most crushing blow of all—witness Joan Crawford in "Laughing Sinners." Joan, how could you? Now if Norma Shearer does it next I'll be simply aghast! We want some brunettes left in the movies!

Frances M. Barter,
1628 Wisconsin Ave.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

ONE OF MANY FOR JANET

"Daddy Long Legs" is the first picture in which I have seen Janet Gaynor without Charles Farrell, but I was not disappointed. Handsome Warner Baxter made a perfect *Daddy Long Legs*, and I don't believe anyone could have been selected to play the part of *Judy Abbott* better than Miss Gaynor. Una Merkel was clever and helped to add a few laughs to the picture. I also want to mention the boy who sat up in bed and inquired what flavor—also the little chap who was stealing the sugar. We want to see more of them!

I think Mary Pickford must be well pleased with Miss Gaynor's presentation of her favorite character in silent pictures—*Judy Abbott*.

Minnie Eadie,
Southern Pines, N. C.

GRATEFUL FOR ROMANCE

I live in a little town, set in a tiny valley in the hills of the extreme West—within a few miles of the Pacific Ocean. Our livings are laboriously wrested from the lumbering and dairying industries in the winter, and in the summer tourists bring a little money and excitement into our village. Our night life, when there is any, is quite ordinary and unpretentious.

Our lives would indeed be dull and sordid were it not for the romance and glitter that the movies bring to us. We learn from the newsreels, with Graham McNamee's witty comment, of the happenings of the world. We laugh at Marie Dressler's mishaps, and at Micky Mouse's antics. But how we thrilled at seeing Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss!" And we loved Greta Garbo in "Inspiration"—while Robert Montgomery was priceless in both these pictures. Give us romance!

Marge Sinclair,
Tillamook, Ore.

"A GRAND LADY"

For months I had been losing interest in the movies. I purchased film magazines less often and read them half-heartedly. Today I bought my copy of *SCREENLAND* almost despairingly, but upon looking it over, I found that again I was an ardent movie fan. All this, because a grand lady again graces its pages. Thanks to you, good old *SCREENLAND*, the glamor of the silver screen news has returned. Thanks for the wonderful pictures of Dolores Del Rio. Let us hope that the troubles of "the sad one" are at an end! Heaven knows that she has not deserved the weird stories and bad breaks she has been getting. With careful handling, she could be one of the greatest stars of all time. We Del Rio fans look forward to more portraits

and stories about lovely Dolores in future issues. Please don't disappoint us.

Charles Fletcher,
7616 Clyde Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

SWEET MARIE

Greater than great is Marie Dressler. Talent unequaled by any, in my estimation. Her beauty lies in her talent. Where there is laughter there is sunshine. Where there is production featuring Marie Dressler there is laughter. Therefore, she is not only the Queen of the Movie Colony; she is the Queen of sunshine.

We laugh with her, we cry with her; in fact wherever we see her we live with her, for she portrays the actual, everyday existence of the human race of today.

Greta Garbo is great, I like her acting. Constance Bennett exhibited great talent in "Common Clay." Many others are excellent, but being a movie fan, reviewing many productions, I can say honestly and truly that I believe in my heart that Marie Dressler is rightfully entitled to the title, "Queen of Sunshine."

Reis Kuldare,
Lorton, Va.

BACK TO FAIRYLAND

It isn't surprising that the vogue for gangster pictures continues, as long as the only alternative is the cocktail-drinking, drawing-room comedy. Like the war pictures, the gang films have action—and nothing is more important in a good motion picture. Their great drawback from the producers' point of view is that they do not, or at least should not, attract children.

Now that several theatre circuits are banning them, my nomination for their successor is the fairy tales. They have action, they have romantic appeal, and they please children. The screen is in much better condition to handle the technical problems than ever before.

People still remember the fairies in "Peter Pan." Why not bring them back?

Marchette Chute,
1720 Rand Tower,
Minneapolis, Minn.

A FOUR-G COMBINATION?

I want to tell you movie managers that you are making a big mistake in not letting Gavin Gordon act with Greta Garbo. Many people are wondering why that wonderful couple aren't acting together again. Here's to Gavin Gordon and Greta Garbo!

V. Pilc,
261 Kurtz Ave.,
York, Pa.

BRAVE MR. BARTHELMESS!

To my way of thinking, the actor who deserves the greatest amount of praise is Richard Barthelmess. Mr. Barthelmess is a star because he is not afraid to tackle any rôle, no matter how difficult, with a supporting cast that is far superior than most casts of other stars.

Directors in casting pictures will secure a weak cast to surround the star, thus trying to make the stars' name carry the picture. This is impossible. In every picture Mr. Barthelmess has played in he has demanded a strong supporting cast, sacrificing his own personal welfare for the sake of the picture and of the public.

I always go to see a Barthelmess picture, knowing beforehand that it will be worthwhile.

Spencer Bloxham,
1539 N. Broadway,
Baltimore, Md.

THUMBS UP—AND DOWN

Claudette Colbert is undoubtedly the most natural actress of all those on the screen, including Ruth Chatterton.

Phillippe Foxe,
Princeton, Ind.

Heroes may come and heroes may go, but I toss my bouquet at the feet of Robert Montgomery! His appeal as a hero is based, I believe, on his fortunate combination of the boyish and the virile.

Lolly Williams,
Crystal Springs, Miss.

Have just returned from seeing two decidedly boring and poor pictures—"June Moon" and "Strangers May Kiss." It is too bad to waste such very good actors and actresses in such poor pictures.

Eleanor M. McCarthy,
Worcester, Mass.

I am an ardent Garbo fan yet I will not see her pictures. I am afraid that the Garbo world I have built up around me will fall in ruins. I have my opinions of Garbo and my opinions are what count with me.

Floyd Miller,
Harmarville, Pa.

I want to confess that for years my favorite screen star has been not a woman, but the polished, suave Lewis Stone.

M. M. Turlington, Jr.,
Seminole, Okla.

I always look forward to the newsreels and am always disappointed. Why can't we have real news events? I believe that even local newsreels would pay. Every city, town and hamlet has its daily and weekly news that is intensely interesting to the theatre-goers.

Hortense Kirksey,
Los Angeles, Calif.

I come of a long line of Thespians. Years of attendance at moving picture theatres, however, has taught me to love the art, the romance, the glorious possibilities of the screen. To me the screen runs the gamut of human emotions quite as legitimately and portrays life quite as truly as does the stage.

Eve Forrester,
2435 Geneva Terrace,
Chicago, Ill.

Why don't we see more of Winnie Lightner? She sure is a cure for blues. She wows 'em, and how! I hope we see more of Winnie in the future.

George Wissing,
2701 N. Mansfield, Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

A couple of years ago we had all war stories, then musical shows in pictures, then gang pictures, and now a period of sophistication—and what next? Can't they manage a happy medium and let us have some variety?

Ruth Miller,
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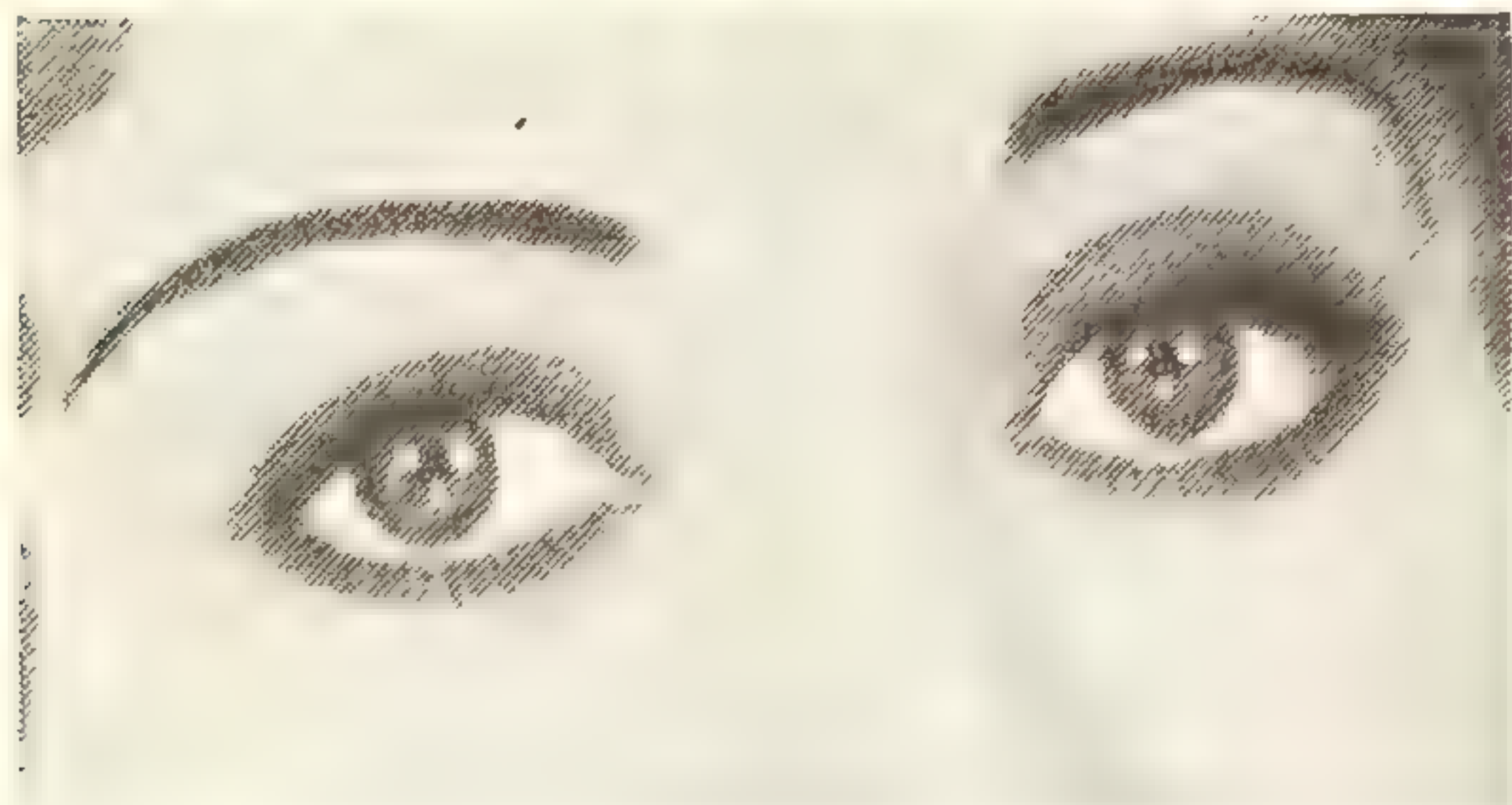
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When East is Wet



Mother, may I go out to swim? Yes, my darling "Daughter of the Dragon." Anna May Wong really does swim, too! She's the talented little Chinese girl, as you'll find by turning to page 83, who set all of Europe agog by her performances in stage and screen rôles all over the Continent. And now she's back in Hollywood, starring in the above-named picture, with Sessue Hayakawa, veteran Japanese picture star, lending added Oriental flavor. Ambitious Anna May hopes to round out her versatile career by playing Shakesperian rôles on the stage.

Casts of Current Films

Continued from page 96

"THE COMMON LAW." RKO-Pathé. From the story by Robert W. Chambers. Adapted by John Farrow. Directed by Paul L. Stein. The cast: Valerie, Constance Bennett; Neville, Joel McCrea; Cardemon, Lew Cody; Sam, Robert Williams; Mrs. Clare Collis, Hedda Hopper; Stephanie, Marion Shilling; Querido, Paul Ellis; John Neville, Sr., Walter Walker.*

"THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY." Tiffany. From the story by Harold McGrath. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: Boris Karlov, Warner Oland; Kitty Conover, June Collyer; Nicholas Petroff, Lloyd Hughes; Aunt Abbie, Clara Blandick; Martin Kent, Hale Hamilton; Gregor Petroff, Wallace MacDonald; General Petroff, George Fawcett; Anya, Florence Lake; Peter, Mischa Auer; Prince Ivan, Ernest Hilliard.

"THE GIRL HABIT." Paramount. From the stage play by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: Charles Cladwallader Floyd, Charlie Ruggles; Jonsey, (His Valet), Donald Meek; Lucy Ledyard, Sue Conroy; Mrs. Ledyard, Margaret Dumont; Tony Maloney, Allen Jenkins; Sonya, His Wife, Tamara Geva; Huntley Palmer, Douglas Gilmore; Warden, Jerome Daley; Warden's Wife, Betty Garde.*

"THE MAN IN POSSESSION." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play by H. M. Harwood. Adapted by Sarah Y. Mason. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: Raymond Dabney, Robert Montgomery; Clara, Charlotte Greenwood; Crystal Wetherby, Irene Purcell; Mr. Dabney, C. Aubrey Smith; Mrs. Dabney, Beryl Mercer; Claude Dabney, Reginald Owen; Sir Charles Cartwright, Alan Mowbray; Esther, Maude Eburne; A Bailiff, Forrester Harvey; A Butcher, Yorke Sherwood.*

"THE SECRET CALL." Paramount. From the play, "The Woman," by William C. deMille. Adapted by Arthur Kober. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: Tom Blake, Richard Arlen; Wanda Kelly, Peggy Shannon; Neligan, Eugene Pallette; Bert Benedict, Ned Sparks; Jim Blake, William B. David-

son; Phillips Roberts, Charles Trowbridge; Frank Kelly, Harry Beresford; Gwen, Frances Moffett; Maizie, Claire Dodd.*

"THE SMILING LIEUTENANT." Paramount. Screen story by Ernst Vajda and Samson Raphaelson. Based upon "Waltz Dream" by Leo Jacobson and Felix Doorman and also the novel "Nux Der Prinzgemacht" by Hans Muller. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: Niki, Maurice Chevalier; Franzi, Claudette Colbert; Nanne, Miriam Hopkins; King, George Barbier; Orderly, Hugh O'Connell; Max, Charles Ruggles; Adjutant Von Rokoff, Robert Strange; Lily, Janet Reade; Emperor, Con Macsunday.

"THE SQUAW MAN." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play by Edwin Milton Royle. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. The cast: Captain James Wynnegat, Jim Carlson, Warner Baxter; Natchurich, Lupe Velez; Diana, Eleanor Boardman; Cash Hawkins, Charles Bickford; Sir John Applegate, Roland Young; Henry, Paul Cavanagh; Shorty, Raymond Hatton; Sheriff, DeWitt Jennings; Big Bill, J. Farrell McDonald; Hal, Dickie Moore; Tabywanna, Mitchell Lewis.

"WOMEN LOVE ONCE." Paramount. From an original story by Zoe Akins. Directed by Edward Goodman. The cast: Julien Fields, Paul Lukas; Helen Fields, Eleanor Boardman; Hester Dahlgren, Juliette Compton; Allen Greenough, Geoffrey Kerr; Olga, Helen Johnson; Janet Fields, Marilyn Knowlden; Theodore Steward, Claude King; Oscar, Mischa Auer.*

"YOUNG AS YOU FEEL." Fox. Based on the play "Father and the Boys" by George Ade. Adapted by Edwin Burke. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: Lemuel Morehouse, Will Rogers; Fleurette, Fifi Dorsay; Mr. Marley, Lucien Littlefield; Billy Morehouse, Donald Dillaway; Tom Morehouse, Terrence Ray; Dorothy Gregson, Lucille Browne; Rose Gregson, Rosalie Roy; Lamson, C. Henry Gordon; Colonel Stanhope, John T. Murray; Robbins, Brandon Hurst; Mrs. Denton, Marcia Harris; Secretary, Otto Hoffman.

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Screen News

Continued from page 93

Marjorie and Pauline are ex-wives of Willard Mack, who likewise works on the M-G-M lot.

Mrs. Charlie Farrell has lost no time in getting back to pictures. Remember she told us that marrying Charlie Farrell did

not mean retirement? So Virginia Valli will appear in "Night Life in Reno," her first picture since "Mister Antonio." Charlie must have brought her luck.

Clark Gable, who is now sailing pretty in films, tells us he tried to crash the gates

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of Hollywood as long as five years ago and was painfully rebuffed.

It was a clever bid for attention. A casting director of a big studio received a package containing a phonograph record, needles, and an anonymous note asking him please to listen to it. It turned out to be a feminine voice telling him all about her screen experience and her desire to play in pictures again.

When she finally introduced herself, it was Ruth Roland.

But before the rest of you try it, you'd better wait and see what happens about Ruth.

Seven years of being the thoroughly nice young man in pictures have got on Conrad Nagel's nerves. Recently Louis B. Mayer thought Conrad might be given a chance in a he-man rôle but the director thought not. So Louis suggested that Nagel take a test for it, which made Nagel madder. A test, indeed, after all those years! So he snorted and fumed but finally agreed. Oh, boy, Conrad let loose some naughty language that sizzled the soul of the director, and which was duly recorded in the test. Conrad will no longer be the Horatio Alger young man.

During the impressive National Education Convention in Los Angeles, little Bobbie Coogan was among the guests invited to sit on the platform while ponderous speeches were made on the subject of child training. During a lengthy heavyweight speech, Bobbie nearly fell asleep, but politely recalling himself, he rose, bowed, and left the platform with dignity. The effect on the speaker was most disconcerting.

Mrs. Louise B. Mayer, wife of M-G-M's president, is so keen on social work that she has accepted a job as a probation officer attached to the Los Angeles Juvenile Court. It is unpaid, of course.

The Irish temperament of their family is a continuous embarrassment for Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day. The latest episode was when brother Ed Noonan got mad about parking his car and inadvertently made unkind remarks to a deputy sheriff and gave him a punch. Brothers of pretty actresses should always give deputy sheriffs the right of way.

Sylvia Sydney has been seen lunching with David Manners once or twice lately, which, of course, doesn't mean a thing.

Norman Kerry's star is in the ascendant again. He is to make six more pictures for Multicolor. He didn't mind calling off his trip to Europe under the circumstances.

Johnny Farrow, who, at this writing, is still engaged to Lila Lee, returns from England to make an independent picture which will be released through RKO.

Can you imagine the long, lanky Charlotte Greenwood taking up golf? As Buster Keaton remarked, "It's like a derrick imitating a humming-top."

Nevertheless, Charlotte is some swatter in the long shots, even if she isn't so strong on the green with a putter.

Lawrence Grant is no longer the lone Welsh actor in Hollywood. Laura Burt has arrived from England. As a young girl Laura succeeded Ellen Terry with Sir Henry Irving and enjoyed fame. She insists upon remaining patriotically Welsh. She is likely to be featured in one of her

own plays if things turn out as expected.

William Janney, who has been winning approval in the stage play, "The Vinegar Tree," with Billie Burke, has fallen in love with Julie Dillon, a girl in the cast. Theatrical people always regard it as a first class omen for a play when a young romance buds during its run.

There are four genuine ex-convicts being used in "Larceny," so it is a bit restive on that set. However, when somebody else tried to steal the directors' car recently, the former jail-birds proved most effectual in foiling the villain.

Lupe Velez was fetched back from her vaudeville tour to play the lead with Lawrence Tibbett. It's a Cuban picture which called for a fiery little fury. And that's our Lupe.

Imagine it! Adolphe Menjou of all people, caught shopping in the Hollywood five-and-ten store, and buying a nice domesticated knife sharpener!

Another of these four-language foreign actresses is likely to burst into pictures by the time this is in print. Her name is Fern Andra, who has made a marked hit in her first English rôle on the stage in Hollywood. Actually she was born in Chicago of Irish-Spanish parents, but went to Germany when she was six years old, was educated in England, France, Switzerland and Germany, and made such a success in Berlin that authors wrote plays specially for her. For instance, Lothar's "Command to Love," later a picture as "The Boudoir Diplomat," was written expressly for Andra and presented in Berlin to wild applause.

Andra figured in the sensational Sunday supplements some years ago as being nearly shot for a spy during the war. She married Baron Von Weichs, who later died of war wounds, so she is a genuine sod widow. She is brunette, wears her hair high off her forehead, has dancing eyes with long lashes, wears big oriental ear-rings, and hennas her nails to a glory rarely obtained in this field. Very much the woman of the world. Wherefore film producers have duly taken notice.

Doug Fairbanks, Sr., is giving us a thrill by stalking around the lot in some of those fancy costumes presented to him by Indian Maharajahs. If this sort of thing keeps up we shall have all Hollywood masculinity blossoming forth.

Compelling stories galore have appeared under the name of I. A. R. Wiley in *The Saturday Evening Post*, and one of them, "Four Sons," was a successful silent picture. Now Ida comes to Hollywood to adapt an original story, "The Last Virtue," for RKO. She is English, witty, and alarmingly intellectual. You know, that specifically modern type of devastatingly clever girl.

Even our full-blooded Indians go Hollywood on the slightest provocation. Tessie Mobley Brave, lovely Chicasaw and singer of tribal songs, is suing Louis Brave, her Osage spouse, for divorce. Both have appeared in many films and were popular in Hollywood. Tessie says Louis is cruel and abusive. Tessie is famous as "The Humming Bird" and a wee bit more famous than Louis, which always makes a spouse touchy.

Gloria Swanson shelves still another picture. First it was "Rockabye" and now it's Ursula Parrot's "Love Goes Past."

The latest news is that Gloria will commence work on "Tonight or Never" the moment she is settled back in her Beverly Hills home, after all this traveling.

We miss our Gloria. In spite of the muddle about stories, she is still the charming, suave, capable personality that won our hearts in the De Mille days. And oh, she is wearing some intriguing clothes just now.

Wesley Ruggles has gladdened the hearts of the unknowns. For "A Story of Modern Life" he is casting for type rather than names and all sorts of neglected talent round the studios is to be utilized. Outside of Beryl Mercer, who is to play the mother, there will scarcely be a name known to the fans. Imagine the excited hopes that are being aroused.

During the economy spasm in screenland, stars galore are renting their houses and going into modest apartments. Dolores Del Rio, Aileen Pringle, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman all have tenants now. Eddie and Lilyan rented both their town and grand new beach houses while they were away and declared the rents helped a lot towards the expenses.

Of course Max Baer, the prize-fighter, had to marry a movie actress, Dorothy Dunbar. Dorothy had just shed her South American millionaire, Jaime de Garson, after her two years of married life, since her first husband, Jack Wells, died in 1927. The story goes that Max, contemplating a picture career with Dorothy, took care to protect his face in the fight with Uzcudun—and that's why he got licked.

A handsome new-comer to the screen from the New York stage is Warren Williams. The tall, distinguished type, you know. They fetched him out to Hollywood by long distance telephone right in the midst of "The Vinegar Tree" in New York. Arrived by air and started work next morning in "Expensive Women" with Dolores Costello. He is the nice sap who stands by the lady through her little peccadillos in that. Then they dropped him into the hard-boiled reckless soldier of fortune rôle in "The Honor of the Family" with Otis Skinner, and next he is to be a brilliant criminal lawyer in "The Mouth Piece." Never saw a microphone close to before, yet gets this coveted variety of rôles to the envy of hungry picture actors.

He's American but oozes European polish. Can converse intelligently on many subjects besides his profession. Married. Served two years in the war. Father, a newspaper publisher in Minnesota, died the day before he left for Hollywood.

Warren says divorced men make better husbands than bachelors!

In spite of the amount of money invested in "Queer People" Howard Hughes has "cancelled" production. All the same, the wise-acres said when he bought it that it was just a clever ruse to keep it off the screen and protect Hollywood's reputation. No one really believed he ever meant to produce it.

They say Lilyan Tashman will wear a white wig in "The Road to Reno," because otherwise she looks too young to play Peggy Shannon's mother! No, it's no use, can't imagine Lilyan looking like anybody's mother, ever.

The first year of talking pictures was terrible for the animals. The poor dogs couldn't see where their next biscuit was to come from. But now they are in vogue

again, both wild and tame animals being in great demand. Many trained animals get as much as \$60 a day and put on any amount of swank when business is good. Cats get \$35 a day. Parrots that can swear in several languages are priceless.

Josephine Whittel is divorced from Robert Warwick, but that did not prevent her appealing to him for money to care for some little girls her mother had adopted, when they were taken ill. Robert came through handsomely. Divorces are often like that in Hollywood.

Ernst Lubitsch goes right along introducing music into his pictures. He says the theme song stunt was overworked but that doesn't mean the public doesn't like music. "Music, silence, action, dialogue, must all be properly mingled and timed," he says.

Saw Marlene Dietrich, Josef Von Sternberg, and Marlene's little girl at a picture show recently. The little girl pattered away in German asking questions about the picture, which Marlene answered tenderly holding the lambkin's hand the while.

Did you know Elissa Landi had written two novels and is busy on a third? All published, too. Elissa says writing rests her, and there's always a chance one will sell for pictures presently.

David Manners is also working on a novel—yes, really.

John Boles having an unromantic session with the dentist. Had to resign from "Strictly Dishonorable" because of badly behaving teeth. Convalescence called for a trip to the Rockies with his mama, while Mrs. Boles went off to visit her people.

Well, getting publicized with Clara Bow has helped Rex Bell into a western lead with Universal. Clara, in the meantime, remains up on the Nevada ranch and is rapidly recovering her health.

When "Waterloo Bridge" reaches the screen, Mae Clark is liable to rise to professional glory. Carl Laemmle, junior, is personally boosting for her ever since he saw the rushes.

This Tala Birell, Universal's four-language foreign charmer, was formerly understudy to Marlene Dietrich in Berlin. After "The Boudoir Diplomat" (German version) Tala went back to fill a stage engagement in Vienna, but she returns now, like Nora Gregor, to make American talking pictures. It's a poor studio that cannot boast at least one foreign siren with a gift of tongues. Tala speaks German, French, Russian, Austrian, and English, in a delightfully musical voice.

Think of it, gardenias and white camellias, usually almost as expensive as orchids, have been so prolific in Southern California this year, that Russell Gleason bought twenty for a girl he was taking to lunch, for seventy cents! They have been giving them away as favors at premiere openings of pictures and plays.

An unhappy cat annoyed them while Garbo was being filmed in a "Susan Lenox" scene. So presently Garbo picked it up in her arms, soothed it fondly and announced, "I take him home." She did. So there's one kitty in Hollywood that will survive the depression.

Marion Davies' portable dressing room was already quite grand, but now it has been enlarged and fitted with all sorts of



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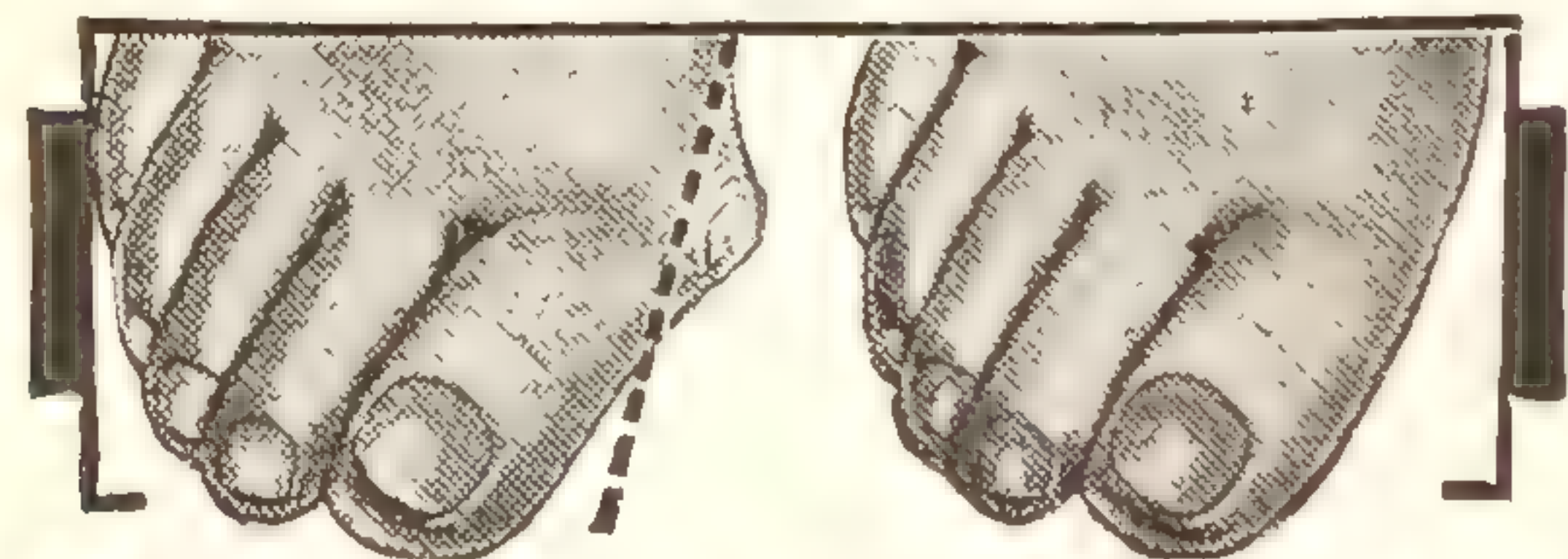
READ about Monroe Owsley's "burn-up."

READ about the youngest veteran of the studios. Madge Evans, who once played kid parts, is now a very busy leading woman.

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What? Tashman going platinum? Not a bit of it—Lilyan has just donned a wig to enhance her portrayal of a mother in "The Road to Reno."

fancy gadgets. It is now fourteen feet long, quite the largest on any lot. Even Connie Bennett's at First National only measures about 6 feet and is positively primitive by comparison.

The Wampas, being the press agents' association, have decided to revive their annual selection of 13 Baby Stars, once such a popular event before the talkies. They used to prove good pickers, for at least half a dozen of the thirteen they would select, really did become stars later on. Recently these Wampas held what they called a Roast at \$10 per, which proved a painful flop. They have now discovered they need some more baby stars to restore their prestige.

Kay Francis, who has been called the "best dressed girl in Hollywood," gave us some pointers on the subject. She says that "any time attention is attracted to a girl's clothes, she is over-dressed, not well-dressed." Kay says, "it is the woman whose clothes are not noticed who is well dressed, since then they have obviously merged into her personality."

When the Hawaiian princesses were in Hollywood, John Gilbert made himself most agreeable to them, and to one in particular. That was evidently one time when hospitality did not prove irksome.

Can you imagine the calamity had Clive Brook not recovered his voice after he was shell-shocked in the war? An American who was a private on leave in London tells how he was standing in front of a theatre wondering if he could afford to go in, when a British officer tapped him on the shoulder and wrote on a pad that he had lost his voice but would the private like to see the show. He bought him two of the best seats in the house. "And that officer was Clive Brook," he tells. "I've never seen him since, but attend every picture he's in, with a thanksgiving that he recovered his voice."

Quite a little flutter about the arrival of Lynn Fontaine and Alfred Lunt, the famous

pair who helped make the New York Theatre Guild a success, and regarded as the super-highbrows of the profession.

Their first picture will be "The Guardsman" under the M-G-M banner. They should, of course, feel superior, and snuffy about pictures, but instead they are like a couple of kids having a spree. They adore the grand homes, the swimming pools, the gorgeous beaches and the jolly home in Beverly prepared for them. Oh, yes, and movie salaries. They are a distinguished-looking couple, but Lynn has none of the piquant prettiness we have been trained to regard as essential to pictures. She's class, but not beauty. Lunt is a big fellow, much heavier than our usual movie heroes.

Ernest Schoedsack and his wife, he of "Rango" and "Chang" fame, have just left for India where they will film "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," one of the books of the year.

Schoedsack was so impatient to get away that he went to the boat at San Francisco ahead of time and paced up and down the dock. He's always dreadfully touchy while back amongst us in what we are pleased to call "civilization."

Buddy Rogers feeling sentimentally domesticated when he met brother Bruce and his new bride, Maragen Stevick, Texas heiress, at the train when they arrived in Los Angeles after the wedding. We rather gathered Buddy likes weddings—by proxy.

Never can make up our minds about these stars who, after a success with a studio that gave them a second chance to come-back, fight about money.

For instance, Richard Dix, we hear, received \$50,000 a picture for four pictures a year on his former contract with RKO, the same to be advanced to 12½% of the gross up to \$600,000. The new offer of \$50,000 a picture for five pictures a year and 12½% of the net profits, doesn't sound enough to fight about, when one considers Dix had been dropped by Paramount and was able to make a new career through RKO and "Cimarron." However, the latest news is that the quarrel may be patched up.



That platinum wave! Jean Harlow is a storm centre in her own right—the fans either like her or don't, but they're pretty sure to feel violently about her. Personally, we think the kid is there!

Rita La Roy has a fancy little Austin car, driven by a uniformed colored chauffeur, which creates no end of fun down the boulevard.

Greta Nissen confesses she sometimes cuts her own hair—barbers so seldom achieve just the right rumple which Greta feels best suits her type.

Two chums often seen together on shopping expeditions are Thelma Todd and Za-Su Pitts.

Two girls once rivals for the attentions of Wesley Ruggles—Kathryn Crawford and Patricia Karen—are now occupying an apartment together. In future they will endeavor to secure separate beaux.

Jimmie Dunn, recently come to Hollywood to play in "Sweet Adeline," is escorting Molly O'Day around a lot.

Colleen Moore will probably return to the screen in John Gilbert's next picture, "West of Broadway," if present plans hold good. Colleen will be the nice girl, with Joan Blondell the party girl who gets married for spite.

Let's hope it's a rôle worthy of our Colleen's powers.

Poor little Mitzi Green—darned shame she should be bothered with school. She has to attend summer school all summer

and has been reproved for leaving the "h" out of hemorrhage. Just as though it wasn't clever enough for any kid to remember the two "r's."

Which reminds us. Since the success of the kid pictures, Hollywood swarms with fond mamas lugging children around trying to get them noticed by casting directors. The studios are swamped with letters containing pictures of youngsters whose parents just know they are twice as bright as Mitzi or Jackie or Bobbie.

Little Jackie Cooper lunched with the board of directors of his studio recently—to discuss the economic situation. Jackie feels that we are about to "turn the corner" of the depression.

Lionel Barrymore is likewise pleased with the economic situation. He says he has lost so much money that he didn't have to pay any income tax this year. Things are looking up.

Several fortunate friends have discovered that Nils Asther's mama is a very superior Swedish cook. Nils will start getting fat if he doesn't watch out.

Dick Barthelmess returns with little Mary Hay—it is his turn to have the little girl for six months. She adores Dick's beach cottage when they can spend most of the time, even in the fall, in California.



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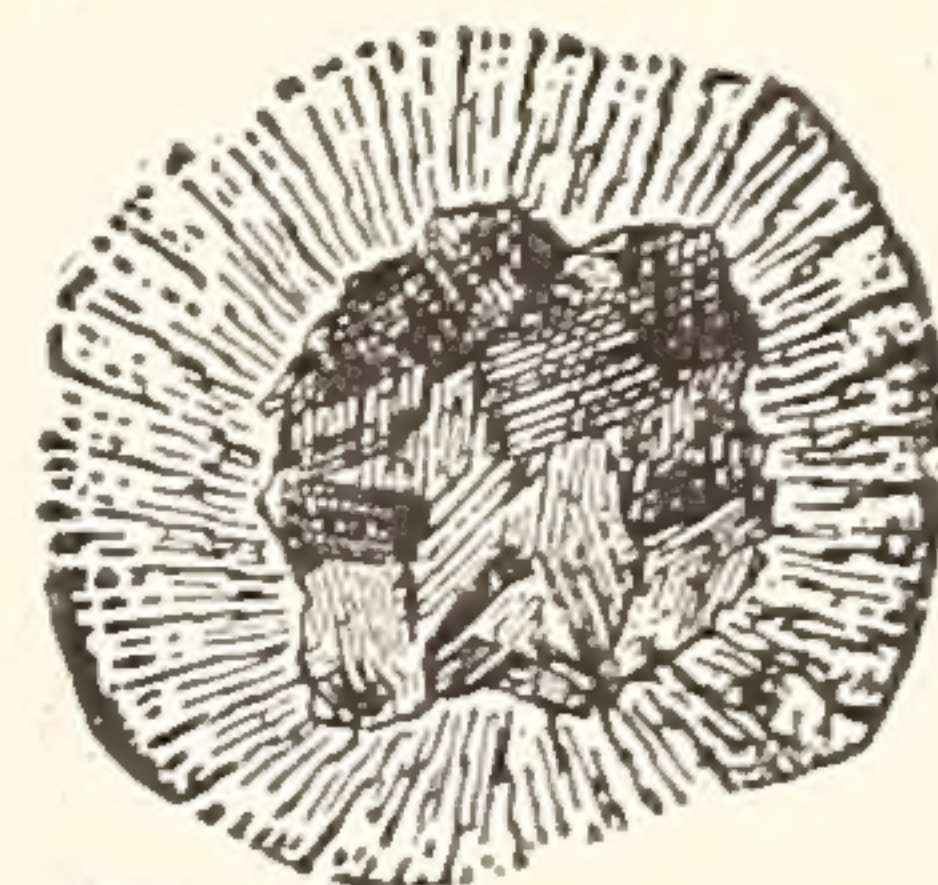
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A Leading Manners

DAVID MANNERS, he emphasizes, and not David Mannerisms!

By Brian Herbert

This tall, husky young leading man has had one of the most interesting careers a modern young man could have. His life, he will tell you, has been, in recent years, a matter of constantly adapting himself to circumstances and people, far more so than the average young man of today; but he's glad of it, for after all an actor's chief job is to adapt himself to a character, whatever character he happens to be playing. And long before he went on the stage, David Manners was acting.

He was, first of all, a Canadian kid who came to New York with his parents in 1909, when he was seven years old, and had to make new friends at what is one of the most difficult ages to make new friends. Then a few years later he went back to Toronto, to prep school and the university, and had to adapt himself to the manners and customs, prejudices and beliefs, of his native land! He'd been away so long that he was New Yorkized, or at least he was afraid his old friends in Canada would think he was. So he acted. He stifled his New York manner.

At college he had to adapt himself to a course that he wasn't any too fond of: civil engineering. It was his father's choice of a career, although David wanted to be an actor, in the tradition of his kinswoman, Lady Diana Cooper, or a writer, after the manner of his kinsman, the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

But when he had finished the distasteful course what did he do? Did he follow the bent of Lady Cooper or Sir Arthur (he had written in college, and played in the Toronto Little Theatre)? He did not. He adapted himself again! He worked for Durlacher Brothers, dealers in *objets d'art*, and he went about in society, making contacts that would result in the sale of antiques and paintings. He wore his tailcoat and white tie on Park Avenue and in London's Mayfair. And hated both. A serious illness came almost as a relief; he was whisked off to Arizona to recuperate, and remained at a dude ranch. Again it was a case of adaptation, for at that particular season there were few younger persons at the ranch, except among the cowboys, so David, as an *effete* Easterner, had to adapt himself to the cowpunchers' way of living and thinking—or else lead a pretty lonely life of it.

That he adapted himself once again was proven by the fact that the foreman of the ranch gave David, always a good horseman since childhood, a job as a dude wrangler, which is dude ranch slang for one of those cowboys who answer the guests' foolish questions and keep them from doing foolish things like mounting a

nervous cayuse from the right—which is the wrong—side.

In all this time he had had only a short theatre experience, that with the Toronto Little Theatre group, and a much shorter time with the Theatre Guild. He knew he had small chance of getting a job in New York, so he asked an influential friend to get him a job on a South Sea island for a fruit company. He was on his way to that job, passing a few days in Los Angeles, and some discerning casting director met him and suggested his taking a screen test, with the part of *Raleigh*, in "Journey's End," in view. So the cowboy of a few weeks before, became the English officer of the Sherrieff play. Again he was adapting himself.

Since then—well, life has been a series of even more rapid and diverse adaptations: in "The Millionaire" he is the young architect who is the pal of George Arliss, the automobile magnate incognito. In his current picture, "The Last Flight," he is the pal of Dick Barthelmess as one of the group of rollicking young aviators in post-war Europe.

Carrying on: There's an acting tradition in the family of David Manners, who is related to Lady Diana Manners Cooper—so he side-stepped civil engineering and went into the movies.



David is one of the best. Read about him here

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AND THEN MADE HIM AN ENGLISH PEER! . . . He was an officer and a gentleman. To him honor meant more than anything else—more than friends, country, or life itself...And yet he accepted dishonor to save the honor of his enemy. He left England's life of luxury for America's wildest West—but England sought him out, and fate made him a peer of the realm!



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